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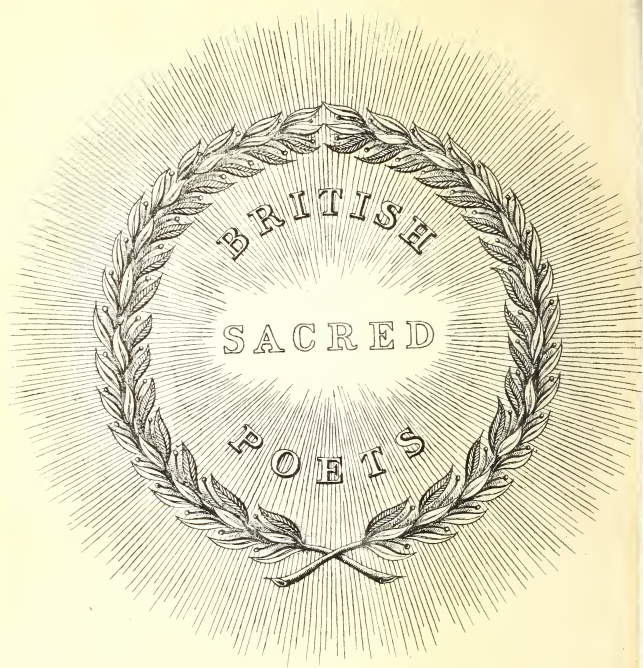


Catharine Hopkins

a parting remembrance from
her affectionate Emma Barttelot

Dec^r. 22^d. 1843.

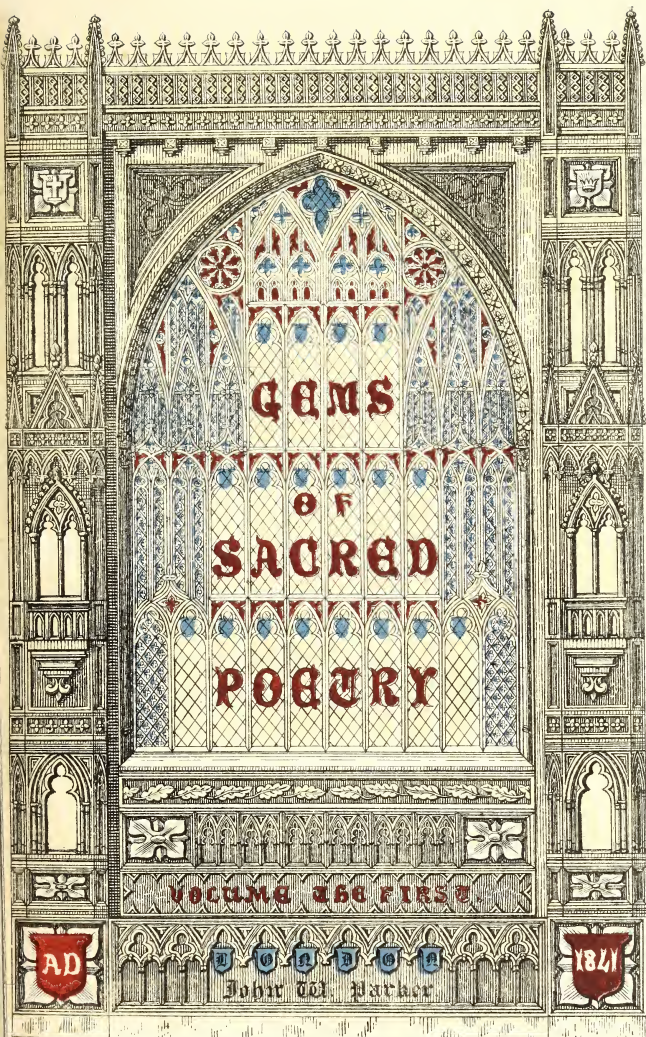




BRITISH

SACRED

POETS



VOLUME THE FIRST.

W. O. P. O. P. O. P. O. P. O. P.

John W. Parker



ADVERTISEMENT.

IT is trusted that the pieces of which the following Collection is composed, will be generally considered as meriting the appellation of GEMS OF SACRED POETRY; but it may be requisite to give some explanation of the manner in which the work has been formed.

While it has been thought incumbent to present pieces by the great masters of the lyre, although they may happen to be well known, it has been also regarded as especially desirable to draw from their undeserved obscurity many productions of sterling merit, which from various causes have as yet been but little appreciated. There are many poets of past ages whose names and works are either forgotten, or, still worse, only contemptuously remembered through the medium of some such shallow and prejudiced estimate as that of Pope, who, speaking of the alleged injudicious patronage of literature, exclaims

The hero William, and the martyr Charles,

One knighted Blackmore, and one pensioned Quarles;—

or that of Dryden, who, actuated in some cases by political or personal animosities, and taking unfair advantage of the changing taste of his time, has written down men of real genius, by pouring out a torrent of ridicule upon their almost only fault, that of an affected style,

and that, too, one which was common to almost all their contemporaries. So blindly has the public mind allowed itself to be carried away by the rash censures of eminent men, that but to name Quarles, or Crashaw, or Flatman, or Wither, as poets, would for a long period have been accounted ridiculous; but this feeling is decaying, and if the reader will turn to the few specimens of their pens which the limits of this little work would allow, it is not too much to hope that a very different opinion will be entertained.

In admitting the productions of many writers of later date, regard has been had rather to their intrinsic merit, than to any consideration of the popularity already attained to by each. The same feeling has also led to the selection of a few pieces from authors not usually ranked as sacred poets; for in many cases it is unquestionable that their productions on religious themes are as much superior to their others in execution as in subject-matter.

Of the Fugitive Pieces with which the work concludes, many will be found of a high degree of merit, and standing in no need of that species of popularity which their bearing the names of well-known writers would confer upon them. The majority have already appeared in the various volumes of the *Saturday Magazine*, and it is presumed that this attempt to present them in a more convenient shape will be favourably regarded.

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GEORGE GASCOIGNE.

THIS poet, who was born in 1540, is very justly placed among the worthies of our earliest poetical literature. He was bred to the law, but quitted it, and served with distinction against the Spaniards. His principal work is *The Fruits of War*, which relates to the adventures of his voyage. In his youth he was a profligate, but he lived to amend his ways, and became a wise and good man. He died in a religious, calm, and happy frame of mind, in 1577. The writings of Gascoigne are more the result of observation than of creative genius; for the age in which he lived, the verse is uncommonly smooth, flowing, and unaffected.

DE PROFUNDIS.

FROM depth of dole, wherein my soul doth dwell,
From heavy heart, which harbours in my breast,
From troubled sprite, which seldom taketh rest,
From hope of heaven, from dread of darksome hell,
O gracious God, to thee I cry and yell:

My God, my Lord, my lovely Lord alone
To thee I call, to thee I make my moan.
And thou, good God, vouchsafe in grace to take
This woful plaint
Wherein I faint;

Oh! hear me, then, for thy great mercy's sake.

Oh! bend thine ears attentively to hear,
Oh! turn thine eyes, behold me how I wail,
Oh! hearken, Lord, give ear for mine avail,
Oh! mark in mind the burdens that I bear;
See how I sink in sorrows every where.

Behold and see what dolours I endure,
Give ear and mark what plaints I put in ure¹;
Bend willing ears; and pity therewithal
My willing voice,
Which hath no choice
But evermore upon thy name to call.

If thou, good Lord, should'st take thy rod in hand,
If thou regard what sins are daily done,
If thou take hold where we our works begun,
If thou decree in judgment for to stand,
And be extreme to see our 'scuses² scanned;
If thou take note of every thing amiss,
And write in rolls how frail our nature is,
O glorious God, O King, O Prince of power!
What mortal wight
May thus have light
To feel thy power, if thou have list to lower?

But thou art good, and hast of mercy store,
Thou not delight'st to see a sinner fall,
Thou hearkenest first, before we come to call,
Thine ears are set wide open evermore,
Before we knock thou comest to the door;
Thou art more prest to hear a sinner cry
Than he is quick to climb to thee on high.
Thy mighty name be praised then alway,
Let faith and fear
True witness bear,
How fast they stand which on thy mercy stay.

I look for thee, my lovely Lord, therefore
For thee I wait, for thee I tarry still,
Mine eyes do long to gaze on thee my fill,
For thee I watch, for thee I pry and pore,
My soul for thee attendeth evermore,
My soul doth thirst to take of thee a taste,
My soul desires with thee for to be placed.

And to thy words, which can no man deceive,
 Mine only trust,
 My love and lust,
 In confidence continually shall cleave.
 Before the break or dawning of the day,
 Before the light be seen in lofty skies,
 Before the sun appear in pleasant wise,
 Before the watch, (before the watch, I say,)
 Before the ward that waits therefore alway,
 My soul, my sense, my secret thought, my sprite,
 My will, my wish, my joy, and my delight,
 Unto the Lord, that sits in heaven on high,
 With hasty wing
 From me doth fling,
 And striveth still unto the Lord to fly.
 O Israel! O household of the Lord!
 O Abraham's sons! O brood of blessed seed!
 O chosen sheep, that love the Lord indeed!
 O hungry hearts! feed still upon his word,
 And put your trust in Him with one accord.
 For He hath mercy evermore at hand,
 His fountains flow, his springs do never stand;
 And plenteously He loveth to redeem
 Such sinners all
 As on Him call,
 And faithfully his mercies most esteem.
 He will redeem our deadly, drooping state,
 He will bring home the sheep that go astray,
 He will help them that hope in Him alway,
 He will appease our discord and debate,
 He will soon save, though we repent us late.
 He will be ours, if we continue his,
 He will bring bale³ to joy and perfect bliss;
 He will redeem the flock of his elect
 From all that is
 Or was amiss
 Since Abraham's heirs did first his laws reject.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL, one of the least known, but one of the most deserving poets of the age of Elizabeth, was born at St. Faith's, in Norfolk, in 1560. He was partially educated at the English College in Douay, after which he was received into the Society of the Jesuits. He was afterwards attached to the household of the Countess of Arundel, and being convicted of seditious practices, suffered death at Tyburn in 1595.

Though a Jesuit, the poems of Southwell are deserving the attention of every Protestant Christian. They have few adornments to fancy, but they are peculiarly pleasing for the simplicity of their diction, and the truths they contain. "It is not possible," says Mr. Campbell, "to read his volume without lamenting that its author should have been either the instrument of bigotry, or the object of persecution."

VALE OF TEARS.

A VALE there is, enwrapped in dismal shades,
Which, thick with mournful pine, shrouds from the sun;
Where hanging cliffs yield short and narrow glades,
And snowy floods with broken streams do run:
Where ears of other sounds can have no choice,
But various blustering of the stubborn wind
In trees, in caves, in straits, with divers noise,
Which now doth hiss, now howl, now roar by kind:
Where waters wrestle with encountering stones
That break their streams and turn them into foams;
The hollow clouds, full fraught with thundering groans,
With hideous cracks discharge their pregnant wombs.
And in the horror of this fearful quire
Consists the music of this doleful place;
All pleasant birds their tunes from thence retire,
Where none but heavy notes have any grace.

Resort there is of none but pilgrim-wights
That pass with trembling foot and panting heart,
With terror cast in cold and shuddering frights,
And all the place for terror framed by art.
Yet Nature's work it is, by art untouched;
So strait indeed, so vast unto the eye,
With such disordered order strangely couched,
And so, with pleasing horror, low and high,—
That who it views must needs remain aghast,
Much at the work, more at the Maker's might;
And muse how Nature such a plot could cast,
Where nothing seemed wrong, yet nothing right.
A place for mated¹ minds, an only bower
Where every thing doth suit a pensive mood;
Earth is forlorn, the cloudy sky doth lower,
The wind here weeps, here sighs, here cries aloud.
The struggling flood between the marble groans,
Then roaring, beats upon the craggy sides;
A little off, amid the pebble stones,
With bubbling streams a purling noise it glides.
The pines thick set, high grown, and ever green,
Still clothe the place with shade and mourning veil;
Here gaping cliffs, there moss-grown plain is seen;
Here hope doth spring, and there again doth quail.
All pangs and heavy passions here may find
A thousand motives suited to their griefs,
To feed the sorrows of their troubled mind,
And chase away Dame Pleasure's vain reliefs.
To plaining thoughts this vale a rest may be,
To which from worldly toils they may retire,
Where sorrow springs from water, stone, and tree;
Where every thing with mourners doth conspire.
Sit here, my soul; mourn streams of tears afloat;
Here all thy sinful foils alone recount,
Of solemn tunes make thou the dolefull'st note,
That to thy ditty's dole I may amount.

1 Subdued, dejected.

When echo doth repeat thy painful cries,
 Think that the very stones thy sins bewray,
 And now accuse thee with their sad replies,
 As heaven and earth shall in the latter day.
 Let former faults be fuel of thy fire,
 For grief in limbeck² of thy heart to still;
 Thy pensive thoughts and dumps of thy desire,
 And vapour tears up to thy eyes at will.
 Let tears to tunes, and pains to plaints be prest,
 And let this be the burthen of thy song:
 "Come, deep remorse, possess my sinful breast;
 Delights, adieu! I harboured you too long."

CONTENT AND RICH.

I DWELL in grace's courts,
 Enriched with virtue's rights;
 Faith guides my wit, love leads my will,
 Hope all my mind delights.
 In lowly vales I mount
 To pleasure's highest pitch,
 My silly shroud³ sure honour brings,
 My poor estate is rich.
 My conscience is my crown,
 Contented thoughts my rest,
 My heart is happy in itself,
 My bliss is in my breast.
 Enough, I reckon wealth;
 A mean, the surest lot,
 That lies too high for base contempt,
 Too low for envy's shot.
 My wishes are but few,
 All easy to fulfil;
 I make the limits of my power
 The bounds unto my will.

² Alembic.

³ Simple attire.

I have no hopes but one,
Which is of heavenly reign:
Effects attained, or not desired,
All lower hopes refrain.

I feel no care of coin,
Well-doing is my wealth:
My mind to me an empire is,
While grace affordeth health.

I clip high-climbing thoughts,
The wings of swelling pride:
Their fate is worst, that from the height
Of greater honour slide.

Silk sails of largest size
The storm doth soonest tear:
I bear so low and small a sail
As freeth me from fear

I wrestle not with rage
While fury's flame doth burn;
It is in vain to stop the stream
Until the tide doth turn.

But when the flame is out,
And ebbing wrath doth end,
I turn a late-enraged foe
Unto a quiet friend;

And, taught with often proof,
A tempered calm I find
To be most solace to itself,
Best cure for angry mind.

Spare diet is my fare,
My clothes more fit than fine:
I know I feed and clothe a foe
That pampered would repine.

I envy not their hap
Whom favour doth advance:
I take no pleasure in their pain
That have less happy chance.

To rise by others' fall,
I deem a losing gain:
All states with others' ruins built
To ruins run amain.

No change of fortune's calms
Can cast my comforts down:
When fortune smiles, I smile to think
How quickly she will frown;

And when in froward mood
She proved an angry foe,
Small gain I found to let her come,
Less loss to let her go.

SCORN NOT THE LEAST.

WHERE words are weak, and foes encountering strong,
Where mightier do assault than do defend,
The feebler part puts up enforced wrong,
And silent sees that speech could not amend.
Yet higher powers must think, though they repine,
When sun is set the little stars will shine.

The merlin cannot ever soar so high,
Nor greedy greyhound still pursue the chase;
The tender lark will find a time to fly,
And fearful hare to run a quiet race:
He that high growth on cedars did bestow,
Gave also lowly mushrooms leave to grow.

In Haman's pomp poor Mardocheus wept,
Yet God did turn his fate upon his foe:
The lazar pined while Dives' feast was kept,
Yet he to heaven, to hell did Dives go.
We trample grass, and prize the flowers of May,
Yet grass is green when flowers do fade away.

EDMUND SPENSER.

EDMUND SPENSER was born in London about 1553. He was educated at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge. He has been styled, by way of pre-eminence, the DIVINE POET OF ENGLAND. This may, perhaps, be somewhat incorrect; his writings have, however, a pure, elevating, and beautiful spirit of humanity; and his *Divine Hymns*, it has been well remarked, are indeed divine. Spenser was made Secretary of Ireland, and he obtained a grant of lands forfeited in the county of Cork. On the breaking out of Tyrone's rebellion, he was obliged to abandon his home so abruptly that one of his children perished in the flames which consumed his dwelling. He died shortly after, it is said of a broken heart, in 1599; and was buried, by his own desire, near the tomb of Chaucer, in Westminster Abbey.

HEAVENLY LOVE.

LOVE! lift me up upon thy golden wings
From this base world unto thy heaven's height,
Where I may see those admirable things
Which there thou workest by thy sovereign might,
Far above feeble reach of earthly sight,
That I thereof an heavenly hymn may sing
Unto the God of Love, high heaven's King.

Before this world's great frame, in which all things
Are now contained, found any being place,
Ere flitting Time could wag his eyas¹ wings
About that mighty bound which doth embrace
The rolling spheres, and parts their hours by space,
That high Eternal power, which now doth move
In all these things, moved in itself by love.

¹ Eyas, young, newly fledged; a young hawk not fit for flight.

It loved itself because itself was fair
 (For fair is loved), and of itself begot,
Like to itself, his eldest son and heir,
 Eternal, pure, and void of sinful blot,
 The firstling of his joy, in whom no jot
Of love's dislike, or pride, was to be found,—
Whom He therefore with equal honour crowned.

With Him He reigned before all time prescribed,
 In endless glory and immortal might,
Together with that Third from them derived,
 Most wise, most holy, most Almighty Sprite,
 Whose kingdom's throne no thoughts of earthly wight
Can comprehend, much less my trembling verse
With equal words can hope it to rehearse.

Yet, O most blessed Spirit! pure lamp of light,
 Eternal spring of grace and wisdom true,
Vouchsafe to shed into my barren sprite
 Some little drop of thy celestial dew,
 That may my rhymes with sweet infuse imbrue,
And give me words equal unto my thought,
To tell the marvels by thy mercy wrought.

Yet being pregnant still with powerful grace,
 And full of fruitful love, that loves to get
Things like Himself, and to enlarge his race,
 His second brood, though not of power so great,
 Yet full of beauty, next He did beget
An infinite increase of angels bright,
All glist'ning glorious in their Maker's light.

To shew the heaven's illimitable height,
 (Not this round heaven which we from hence behold,)
Adorned with thousand lamps of burning light,
 And with ten thousand gems of shining gold,
 He gave as their inheritance to hold,
That they might serve him in eternal bliss,
And be partakers of those joys of his.

There they in their trinal triplicities

About Him wait, and on his will depend,
Either with nimble wings to cut the skies
When He them on his messages doth send,
Or on his own dread presence to attend,
Where they behold the glory of his light,
And carol hymns of love both day and night.

Both day and night is unto them all one,
For He his beams doth unto them extend
That darkness there appeareth never none;
Nor hath their day, nor hath their bliss, an end,
But there their timeless time in pleasure spend;
Nor ever should their happiness decay
Had they not dared the Lord to disobey.

But pride, impatient of long-resting peace,
Did puff them up with greedy bold ambition,
That they 'gan cast their state how to increase
Above the fortune of their first condition,
And sit in God's own seat without commission:
The brightest angel, e'en the 'child of light,
Drew millions more against their God to fight.

The Almighty, seeing their so bold assay,
Kindled the flame of his consuming ire,
And with his only breath them blew away
From heaven's height, to which they did aspire,
To deepest hell and lake of damned fire,
Where they in darkness and dread horror dwell,
Hating the happy light from which they fell.

So that next offspring of the Maker's love,
Next to Himself in glorious degree,
Degenerating² to hate, fell from above
Through pride, (for pride and love may ill agree,)
And now of sin to all ensample be.
How then can sinful flesh itself assure,
Sith purest angels fell to be impure?

2 Degenerating.

But that eternal fount of love and grace,
Still flowing forth his goodness unto all,
Now seeing left a waste and empty place
In his wide palace, through these angels' fall,
Cast to supply the same, and to install
A new and unknown colony therein,
Whose root from earth's base ground-work should begin.
Therefore of clay, base, vile, and next to nought,
Yet formed by wondrous skill, and by his might,
According to an heavenly pattern wrought,
Which He had fashioned in his wise foresight,
He man did make, and breathed a living sprite
Into his face most beautiful and fair,
Endued with wisdom's riches heavenly, rare.
Such He him made, that he resemble might
Himself as mortal thing immortal could;
Him to be lord of every living wight
He made by love out of his own like mould,
In whom He might his mighty self behold;
For love doth love the thing beloved to see,
That like itself in lovely shape may be.
But man, forgetful of his Maker's grace,
No less than angels whom he did ensue³,
Fell from the hope of promised heavenly place
Into the mouth of death, to sinners due,
And all his offspring into thraldom threw,
Where they for ever should in bonds remain
Of never-dead, yet ever-dying pain
Till that great Lord of Love, which him at first
Made of mere love and after liked well,
Seeing him lie like creature long accursed
In that deep horror of despairing hell,
Him wretch in dole⁴ would let no longer dwell,
But cast out of that bondage to redeem
And pay the price, all⁵ were his debt extreme.

3 Follow,

4 Sorrow.

5 Although.

Out of the bosom of eternal bliss

In which He reigned with his glorious sire,
 He down descended, like a most demiss⁶
 And abject thrall, in flesh's frail attire,
 That He for him might pay sin's deadly hire,
 And him restore into that happy state
 In which he stood before his hapless fate.

In flesh at first the guilt committed was,
 Therefore in flesh it must be satisfied;
 Nor spirit, nor angel, though they man surpass,
 Could make amends to God for man's misguide,
 But only man himself, whose self did slide:
 So taking flesh of sacred virgin's womb,
 For man's dear sake He did a man become.

And that most blessed body, which was born
 Without all blemish or reproachful blame,
 He freely gave to be both rent and torn
 Of cruel hands, who, with despiteful shame
 Reviling Him that them most vile became,
 At length Him nailed on a gallow-tree,
 And slew the just by most unjust decree.

O blessed well of love! O flower of grace!
 O glorious morning star! O lamp of light!
 Most lively image of thy father's face,
 Eternal King of Glory, Lord of Might,
 Meek Lamb of God before all worlds belight⁷,
 How can we thee requite for all this good?
 Or what can prize that thy most precious blood?

Yet nought thou ask'st in lieu of all this love
 But love of us, for guerdon⁸ of thy pain.
 Ay me! what can us less than that behove?
 Had He required life of us again,
 Had it been wrong to ask his own again?
 He gave us life, He it restored lost;
 Then life were least that us so little cost.

6 Humble.

7 Named.

8 Reward.

But He our life hath left unto us free,
Free that was thrall, and blessed that was banned⁹,
Nor aught demands but that we loving be,
As He himself hath loved us aforehand,
And bound thereto with an eternal band
Him first to love that was so dearly bought,
And next our brethren to his image wrought.

Him first to love great right and reason is,
Who first to us our life and being gave,
And after, when we fared had amiss,
Us wretches from the second death did save;
And cast the food of life which now we have,
Even He himself in his dear sacrament,
To feed our hungry souls unto us lent.

Then next we love our brethren that were made
Of that self mould and that self Maker's hand
That we, and to the same again shall fade,
Where they shall have like heritage of land,
However here on higher steps we stand,
Which also were with self-same price redeemed
That we, however of us light esteemed.

And were they not, yet sith that loving Lord
Commanded us to love them for his sake,
Even for his sake and for his sacred word,
Which is his last bequest He to us spake,
We should them love, and with their needs partake,
Knowing that whatsoe'er to them we give
We give to Him by whom we all do live.

Such mercy He by his most holy reed¹⁰
Unto us taught, and to approve it true,
Ensampled it by his most righteous deed,
Shewing us mercy (miserable crew!)
That we the like should to the wretches shew,
And love our brethren, thereby to approve
How much Himself that loved us we love.

Then rouse thyself, O Earth! out of thy soil,
In which thou wallowest like to filthy swine,
And dost thy mind in dirty pleasures moil,
Unmindful of that dearest Lord of thine;
Lift up to Him thy heavy-clouded eyne¹¹,
That thou in sovereign bounty mayst behold,
And read through love his mercies manifold.

Begin from first where He encradled was
In simple cratch¹², wrapt in a wad of hay
Between the wilful ox and humble ass;
And in what rags, and in how base array,
The glory of our heavenly riches lay,
When Him the silly shepherds came to see
Whom greatest princes sought on lowest knee.

From thence read in the story of his life
His humble carriage, his unfaulty ways,
His cankered foes, his fights, his toil, his strife,
His pains, his poverty, his sharp assays,
Through which He passed his miserable days,
Offending none and doing good to all,
Yet being maliced both of great and small.

And look, at last, how of most wretched wights
He taken was, betrayed, and false accused;
How with lies, scornful taunts, and fell despites
He was reviled, disgraced, and foul abused;
How scourged, how crowned, how buffeted, how bruised;
And, lastly, how 'twixt robbers crucified,
With bitter wound through hands, through feet, and side!

Then let thy flinty heart, that feels no pain,
Empierced be with pitiful remorse;
And let thy bowels bleed in every vein
At sight of his most sacred heavenly corse,
So torn and mangled with malicious force;
And let thy soul, whose sins and sorrows wrought,
Melt into tears, and groan in grieved thought.

11 Eyes.

12 Manger.

With sense thereof, while thy so softened spirit
Is inly touched and humbled with meek zeal,
Through meditation of his endless merit,
Lift up thy mind to th' Author of thy weal,
And to his sovereign mercy do appeal;
Learn Him to love that loved thee so dear,
And in thy breast his blessed image bear.

With all thy heart, with all thy soul and mind,
Thou must Him love, and his behests embrace;
All other loves with which the world doth blind
Weak fancies, and stir up affections base,
Thou must renounce and utterly displace,
And give thyself unto Him full and free,
That full and freely gave Himself to thee.

Then shalt thou feel thy spirit so possessed,
And ravished with devouring great desire
Of his dear self, that shall thy feeble breast
Inflame with love, and set thee all on fire
With burning zeal through every part entire,
That in no earthly thing thou shalt delight
But in his sweet and amiable sight.

Thenceforth all world's desire will in thee die,
And all earth's glory on which men do gaze
Seem dust and dross in thy pure-sighted eye,
Compared to that celestial beauty's blaze,
Whose glorious beams all fleshly sense doth daze
With admiration of their passing light,
Blinding the eyes and lumining the sprite.

Then shall thy ravished soul inspired be,
With heavenly thoughts, far above human skill;
And thy bright radiant eyes shall plainly see
Th' idea of his pure glory present still
Before thy face, that all thy spirit shall fill
With sweet enagement of celestial love,
Kindled through sight of those fair things above.

HEAVENLY BEAUTY.

RAPT with the rage of mine own ravished thought,
Through contemplation of these goodly sights
And glorious images, in heaven wrought,
Whose wondrous beauty breathing sweet delights,
Doth kindle love in high-conceived sprites ;
I fain to tell the things that I behold,
But feel my wits to fail and tongue to fold.
Vouchsafe, then, O thou most Almighty Sprite,
From whom all gifts of wit and knowledge flow,
To shed into my breast some sparkling light
Of thine eternal truth, that I may show
Some little beams to mortal eyes below,
Of that immortal Beauty, there with Thee,
Which in my weak distraughted mind I see ;
That with the glory of so goodly sight,
The hearts of man, which fondly here admire
Fair Learning's shows, and feed on vain delight,
Transported with celestial desire
Of those fair forms, may lift themselves up higher,
And learn to love with zealous humble duty,
Th' eternal fountain of that heavenly beauty.
Beginning then below with th' easy view
Of this base world, subject to fleshly eye ;
From thence to mount aloft, by order due,
To contemplation of the immortal sky ;
Of the scare falcon so I learn to fly,
That flags awhile her fluttering wings beneath,
Till she herself for stronger flight can breathe.
Then look who list thy gazeful eyes to feed
With sight of that is fair, look on the frame
Of this wide universe, and therein read
The endless kind of creatures, which by name
Thou canst not count, much less their natures aim ;
All which are made with wondrous wise respect,
And all with admirable beauty decked.

First th' earth, on adamantine pillars founded,
Amid the sea, engirt with brazen bands ;
Then th' air, still flitting, but yet firmly bounded
On every side with piles of flaming brands,
Never consumed nor quenched with mortal hands ;
And last, that mighty shining crystal wall,
Wherewith He hath encompassed this *All*.

Look thou no further, but affix thine eye
On that bright shining, round, still moving mass,
The house of blessed God, which men call sky,
All sown with glittering stars more thick than grass,
Whereof each other doth in brightness pass :
But those two most which, ruling night and day,
As king and queen the heaven's empire sway.

And tell me then, what hast thou ever seen,
That to their beauty may compared be ?
Or can the sight that is more sharp and keen
Endure their Captain's flaming hand to see ?
How much less those, much higher in degree,
And so much fairer and much more than these,
As these are fairer than the land and seas !

For far above these heavens, which here we see,
Be others far exceeding these in light,
Not bounded nor corrupt as these same be,
But infinite in largeness and in height,
Unmoving, uncorrupt, and spotless bright ;
That need no sun to illuminate their spheres,
But their own native light, far passing theirs.

And as these heavens still by degrees arise,
Until they come to their first Mover's bound,
That in his mighty compass doth comprise
And carry all the rest with Him around,
So those likewise do by degrees redound,
And rise more fair, till they at last arrive
To the most fair whereto they all do strive.

Fair is the heaven where happy souls have place,
 In full enjoyment of felicity,
 Whence they do still behold the glorious face
 Of the divine eternal Majesty.

More fair is that where those Ideas on high
 Enranged be, which Plato so admired,
 And pure Intelligences from God inspired.

Yet fairer is that heaven, in which do reign
 The sovereign powers and mighty potentates,
 Which in their high protections do contain
 All mortal princes and imperial states.

And fairer yet, whereas the royal seats
 And heavenly dominations are set,
 From whom all earthly governance is fet ¹².

Yet far more fair be those bright cherubims,
 Which all with golden wings are overdight ¹³,
 And those eternal burning seraphims,
 Which from their faces dart out fiery light;
 Yet fairer than they both, and much more bright,
 Be th' angels and archangels which attend
 On God's own person, without rest or end.

Cease then, my tongue, and lend unto my mind
 Leave to bethink how great that beauty is,
 Whose utmost parts so beautiful I find;
 How much more those essential parts of his,
 His truth, his love, his wisdom, and his bliss,
 His grace, his doom, his mercy, and his might,
 By which He lends us of Himself a sight.

Those unto all He daily doth display,
 And shew Himself in th' image of his grace,
 As in a looking-glass, through which He may
 Be seen of all his creatures vile and base,
 That are unable else to see his face—
 His glorious face, which glistereth else so bright,
 That th' angels' selves cannot endure his sight.

12 Fetched.

13 Bedecked.

But we, frail wights! whose sight cannot sustain
The sun's bright beams when he doth on us shine,
But that their points, rebutted back again,
Are dulled, how can we see with feeble eyne,
The glory of that Majesty divine,
In sight of whom both sun and moon are dark,
Compared to his least resplendent spark?

The means, therefore, which unto us is lent
Him to behold, is on his works to look,
Which He hath made in beauty excellent;
And in the same, as in a brazen book,
To read enregistered in every nook
His goodness, which his beauty doth declare;
For all that good is beautiful and fair.

Thence gathering plumes of perfect speculation,
To impe¹⁴ the wings of thy high-flying mind,
Mount up aloft through heavenly contemplation,
From this dark world, whose damps the soul do blind
And like the native brood of eagles' kind,
On that bright sun of glory fix thine eyes,
Cleared from gross mists of frail infirmities.

Humbled with fear and awful reverence,
Before the footstool of His majesty
Throw thyself down, with trembling innocence,
Nor dare look up with corruptible eye
On the dread face of that great Deity,
For fear lest if He chaunce to look on thee,
Thou turn to nought and quite confounded be.

But lowly fall before his mercy-seat,
Close covered with the Lamb's integrity,
From the just wrath of his avengeful threat,
That sits upon the righteous throne on high;
His throne is built upon eternity,
More firm and durable than steel or brass,
Or the hard diamond, which them both doth pass.

14 To furnish with new feathers.

His sceptre is the rod of righteousness,
With which He bruiseth all his foes to dust,
And the great Dragon strongly doth repress
Under the rigour of his judgment just ;
His seat is truth, to which the faithful trust,
From whence proceed her beams so pure and bright,
That all about Him sheddeth glorious light ;

Light far exceeding that bright blazing spark,
Which darted is from Titan's flaming head,
That with his beams illumineth the dark
And dampish air, whereby all things are red ;
Whose nature yet so much is marvelled
Of mortal wits, that it doth much amaze
The greatest wizards which thereon do gaze.

But that immortal light, which there doth shine,
Is many thousand times more bright, more clear,
More excellent, more glorious, more divine,
Through which to God all mortal actions here,
And e'en the thoughts of men, do plain appear ;
For from th' eternal truth it doth proceed,
Through heavenly virtue which her beams do breed.

With the great glory of that wondrous light
His throne is all encompassed around,
And hid in his own brightness from the sight
Of all that look thereon with eyes unsound ;
And underneath his feet are to be found
Thunder and lightning, and tempestuous fire,
The instruments of his avenging ire.

There in his bosom Sapience doth sit,
The sovereign darling of the Deity,
Clad like a queen in royal robes, most fit
For so great power and peerless majesty ;
And all with gems and jewels gorgeously
Adorned, that brighter than the stars appear,
And make her native brightness seem more clear ;

And on her head a crown of purest gold
Is set, in sign of highest sovereignty,
And in her hand a sceptre she doth hold,
With which she rules the house of God on high,
And manageth the ever-moving sky,
And in the same these lower creatures all,
Subjected to her power imperial.

Both heaven and earth obey unto her will,
And all the creatures which they both contain;
For of her fulness, which the world doth fill,
They all partake, and do in state remain,
As their great Maker did at first ordain,
Through observation of her high behest,
By which they first were made and still increased.

The fairness of her face no tongue can tell,
For she the daughters of all women's race,
And angels eke, in beauty doth excel;
Sparkled on her from God's own glorious face,
And more increased by her own goodly grace,
That it doth far exceed all human thought,
Nor can on earth compared be to aught.

Let angels, which her goodly face behold,
And see at will, her goodly praises sing,
And those most sacred mysteries unfold,
Of that fair love of mighty heaven's King:
Enough is me to admire so heavenly thing,
And being thus with her huge love possessed,
In th' only wonder of herself to rest.

But whoso may, thrice happy man him hold,
Of all on earth, whom God so much doth grace,
And lets his own beloved to behold;
For in the view of her celestial face
All joy, all bliss, all happiness have place:
Not aught on earth can want unto the wight,
Who of herself can win the wishful sight.

For she out of her secret treasury
Plenty of riches forth on him will pour,
E'en heavenly riches, which there hidden lie,
Within the closet of her chastest bower,
Th' eternal portion of her precious dower,
Which mighty God hath given to her free,
And to all those which thereof worthy be.

None thereof worthy be but those whom she
Vouchsafeth to her presence to receive,
And letteth them her lovely face to see,
Whereof such wondrous pleasures they conceive,
And sweet contentment, that it doth bereave
Their soul of sense, through infinite delight,
And them transport from flesh into the sprite ;

In which they see such admirable things,
As carries them into an ecstasy,
And hear such heavenly notes and carolings
Of God's high praise, that fills the brazen sky,
And feel such joy and pleasure inwardly,
That maketh them all worldly cares forget,
And only think on that before them set.

Nor from thenceforth doth any fleshly sense,
Or idle thought of earthly things, remain ;
But all that erst seemed sweet seems now offence,
And all that pleased erst now seems to pain ;
Their joy, their comfort, their desire, their gain,
Is fixed all on that which now they see ;
All other sights but feigned shadows be.

And that fair lamp, which useth to inflame
The hearts of men with self-consuming fire,
Thenceforth seems foul and full of sinful blame ;
And all that pomp to which proud men aspire
By name of honour, and so much desire,
Seems to them baseness, and all riches dross,
And all mirth sadness, and all lucre loss.

So full their eyes are of that glorious sight,
And senses fraught with such satiety,
That in nought else on earth they can delight,
But in th' respect of that felicity,
Which they have written in their inward eye,
On which they feed, and in their fattened mind,
All happy joy and full contentment find.

Ah, then, my hungry soul! which long hast fed
On idle fancies of thy foolish thought,
And, with false beauties' flattering bait misled,
Hast after vain deceitful shadows sought,
Which all are fled, and now have left thee nought
But late repentance, through thy follies' prief¹⁵;
Ah! cease to gaze on matter of thy grief,
And look at last up to that Sovereign Light,
From whose pure beams all perfect beauty springs,
That kindleth love in every godly sprite,
Even the love of God, which loathing brings
Of this vile world and these gay-seeming things;
With whose sweet pleasures being so possessed,
Thy straying thoughts henceforth for ever rest.

THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS.

AND is there care in heaven, and is there love
In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
That may compassion of their evils move?
There is,—else much more wretched were the case
Of men than beasts. But, oh! th' exceeding grace
Of highest God that loves his creatures so,
And all his works with mercy doth embrace,
That blessed angels He sends to and fro
To serve to wicked men, to serve his wicked foe!

How oft do they their silver bowers leave
 To come to succour us, that succour want!
 How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
 The fitting skies, like flying pursuivant,
 Against foul fiends to aid us militant!
 They for us fight, they watch, and duly ward,
 And their bright squadrons round about us plant,
 And all for love, and nothing for reward:
 Oh! why should heavenly God to man have such regard!

WISDOM, TRUE RICHES.

— IN vain do men
 The heavens of their fortune's fault accuse,
 Sith they know best what is the best for them;
 For they to each such fortune do diffuse
 As they do know each can most aptly use.
 For not that which men covet most is best,
 Nor that thing worst which men do most refuse;
 But fittest is, that all contented rest
 With that they hold: each hath his fortune in his breast.
 It is the mind that maketh good or ill,
 That maketh wretch¹⁶ or happy, rich or poor;
 For some that hath abundance at his will,
 Hath not enough, but wants in greater store;
 And other, that hath little, asks no more
 But in that little is both rich and wise;
 For wisdom is most riches fools therefore;
 They are which fortune do by vows devise,
 Sith each unto himself his life may fortunize.

16 Wretched.

GILES FLETCHER.

THIS truly pleasing Christian Poet, who was, it is said, "equally beloved of the Muses and the Graces," was born in 1588. Nothing more is known of his life, than that he was of Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated as B.D., and that he was beneficed at Alderton, in Suffolk. He has, however, immortalized his name in that sweet poem entitled *Christ's Triumph on Earth*. This poem displays great sublimity of sentiment, united to harmony of numbers. He died in 1623.

In *Christ's Victory in Heaven*, Justice and Mercy are represented pleading before God, in presence of the host of heaven, the one for the punishment, the other for the salvation of mankind. The description of each, with their speeches, is subjoined.

JUSTICE.

BUT Justice had no sooner Mercy seen
Smoothing the wrinkles of her Father's brow,
But up she starts, and throws herself between;
As when a vapour from a moory slough
Meeting with fresh Eoüs¹, that but now
Opened the world, which all in darkness lay,
Doth heaven's bright face of his rays disarray,
And sads the smiling orient² of the springing day.
She was a virgin of austere regard:
Not as the world esteems her, deaf and blind;
But as the eagle, that hath oft compared
Her eye with heavens, so, and more brightly shined
Her lamping³ sight: for she the same could wind
Into the solid heart, and with her ears
The silence of the thought loud speaking hears,
And in one hand a pair of even scales she wears.

1 One of the horses of the sun.

2 Brightness of the sunrise.

3 Lamplike.

No riot of affection revel kept
Within her breast, but a still apathy
Possessed all her soul, which softly slept
Securely without tempest; no sad cry
Awakes her pity, but wronged poverty,
Sending his eyes to heaven swimming in tears,
With hideous clamours ever struck her ears,
Whetting the blazing sword that in her hand she bears.

THE SPEECH OF JUSTICE.

UPON two stony tables spread before her
She leaned her bosom, more than stony hard;
There slept th' impartial judge and strict restorer
Of wrong or right, with pain or with reward:
There hung the score of all our debts, the card
Where good and bad, and life and death were painted
Was never heard of mortal so untainted,
But when that scroll was read, with thousand terrors fainted.

Witness the thunder that Mount Sinai heard
When all the hill with fiery clouds did flame,
And wandering Israel, with the sight afeared,
Blinded with seeing, durst not touch the same,
But like a wood of shaking leaves became.
On this dead Justice, she, the living Law,
Bowing herself with a majestic awe,
All heaven, to hear her speech, did into silence draw.

“Dread Lord of Spirits! well Thou didst devise
To fling the world's rude dunghill, and the dross
Of the old Chaos, farthest from the skies,
And thine own seat, that here the child of loss
Of all the lower heaven, the curse, and cross,
That wretch, beast, captive, monster, Man, might spend,
Proud of the mire in which his soul is penned,
Clodded in lumps of clay, his weary life to end.

His body dust—where grew such cause of pride?

His soul thy image—what could he envy?

Himself most happy, if he so would bide:

Now grown most wretched, who can remedy?

He slew himself, himself the enemy.

That his own soul would her own murder wreak,

If I were silent, heaven and earth would speak;

And if all failed, these stones would into clamours break.

How many darts made furrows in his side,

When she that out of his own side was made,

Gave feathers to their flight! Where was the pride

Of their new knowledge? whither did it fade,

When running from thy voice into the shade

He fled thy sight, himself of sight bereaved!

And for his shield a leafy armour weaved,

With which, vain man, he thought God's eyes to have deceived.

And well he might delude those eyes that see

And judge by colours; for who ever saw

A man of leaves a reasonable tree?

But those that from this stock their life did draw,

Soon made their father godly, and by law

Proclaimed trees Almighty: gods of wood,

Of stocks, and stones, with crowns of laurel stood,

Templed, and fed by fathers with their children's blood.

The sparkling fanes that burn in beaten gold,

And, like the stars of heaven in midst of night,

Black Egypt as her mirrors doth behold,

Are but the dens where idol-snakes delight

Again to cover Satan from their sight:

Yet these are all the gods to whom they vie

The crocodile, the cock, the rat, the fly;

Fit gods, indeed, for such men to be served by!

The fire, the wind, the sea, the sun and moon,

The fitting air, and the swift-winged hours,

And all the watchmen that so nimbly run,

And sentinel about the walled towers

Of the world's city, in their heavenly bowers.

And, lest their pleasant gods should want delight,
 Neptune⁴ throws out the Lady Aphrodite⁵,
 And but in heaven proud Juno's⁶ peacocks scorn to light.

The senseless earth, the serpent, dog, and cat,
 And worse than all these, man, and worst of men,
 Usurping Jove⁷, and swelling Bacchus⁸, fat,
 And drunk with the vine's purple blood; and then
 The Fiend himself they conjure from his den,
 Because he only yet remained to be
 Worse than the worst of men: they flee from Thee,
 And wear his altar-stones out with their pliant knee.

All that he speaks (and all he speaks are lies,)
 Are oracles; 'tis he (that wounded all,)
 Cures all their wounds, he (that put out their eyes,)
 That gives them light, he (that death first did call
 Into the world,) that with his orizal
 Inspirits earth: he, heaven's all-seeing eye;
 He, earth's great prophet; he, whom rest doth fly,
 That on salt billows doth, as pillows, sleeping lie.

But let him in his cabin restless rest,
 The dungeon of dark flames and freezing fire.
 Justice in heaven against man makes request
 To God, and of his angels doth require
 Sin's punishment; of what I did desire,
 Or who, or against whom, or why, or where,
 Of or before whom, ignorant I were,
 Then should my speech their sands of sins to mountains rear.

Were not the heavens pure, in whose courts I sue;
 The Judge to whom I sue, just to requite him;
 The cause for sin the punishment most due;
 Justice herself the plaintiff to indict him;
 The angels holy, before whom I cite him;

4 Neptune, god of the sea.

5 Aphrodite, the Grecian name of Venus.

6 The peacock was sacred to Juno.

7 The worship of Jove or Jupiter was universal.

8 Bacchus, the god of wine.

He against whom, wicked, unjust, impure;
Then might he sinful live and die secure;
Or trial might escape, or trial might endure.

The Judge might partial be, and over-prayed;
The place appealed from, in whose courts he sues;
The fault excused, or punishment delayed;
The parties self-accused that did accuse;
Angels for pardon might their prayers use;
But now no star can shine, no hope be got;
Most wretched creature, if he knew his lot;
And yet more wretched far, because he knows it not.

What should I tell how barren earth has grown,
All for to starve her children? didst not Thou
Water with heavenly showers her womb unsown,
And drop down clouds of flowers? didst not Thou bow
Thine easy ear unto the ploughman's vow?
Long might he look, and look, and long in vain
Might load his harvest in an empty wain,
And beat the woods, to find the poor oak's hungry grain.

The swelling sea seethes in his angry waves,
And smites the earth that dares the traitors nourish;
Yet oft his thunder their light cork outbraves,
Mowing the mountains, on whose temples flourish
Whole woods of garlands, and their pride to cherish,
Plough through the sea's green fields, and nets display
To catch the flying winds, and steal away,
Cozening the greedy sea, prisoning their nimble prey.

How often have I seen the waving pine,
Tossed on a watery mountain, knock his head
At heaven's too-patient gates, and with salt brine
Quench the moon's burning horns; and safely fled
From heaven's revenge, her passengers, all dead
With swift astonishment, tumble to hell!
How oft the sea all earth would overswell,
Did not thy sandy girdle bind the mighty well!

Would not the air be filled with streams of death
To poison the quick rivers of their blood,
Did not Thy winds fan with their panting breath
The fitting region? Would not the hasty flood
Empty itself into the sea's wide wood,
Didst Thou not lead it wandering from his way,
To give men drink, and make his waters stray,
To fresh the flowery meadows, through whose fields they play?

Who makes the sources of the silver fountains
From the flint's mouth and rocky valleys slide,
Thickening the airy bowels of the mountains?
Who hath the wild herds of the forest tied
In their cold dens, making them hungry bide,
Till man to rest be laid? Can beastly he,
That should have most sense, only senseless be,
And all things else, beside himself, so awful see?

Were he not wilder than the savage beast,
Prouder than haughty hills, harder than rocks,
Colder than fountains from their springs released,
Lighter than air, blinder than senseless stocks,
More changing than the river's curling locks;
If reason would not, sense would soon reprove him,
And unto shame, if not to sorrow, move him,
To see cold floods, wild beasts, dull stocks, hard stones, outlove him.

Under the weight of sin the earth did fall,
And swallowed Dathan⁹; and the raging wind,
And stormy sea, and gaping whale, did call
For Jonah¹⁰; and the air did bullets find,
And shot from heaven a stormy shower, to grind
The five proud kings¹¹ that for their idols fought;
The sun itself stood still to fight it out,
And fire from heaven flew down, when sin to heaven did shout.

9 Numbers xvi. 32.

10 Jonah i. 17.

11 Joshua x.

Should any to himself for safety fly?

The way to save himself, if anywhere,
Were to fly from himself; should he rely
Upon the promise of his wife? but there
What can he see but that he most may fear,
A syren sweet to death? upon his friends?
Who, that he needs, or that he hath not, lends?
Or wanting aid himself, aid to another sends?

His strength? but dust: his pleasure? cause of pain:
His hope? false courtier: youth or beauty? brittle:
Entreaty? fond: repentance? late and vain:
Just recompense? the world were all too little:
Thy love? he hath no title to a tittle:
Hell's force? in vain her furies hell shall gather:
His servants, kinsmen, or his children rather?
His child, if good, shall judge; if bad, shall curse his father:

His life? that brings him to his end and leaves him:
His end? that leaves him to begin his woe:
His goods? what good in that, that so deceives him?
His gods of wood? their feet, alas! are slow
To go to help, that must be helped to go:
Honour? great worth? ah! little worth they be
Unto their owners: wit? that makes him see
He wanted wit, that thought he had it wanting Thee.

The sea to drink him quick? that casts his dead:
Angels to spare? they punish: night to hide?
The world shall burn in light: the heavens to spread
Their wings to save him? heaven itself shall slide
And roll away, like melting stars that glide
Along their oily threads: his mind pursues him:
His house to shroud, or hills to fall and bruise him?
As sergeants both attach and witnesses accuse him.

What need I urge what they must needs confess?

Sentence on them condemned by their own lust;
I crave no more, and thou canst give no less
Than death to dead men, justice to unjust;
Shame to most shameful and most shameless dust:

But if thy mercy needs will spare her friends,
 Let mercy there begin where justice ends ;
 'Tis cruel mercy that the wrong from right defends."

She ended—and the heavenly hierarchies,
 Burning in zeal, thickly imbranded¹² were,
 Like to an army that alarum cries ;
 And every one shakes his terrific spear ;
 And the Almighty's self, as He would tear
 The earth and her firm basis quite in sunder,
 Flamed all in just revenge and mighty thunder :
 Heaven stole itself from earth by clouds that moistened under.

MERCY.

As when the cheerful sun enlamping¹³ wide,
 Glads all the world with his uprising ray,
 And woos the widowed earth afresh to pride,
 And paints her bosom with the flowery May,
 His silent sister¹⁴ steals him quite away ;
 Wrapped in a sable cloud from mortal eyes,
 The hasty stars at noon begin to rise ;
 And headlong to his early roost the sparrow flies.

But soon as he again disshadowed is,
 Restoring the blind world his blemished sight,
 As though another day were newly his,
 The cozened birds busily take their flight,
 And wonder at the shortness of the night :
 So Mercy once again herself displays
 Out from her sister's cloud, and open lays
 Those sunshine looks, whose beams would dim a thousand days.

¹² Imbranded, mustered in arms.

¹³ Spreading his rays like a lamp.

¹⁴ The moon.

THE SPEECH OF MERCY.

SUCH when as Mercy her beheld from high,
 In a dark valley, drowned with her own tears,
 One of her Graces she sent hastily,
 Smiling Irene¹⁵, that a garland wears
 Of gilded olive on her fairer hairs,
 To crown the fainting soul's true sacrifice :
 Whom when as sad Repentance coming spies,
 The holy desperado wiped her swollen eyes.

But Mercy felt a kind remorse to run
 Through her soft veins, and therefore hieing fast
 To give an end to silence, thus begun :—
 “ Aye, honoured Father, if no joy thou hast
 But to reward desert, reward at last
 The devil's voice spoke with a serpent's tongue,
 Fit to hiss out the words so deadly stung,
 And let him die, death's bitter charms so sweetly sung.

He was the father of that hopeless season,
 That to serve other gods forgot their own ;
 The reason was, Thou wast above their reason :
 They would have any gods rather than none,
 A beastly serpent or a senseless stone ;
 And these as Justice hates, so I deplore ;
 But the up-ploughed heart, all rent and tore,
 Though wounded by itself, I gladly would restore.

He was but dust : why feared he not to fall ?
 And being fallen, why should he fear to die ?
 Cannot the hand that made him first restore him ?
 Depraved of sin, should he deprived lie
 Of grace ? Can He not hide infirmity
 That gave him strength ? Unworthy the forsaking
 He is, who ever weighs without mistaking,
 Or Maker of the man, or manner of his making.

Who shall thy temple incense any more,
 Or at thy altar crown the sacrifice,
 Or strew with idle flowers the hallowed floor,
 Or what should prayer deck with herbs and spice,
 Her vials breathing orisons of price?
 If all must pay that which all cannot pay,
 Oh! first begin with me, and Mercy slay,
 And thy thrice-honoured Son that now beneath doth stray!

But if or He or I may live and speak,—
 And heaven can joy to see a sinner weep,—
 Oh! let not Justice' iron sceptre break
 A heart already broke, that low doth creep,
 And with proud humblesse her feet's dust doth sweep.
 Must all go by desert? is nothing free?
 Ah! if but those that only worthy be,
 None should Thee ever see, none should Thee ever see.

What man hath done that man shall not undo,
 Since God to him is grown so near akin?
 Did his foes slay him? He shall slay his foe:
 Hath he lost all? He all again shall win:
 Is sin his master? He shall master sin.
 Too hardy soul, with sin the field to try;
 The only way to conquer was to fly;
 But thus long death hath lived, and now death's self shall die.

He is a path, if any be misled;
 He is a robe, if any naked be;
 If any chance to hunger, He is bread;
 If any be a bondman, He is free;
 If any be but weak, how strong is He!
 To dead men life He is, to sick men health;
 To blind men sight, and to the needy wealth;
 A pleasure without loss, a treasure without stealth.

Who can forget—never to be forgot—
 The time that all the world in slumber lies,

When like the stars the singing angels shot
To earth, and heaven awaked all his eyes
To see another sun at midnight rise
On earth? was never sight of pareil fame,
For God before man like Himself did frame,
But God Himself now like a mortal man became.

A child He was, and had not learned to speak,
That with his word the world before did make;
His mother's arms Him bore, He was so weak,
That with one hand the vaults of heaven could shake.
See how small room my infant Lord doth take,
Whom all the world is not enough to hold
Who of his years or of his age hath told?
Never such age so young, never a child so old.

And yet but newly He was infanted,
And yet already He was sought to die;
Yet scarcely born, already banished;
Not able yet to go, and forced to fly;
But scarcely fled away, when, by and by,
The tyrant's sword with blood is all defiled,
And Rachel, for her sons, with fury wild,
Cries, O thou cruel king; and, O my sweetest child!

Egypt his nurse became, where Nilus springs,
Who straight to entertain the rising sun,
The hasty harvest in his bosom brings;
But now for drought the fields were all undone,
And now with waters all is overrun:
So fast thy Cynthian mountains poured their snow,
When once they felt the sun so near them glow,
That Nilus Egypt lost, and to a sea did grow.

The angels carolled loud their song of peace;
The cursed oracles were stricken dumb;
To see their Shepherd the poor shepherds press;
To see their King the kingly sophics come;
And then, to guide unto his master's home,

A star comes dancing up the orient,
That springs for joy over the strawy tent;
When gold to make their prince a crown they all present.

Young John, glad child, before he could be born,
Leaped in the womb, his joy to prophecy;
Old Anna, though with age all spent and worn,
Proclaims her Saviour to posterity;
And Simeon fast his dying notes doth ply.
Oh, how the blessed souls about him trace!
It is the sire of heaven thou dost embrace:
Sing, Simeon, sing—sing, Simeon, sing apace.”

With that the mighty thunder dropt away
From God's unwary arm, now milder grown,
And melted into tears; 'as if to pray
For pardon and for pity, it had known
That should have been for sacred vengeance thrown;
There, too, the armies angelic devowed
Their former rage, and all to Mercy bowed;
Their broken weapons at her feet they gladly strowed.

Bring, bring, ye Graces, all your silver flasks,
Painted with every choicest flower that grows,
That I may soon unflower your fragrant baskets,
To strow the fields with odours where He goes;
Let whatso'er He treads on be a rose.
So down she lets her eyelids fall to shine
Upon the rivers of bright Palestine,
Whose woods drop honey, and her rivers skip with wine.

THE TEMPTATION.

TWICE had Diana bent her golden bow
And shot from heaven her silver shaft, to rouse
The sluggish savages that den below,
And all the day in lazy covert drowse,
Since Him the silent wilderness did house:
The heaven, his roof and arbour, harbour was;
The ground his bed, and his moist pillow grass;
But fruit there none did grow, nor rivers none did pass.

At length an aged sire far off He saw
Come slowly footing; every step he guessed
One of his feet he from the grave did draw;
Three legs he had—the wooden was the best;
And all the way he went, he ever blest
With benedicites and prayers store,
But the bad ground was blessed ne'er the more;
And all his head with snow of age was waxen hoar.

A good old hermit he might seem to be,
That for devotion had the world forsaken,
And now was travelling some saint to see,
Since to his beads he had himself betaken,
Where all his former sins he might awaken,
And them might wash away with dropping brine,
And alms, and fasts, and church discipline;
And dead, might rest his bones under the holy shrine.

But when he nearer came he bowed low,
With prone obeisance and with courtesy kind,
That at his feet his head he seemed to throw;—
What needs him now another saint to find?
Affections are the sails, and faith the wind,
That to this saint a thousand souls convey
Each hour: O, happy pilgrims, thither stray!
What caren they for beasts, or for the weary way

Soon the old palmer his devotions sung,
Like pleasing anthems modelled in time;
For well that aged sire could tip his tongue
With golden foil of eloquence, and lime,
And lick his rugged speech with phrases prime.
“Ah mè!” quoth he, “how many years have been
Since these old eyes the sun of heaven have seen!
Certes the Son of heaven they now behold, I ween.

“Ah! might my humble cell so blessed be
As Heaven to welcome in its lowly roof,
And be the temple for thy Deity!
Lo, how my cottage worships thee aloof,
That underground hath hid his head in proof
It doth adore Thee with the ceiling low,—
Here honey, milk, and chesnuts wild do grow,
The boughs a bed of leaves upon thee shall bestow.

“But, oh!” he said, and therewith sighed full deep,
“The heavens, alas! too envious are grown,
Because our fields thy presence from them keep;
For stones do grow where corn was lately sown;
(So stooping down he gathered up a stone,)
But thou with corn canst make this stone to ear:
What need we then the angry heavens to fear?
Let them us envy still, so we enjoy Thee here.”

Thus on they wandered; but those holy weeds
A monstrous serpent and no man did cover;
So under greenest herbs the adder feeds,
And round about that stinking corpse did hover
The dismal prince of gloomy night, and over
His all-abhorred head the shadows erred
Of thousand peccant ghosts, unseen, unheard;
And all the tyrant fears, and all the tyrant feared.

He was the son of blackest Acheron,
Where many frozen souls do chattering lie,

And ruled the burning waves of Phlegethon,
Where many more in flaming sulphur fry,
At once compelled to live, and forced to die;
Where nothing can be heard for the loud cry
Of "Oh!" and "Oh!" and "Out, alas! that I
Or once again might live, or once at length might die."

Ere long they came near to a baleful bower,
Much like the mouth of that infernal cave
That gaping stood all comers to devour,
Dark, doleful, dreary, like a greedy grave,
That still for carrion carcases doth crave;
The ground no herbs but venomous did bear,
Nor ragged trees did leave; but every where
Dead bones and skulls were cast, and bodies hanged were.

Upon the roof the bird of sorrow sat,
Elonging joyful day with her sad note;
And through the shady air the fluttering bat
Did wave her leather sails and blindly float,
While with her wings the fatal screech owl smote
The unblest house: there, on a craggy stone,
Celæno¹⁶ hung, and made his direful moan;
And all about the murdered ghosts did shriek and groan.

Like cloudy moonshine in some shadowy grove,
Such was the light in which Despair did dwell;
But he himself with night for darkness strove;
His black uncombed locks dishevelled fell
About his face, through which, as brands of hell
Sunk in his skull, his staring eyes did glow,
That made him deadly look; their glimpse did show
Like cockatrice's eyes, that sparks of poison throw.

His clothes were ragged clouts, with thorns pinned fast;
And as he musing lay to stony fright,

16 One of the harpies.

A thousand wild chimeras would him cast,
As when a fearful dream, in midst of night,
Skips to the brain, and fancies to the sight
Some winged fury, straight the hasty foot,
Eager to fly, cannot pluck up his root,
The voice dies in the tongue, and mouth gapes without boot.

Now he would dream that he from heaven fell,
And then would snatch the air, afraid to fall;
And now he thought he sinking was to hell,
And then would grasp the earth; and now his stall
Him seemed hell, and then he out would crawl;
And ever as he crept would squint aside,
Lest him perhaps some fury had espied,
And then, alas! he should in chains for ever bide.

Therefore he softly shrunk and stole away,
Nor ever durst to draw his breath for fear,
Till to the door he came, and there he lay
Panting for breath, as though he dying were;
And still he thought he felt his grapples tear
Him by the heels back to his ugly den;
Out fain he would have leaped abroad, but then
The heaven, as hell, he feared, that punish guilty men.

Within the gloomy hole of this pale wight,
The serpent wooed Him with his charms to win:
There he might bait the day, and rest the night;
But under that same bait a fearful grin
Was ready to entangle Him in sin;
But He upon ambrosia daily fed,
That grew in Eden—thus He answered:
So both away were caught, and to the temple fled.

Well knew our Saviour this the serpent was,
And the old serpent knew our Saviour well;
Never did any this in falsehood pass,
Never did any Him in truth excel;
With Him we fly to heaven, from heaven we fell

With him; but now they both together met
Upon the sacred pinnacles that threat
With their aspiring tops Astræa's starry seat.

Here did Presumption her pavilion spread
Over the temple, the bright stars among;
(Ah! that her foot should trample on the head
Of that most reverend place!) and a lewd throng
Of wanton boys sung her a pleasant song,
Of love, long life, of mercy, and of grace;
And every one her dearly did embrace,
And she herself enamoured were of her own face.

Poor fool! she thought herself in wondrous price
With God, as if in Paradise she were;
But were she not in a fool's Paradise,
She might have seen more reason to despair:
But him she like some ghastly fiend did fear;
And therefore as that wretch hewed out his cell
Under the bowels in the heart of hell,
So she above the moon amid the stars would dwell.

Her tent with sunny clouds was ceiled aloft,
And so exceeding shone with a false light,
That heaven itself to her it seemed oft,
Heaven without clouds to her deluded sight:
But clouds withouten heaven it was aright;
And as her house was built, so did her brain
Build castles in the air, with idle pain,
But heart she never had in all her body vain.

Like as a ship in which no balance lies,
Without a pilot on the sleeping waves,
Fairly along with wind and water flies,
And painted masts with silken sails embraces,
That Neptune's self the bragging vessel saves,
To laugh awhile at her so proud array;
Her waving streamers loosely she lets play,
And flagging colours shine as bright as smiling day.

But all so soon as heaven his brows doth bend,
 She veils her banners, and pulls in her beams;
 The empty bark the raging billows send
 Up to the Olympic waves, and Argus seems
 Again to ride upon our lower streams:
 Right so Presumption did herself behave,
 Tossed about with every stormy wave,
 And in white lawn she went most like an angel brave.

Gently our Saviour she began to shrive
 Whether He were the Son of God, or no;
 For any other she disdained to wive:
 And if He were, she bid Him fearless throw
 Himself to ground; and therewithal did show
 A flight of little angels, that did wait,
 Upon their glittering wings to launch Him straight,
 And longed on their backs to feel his glorious weight.

But when she saw her speech prevailed nought,
 Herself she humbled headlong to the floor;
 But Him the angels on their feathers caught,
 And to an airy mountain nimbly bore,
 Whose snowy shoulders, like some chalky shore,
 Restless Olympus seemed to rest upon,
 With all his swimming globes; so both are gone,
 The dragon with the lamb—Ah! unmeet paragon¹⁷.

All suddenly the hill his snow devours,
 In lieu whereof a goodly garden grew;
 As if the snow had melted into flowers,
 Which their sweet breath in subtle vapours threw,
 That all about perfumed spirits flew:
 For whatsoever might aggravate¹⁸ the sense,
 In all the world, or please the appetite,
 Here it was poured out in lavish affluence.

¹⁷ Paragon, companion.

¹⁸ Used in the sense of "heighten," or "give pleasure to."

Not lovely Ida might with this compare,
Though many streams his banks besilvered,
Though Xanthus with his golden sands he bore;
Nor Hybla, though his thyme depastured;
Nor Rhodope, nor Tempe's flowery plain;
Adonis' garden was to this but vain,
Though Plato on his beds a flood of praise doth rain.

For in all these some one thing most did grow;
But in this one grew all things else beside,
For sweet variety herself did throw
To every bank; here all the ground she dyed,
In lily white there pinks yblazed wide,
And damasked all the earth; and here she shed
Blue violets, and there came roses red;
And every sight the yielding sense as captive led.

The garden like a lady fair was cut,
That lay as if she slumbered in delight,
And to the open skies her eyes did shut;
The azure fields of heaven were sembled right
In a large round, set with the flowers of light;
The flowers-de-luce, and the round sparks of dew
That hung upon their azure leaves, did shew
Like twinkling stars that sparkle in the evening blue.

Upon a hilly bank her head she cast,
On which the bower of vain delight was built;
White and red roses for her face was placed,
And for her tresses marigolds were spilt;
Them broadly she displayed, like flaming gilt,
Till in the ocean the glad day were drowned;
Then up again her yellow locks she wound,
And with green fillets in their pretty cauls them bound.

What should I here depaint her lily hand,
Her veins of violets, her ermine breast,

Which there in orient colours living stand;
 Or how her gown with silken leaves is dressed;
 Or how her watchmen, armed with boughy crest,
 A wall of price hid in his bushes bears,
 Shaking at every wind their leafy spears,
 While she supinely sleeps, nor to be waked fears.

Over the hedge depends the graping elm,
 Whose greener head, empurpured in wine,
 Seemed to wonder at his bloody helm,
 And half suspect the bunches of the vine,
 Lest they perhaps his wit should undermine,
 For well he knew such fruit he never bore;
 But her weak arms embraced him the more,
 And with her ruby grapes laughed at her paramour.

Under the shadow of these drunken elms

A fountain rose	*	*	*	*
	*	*	*	*

The font of silver was, and so his showers
 In silver fell, only the gilded bowls
 (Like to a furnace that the mineral pours,)
 Seemed to have molten in their shining holes,
 And on the water, like to burning coals,
 On liquid silver leaves of roses lay:
 But when Vain Glory here did list to play,
 Rose water then it rained, and milk it ran, they say.

The roof thick clouds did paint, from which three boys
 Three gaping mermaids with their ewers did feed,
 Whose breasts let fall the stream, with sleepy noise,
 To lions' mouths, from whence it leaped with speed,
 And in the rosy laver seemed to bleed;
 The naked boys unto the water's fall
 Their stony nightingales had taught to call,
 When Zephyr breathed into their watery enterall.

And all about, embayed in soft sleep,
 A herd of charmed beasts aground were spread,

Which the fair witch in golden chains did keep,
 And them in willing bondage fettered ;
 Once men they lived, but now the men were dead,
 And turned to beasts—so fabled Homer old,
 That Circe, with her portion charmed in gold,
 Used manly souls in beastly bodies to immould.

Through this false Eden, to his leman's bower,
 (Whom thousand souls devoutly idolize,)
 Our first destroyer led our Saviour:
 There in the lower room, in solemn wise,
 They danced around, and poured their sacrifice
 To plump Lyæus; and, among the rest,
 The jolly priest, in ivy garlands drest,
 Chanted wild orgeals, in honour of the feast.

Fly, fly, thou holy Child, that wanton room;
 And thou, my chaster muse, those harlots shun,
 And with Him to a brighter story come,
 Where mounts of gold, and floods of silver run;
 The while the owners, with their wealth undone,
 Starve in their store, and in their plenty pine;
 Tumbling themselves upon their heaps of mine,
 Glutting their famished souls with the deceitful shine.

Ah! who was he such precious perils found?
 How strongly nature did her treasures hide,
 And threw upon him mountains of thick ground,
 To dark their ory lustre! but quaint Pride
 Hath taught her sons to wound their mother's side,
 And gauge the depth, to search for flaming shells,
 In whose bright bosom spumy Bacchus swells,
 That neither heaven nor earth henceforth in safety dwells.

Oh! sacred¹⁹ hunger of the greedy eye,
 Whose need hath end, but no end covetize;
 Empty in fulness, rich in poverty,
 That having all things, nothing can suffice;
 How thou befanciest the man most wise!

¹⁹ *Sacer*, beside its ordinary meaning, sacred, holy, signifies, detestable, abhorred: it is in this latter sense that the word sacred is here used.

The poor man would be rich; the rich man, great;
The great man, king; the king, in God's own seat
Enthroned, with mortal arm, dares flames and thunders threat.

Therefore above the rest Ambition sate;
His court with glittering pearl was all inwalled;
And round about the wall, in chairs of state,
And most majestic splendour, were installed
A hundred kings, whose temples were impaled
In golden diadems, set here and there
With diamonds, and gemmed every where;
And of their golden verges none desceptred were.

High over all Vain Glory's blazing throne,
In her bright turret, all of crystal wrought,
Like Phœbus' lamp, in midst of heaven shone;
Whose starry top, with pride infernal fraught,
Self-arching columns to uphold were taught;
In which her image still reflected was
By the smooth crystal, that, most like her glass,
In beauty and in frailty did all others pass.

A silver wand the sorceress did sway,
And for a crown of gold, her hair she wore,
Only a garland of rose-buds did play
About her locks, and in her hand she bore
A hollow globe of glass, that long before
The fall of emptiness had bladdered,
And all the world therein depictedured,
Whose colours, like the rainbow, ever vanished.

Such watery orbicles young boys do blow
Out from their soapy shells, and much admire
The swimming world, which tenderly they row,
With easy breath, till it be waved higher;
But if they chance but roughly once aspire,
The painted bubble instantly doth fall.
Here, when he came, for music he did call,
And sung this wooing song, to welcome Him withal:

“LOVE is the blossom where there blows
Every thing that lives or grows:
Love doth make the heavens to move,
And the sun doth burn in love:
Love the strong and weak doth yoke,
And makes the ivy climb the oak;
Under whose shadows lions wild,
Softened by love, grow tame and mild.
Love no medicine can appease,
He burns the fishes in the seas;
Not all the skill his wounds can stench²⁰,
Not all the sea his fire can quench:
Love did make the bloody spear
Once a leafy coat to wear;
While in his leaves there shrouded lay
Sweet birds, for love, that sing and play:
And of all Love's joyful flame
I the bud and blossom am;
Only bend the knee to me,
Thy wooing shall thy winning be.
See, see the flowers, that below,
Now as fresh as morning blow;
And, of all, the virgin rose,
That as bright Aurora shows:
How they all unleaved die,
Losing their virginity,
Like unto a summer shade
But new born, and now they fade.
Every thing doth pass away,
There is danger in delay:
Come, come, gather then the rose;
Gather it, or it you lose.
All the sands of Tagus' shore
Into my bosom casts his ore:
All the valleys' swimming corn
To my house is yearly borne;

Every grape of every vine
Is gladly bruised to make me wine;
While ten thousand kings as proud,
To carry up my train have bowed;
And a world of ladies send me,
In my chambers to attend me:
All the stars in heaven that shine,
And ten thousand more are mine.
Only bend thy knee to me,
Thy wooing shall thy winning be."

Thus sought the dire enchantress in his mind
Her guileful bait to have embosomed;
But He her charms dispersed into wind,
And her of insolence admonished,
And all her optic glasses shattered;
So with her sire to hell she took her flight:
(The starting air flew from th' unholy sprite),
When, deeply both aggrieved, plunged themselves in night.

But to their Lord, now musing in his thought,
A heavenly volley of light angels flew,
And from his Father Him a banquet brought,
Through the fine element; for well they knew,
After his Lenten fast, He hungry grew;
And, as He fed, the holy quires combine
To sing a hymn of the celestial Trine;
All thought to pass, and each was past all thought divine.

The birds' sweet notes, to sonnet out their joys,
Attempered to the lays angelical;
And to the birds the winds attune their noise;
And to the winds the waters hoarsely call,
And echo back again revoiced all;
That the whole valley rung with victory.
But now our Lord to rest doth homeward fly:
See how the night comes stealing from the mountains high!

REDEMPTION.

WHEN I remember Christ our burden bears,
I look for glory, but find misery;
I look for joy, but find a sea of tears;
I look that we should live, and find Him die;
I look for angels' songs, and hear Him cry:
Thus what I look, I cannot find so well;
Or, rather, what I find I cannot tell;
These banks so narrow are, these streams so highly swell.

Christ suffers, and in this his tears begin;
Suffers for us—and our joys spring in this;
Suffers to death—here is his manhood seen;
Suffers to rise—and here his Godhead is;
For man, that could not by himself have ris',
Out of the grave doth by the Godhead rise;
And lived, that could not die, in manhood dies,
That we in both might live by that sweet sacrifice.

A tree was first the instrument of strife,
Where Eve to sin her soul did prostitute;
A tree is now the instrument of life,
Though ill that trunk and this fair body suit:
Ah! fatal tree, and yet O blessed fruit!
That death to Him, this life to us doth give;
Strange is the cure, when things past cure revive,
And the Physician dies to make his patient live.

Sweet Eden was the harbour of delight,
Yet in his honey flowers our poison blew;
Sad Gethsemane, the bower of baleful night,
Where Christ a health of poison for us drew,
Yet all our honey in that poison grew:
So we from sweetest flowers could suck our bane,
And Christ from bitter venom could again
Extract life out of death, and pleasure out of pain.

A man was first the author of our fall,
 A Man is now the author of our rise:
 A garden was the place we perished all,
 A garden is the place He pays our price:
 And the old serpent, with a new device,
 Hath found a way himself for to beguile;
 So he, that all men tangled in his wile,
 Is now by one Man caught, beguiled with his own guile.

The dewy night had with her frosty shade
 Immantled all the world, and the stiff ground
 Sparkled in ice; only the Lord that made
 All for Himself, Himself dissolved found,
 Sweat without heat, and bled without a wound:
 Of heaven and earth, and God and man forlore,
 Thrice begging help of those whose sins he bore,
 And thrice denied of one, not to deny had swore.

THE SAVIOUR'S FUNERAL.

BUT long he stood, in his faint arms upholding
 The fairest spoil heaven ever forfeited,
 With such a silent passion grief unfolding,
 That, had the sheet but on himself been spread,
 He for the corse might have been buried;
 And with him stood the happy thief that stole
 By night his own salvation, and a shoal
 Of Maries, drowned, round about him sat in dole.

At length (kissing his lips before he spake,
 As if from thence he fetched again his ghost,)
 To Mary thus, with tears, his silence brake:
 "Ah, woeful soul! what joy in all our coast,
 When Him we hold we have already lost?"

Once didst thou lose thy son, but foundst again;
Now findst thy son, but findst Him lost and slain.
Ah me! though He could death, how canst thou life sustain?

Where'er, dear Lord, thy shadow hovereth,
 Blessing the place wherein it deigns abide,
Look how the earth dark horror covereth,
 Clothing in mournful black her naked side,
 Willing her shadow up to heaven to glide,
To see and if it meet Thee wandering there;
That so, and if herself must miss Thee here,
At least her shadow may her duty to Thee bear.

See how the sun in day-time clouds his face,
 And lagging Vesper, loosing his late team,
Forgets to heaven to run his nightly race;
 But, sleeping on bright Cæta's top, doth dream
 The world a Chaos is; no joyful beam
Looks from his starry bower, the heavens do moan,
And trees drop tears, lest we should grieve alone;
The winds have learned to sigh, and waters hoarsely groan.

And you, sweet flowers, that in this garden grow,
 Whose happy states a thousand souls envy,
Did you your own felicities but know,
 Yourselves up-plucked, would to his funeral hic—
 You never could in better season die:
Oh! that I might into your places slide!
The gate of heaven stands gaping in his side;
Therein my soul should steal, and all her faults should hide.

Are these the eyes that made all others blind?
 Ah! why are they themselves now blemished?
Is this the face in which all beauty shined?
 What blast hath thus his flowers debellished?
 Are these the feet that on the watery head
Of the unfaithful ocean passage found?
Why go they now so lowly under ground,
Washed with our worthless tears, and their own precious wound?

One hem but of the garments that He wore
 Could medicine whole countries of their pain ;
One touch of this pale hand could life restore,
 One word of these cold lips revive the slain.
Well the blind man thy Godhead might maintain.

What though the sullen Pharisee repined?
He that should both compare, at length would find
The blind man only saw, the seers all were blind.

Why should they think Thee worthy to be slain?
 Was it because Thou gavest their blind men eyes?
Or that Thou madest their lame to walk again?
 Or for Thou healedst their sick men's maladies?
 Or madest their dumb to speak, and dead to rise?
Oh! could all these but any grace have won,
What could they not to save thy life have done?
The dumb man would have spoke, the lame man would have run.

Let me, oh! let me near some fountain lie,
 That through the rock heaves up his sandy head;
Or let me dwell upon some mountain high,
 Whose hollow root and baser parts are spread
 On fleeting waters, in his bowels bred,
That I their streams, and they my tears may feed;
Or, clothed in some hermit's ragged weed,
Spend all my days in weeping for this fatal deed.

The life, the which I once did love, I leave;
 The love in which I once did love, I loathe;
I hate the light that did my light bereave:
 Both love and life, I do despise you both.
 Oh! that one grave might both our ashes clothe!
A love, a life, a light I now obtain,
Able to make my age grow young again—
Able to save the sick, and to revive the slain.

Thus spend we tears, that never can be spent—
 On Him that sorrow now no more shall see;
Thus send we sighs, that never can be sent—
 To Him that died to live, and would not be,
 To be there where He would.—Here bury we

This heavenly earth ; here let it softly sleep,
The fairest Shepherd of the fairest sheep."
So all the body kissed, and homeward went to weep.

So home their bodies went to seek repose,
But at the grave they left their souls behind.

Oh ! who the force of love celestial knows,
That can the chains of nature's self unbind,
Sending the body home without the mind !

Ah ! blessed Virgin ! what high angel's art
Can ever count thy tears, or sing thy smart,
When every nail that pierced his hand did pierce thy heart !

So Philomel, perched on an aspen sprig,
Weeps all the night her lost virginity,
And sings her sad tale to the merry twig
That dances at such joyful misery ;
Nor ever lets sweet rest invade her eye ;

But, leaning on a thorn her dainty chest,
For fear soft sleep should steal into her breast,
Expresses in her song grief not to be expressed.

So when the lark (poor bird !) afar espyeth
Her yet unfeathered children (whom to save
She strives in vain,) slain by the fatal scythe,
Which from the meadow her green locks doth shave,
That their warm nest is now become their grave ;
The woful mother up to heaven springs,
And all about her plaintive notes she flings,
And their untimely fate most pitifully sings.

THE JOYS OF THE REDEEMED.

HERE may the band that now in triumph shines,
And that (before they were invested thus,)
In earthly bodies carried heavenly minds,
Pitch round about, in order glorious,
Their sunny tents and houses lumincus ;

All their eternal day in songs employing,
 Joying their end without end of their joying,
 While their Almighty Prince destruction is destroying.

Full, yet without satiety of that
 Which whets and quiets greedy appetite,
 Where never sun did rise, nor ever sat,
 But one eternal day and endless night
 Gives time to those whose time is infinite—
 Speaking with thought, obtaining without fee,
 Beholding Him whom never eye could see,
 And magnifying Him that cannot greater be.

How can such joy as this want words to speak?
 And yet what words can speak such joy as this?
 Far from the world that might their quiet break,
 Here the glad souls the face of beauty kiss,
 Poured out in pleasure on their beds of bliss;
 And, drunk with nectar torrents, ever hold
 Their eyes on Him, whose graces manifold,
 The more they *do* behold, the more they *would* behold.

Their sight drinks lovely fires in at their eyes,
 Their brain sweet incense with fine breath accloys,
 That on God's sweating altar burning lies;
 Their hungry ears feed on their heavenly noise
 That angels sing to tell their untold joys;
 Their understanding, naked truth, their wills,
 The all and self-sufficient goodness fills,
 That nothing here is wanting but the want of ills.

No sorrow now hangs clouding on their brow;
 No bloodless malady empales their face;
 No age drops on their hairs his silver snow;
 No nakedness their bodies doth embase;
 No poverty themselves and theirs disgrace;
 No fear of death the joy of life devours;
 No unchaste sleep their precious time deflowers;
 No loss, no grief, no change wait on their winged hours.

But now their naked bodies scorn the cold,
And from their eyes joy looks and laughs at pain;
The infant wonders how he came so old,
The old man how he came so young again;
Still resting, though from sleep they still refrain;
Where all are rich, and yet no gold they owe;
And all are kings, and yet no subjects know;
All full, and yet no time they do on food bestow.

For things that pass are past, and in this field
The indeficient spring no winter fears;
The trees together fruit and blossoms yield,
The unfading lily leaves of silver bears,
And crimson rose a scarlet garment wears;
And all of these on the saints' bodies grow,
Not, as they wont, on baser earth below :
Three rivers here, of milk, and wine, and honey flow.

About the holy city rolls a flood
Of molten crystal, like a sea of glass,
On which weak stream a strong foundation stood :
Of living diamonds the building was,
That all things else, besides itself, did pass.
Her streets, instead of stones, the stars did pave,
And little pearls for dust it seemed to have,
On which soft streaming manna like pure snow did wave.

In midst of this city celestial,
Where the eternal temple should have rose,
Lightened the Idea Beatifical,
End and beginning of each thing that grows;
Whose self no end nor yet beginning knows,
That hath no eyes to see, nor ears to hear,
Yet sees and hears, and is all eye, all ear ;
That nowhere is contained, and yet is everywhere.

Changer of all things, yet immutable;
Before and after all, the first and last;
That moving all, is yet immoveable;
Great without quantity ; in whose forecast
Things past are present, things to come are past;

Swift without motion; to whose open eye
The hearts of wicked men unbreasted lie;
At once absent and present to them, far and nigh.

It is no flaming lustre, made of light;
No sweet consent, or well-tuned harmony;
Ambrosia, for to feast the appetite,
Or flowery odour mixed with spicery;
No soft embrace or pleasure bodily;
And yet it is a kind of inward feast,
A harmony that sounds within the breast,
An odour, light, embrace, in which the soul doth rest.

A heavenly feast no hunger can consume;
A light unseen, yet shines in every place;
A sound no time can steal; a sweet perfume
No winds can scatter; an entire embrace
That no satiety can e'er unlace;
Ingraced into so high a favour there,
The saints with their beaupeers whole worlds outwear,
And things unseen do see, and things unheard do hear.

Ye blessed souls, grown richer by your spoil,
Whose loss, though great, is cause of greater gains;
Here may your weary spirits rest from toil,
Spending your endless evening that remains
Among those white flocks and celestial trains
That feed upon their Shepherd's eyes, and frame
That heavenly music of so wondrous fame,
Psalming aloud the holy honours of his name!

SIR JOHN DAVIES.

SIR JOHN DAVIES, a native of Wiltshire, was born in 1570. He was educated at Oxford, and after having been called to the bar, he was expelled, and returned to the University. While here, he composed his principal work, a noble poem on *The Immortality of the Soul*. A few years after he was sent to Parliament, and restored to his rank at the bar. He filled several judicial offices in Ireland, under James I., and was finally appointed Chief Justice of the King's Bench, but he died before he could undertake the duties of the office: this happened in 1626.

Sir John was the author of several works upon historical and legal subjects, but is here noticed on account of his noble poem, *The Immortality of the Soul*, which is remarkable for the clear and logical conduct of the argument, and, considering the age in which it was written, for the smooth and equable flow of the verse.

FALSE AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE.

WHY did my parents send me to the schools,
That I with knowledge might enrich my mind,
Since the desire to know first made men fools,
And did corrupt the root of all mankind?

For when God's hand had written in the hearts
Of the first parents all the rules of good,
So that their skill infused, did pass all arts
That ever were, before, or since the flood;

And when their reason's eye was sharp and clear,
And (as an eagle can behold the sun,)
Could have approached the eternal light as near
As th' intellectual angels could have done;

E'en then to shew, the spirit of lies suggests,
That they were blind because they saw not ill;
And breathed into their uncorrupted breasts
A curious wish which did corrupt their will.

For that same ill they did desire to know,
Which ill being nought but a defect of good,
In all God's works the devil could not shew,
While man their Lord in his perfection stood.

So that themselves were first to do the ill,
Ere they thereof the knowledge could attain,
Like him that knew not poison's power to kill,
Until (by tasting it) himself was slain.

E'en so by tasting of that fruit forbid,
Where they sought knowledge, they did error find;
Ill they desired to know, and ill they did;
And to give passion eyes, made reason blind.

For then their minds did first in passion see
Those wretched shapes of misery and woe—
Of nakedness, of shame, of poverty,
Which then their own experience made them know.

But then grew reason dark, that she no more
Could the fair forms of good and truth discern;
Bats they became, that eagles were before,
And this they got by their desire to learn.

But we, their wretched offspring, what do we?
Do not we still taste of the fruit forbid,
Whilst with fond fruitless curiosity
In books profane we seek for knowledge hid?

What is this knowledge, but the sky-stolen fire,
For which the thief still chained in ice doth sit?
And which the poor rude satyr did admire,
And needs would kiss, but burnt his lips with it?

In fine, what is it, but the fiery coach,
Which the youth sought and found his death withal?
Or the boy's wings, which when he did approach
The sun's hot beams, did melt and let him fall?

And yet, alas, when all our lamps are burned,
Our bodies wasted, and our spirits spent;
When we have all the learned volumes turned
Which yield men's wits both help and ornament;

What can we know? or what can we discern,
When error chokes the windows of the mind?
The divers forms of things, how can we learn,
That have been even from our birth-day blind?

When Reason's lamp, which (like the sun in sky)
Throughout man's little world her beams did spread,
Is now become a sparkle, which doth lie
Under the ashes, half extinct and dead:

How can we hope that through the eye and ear
This dying sparkle, in this cloudy place,
Can recollect these beams of knowledge clear,
Which were infused in the first minds by grace?

So might the heir, whose father hath in play
Wasted a thousand pounds of ancient rent,
By painful earnings of one groat a day,
Hope to restore the patrimony spent.

The wits that dived most deep and soared most high,
Seeking man's powers, have found his weakness such:
"Skill comes so slow, and life so fast doth fly,
We learn so little and forget so much."

For this the wisest of all mortal men
Said, he knew nought, but that he nought did know;
And the great mocking master mocked not then
When he said truth was buried deep below.

For how may we to other things attain,
When none of us his own soul understands?
For which the devil mocks our curious brain,
When, "Know thyself," his oracle commands.

For why should we the busy soul believe
When boldly she concludes of that and this,
When of herself she can no judgment give,
Nor how, nor whence, nor where, nor what she is

All things without, which round about we see,
We seek to know and how therewith to do;
But that whereby we reason, live, and be,
Within ourselves, we strangers are thereto.

We seek to know the moving of each sphere,
And the strange cause of th' ebbs and floods of Nile;
But of that clock within our breasts we bear,
The sable motions we forget the while.

We that acquaint ourselves with every zone,
And pass both tropics, and behold each pole,
When we come home, are to ourselves unknown,
And unacquainted still with our own soul.

We study speech, but others we persuade;
We leech-craft learn, but others cure with it;
We interpret laws which other men have made,
But read not those which in our hearts are writ.

Is it because the mind is like the eye,
Through which it gathers knowledge by degrees,
Whose rays reflect not, but spread outwardly,
Not seeing itself, when other things it sees?

No, doubtless; for the mind can backward cast
Upon herself her understanding's light;
But she is so corrupt and so defaced,
As her own image doth herself affright.

As is the fable of the lady fair,
Which for her sin was turned into a cow,
When thirsty to a stream she did repair,
And saw herself transformed, she knew not how :

At first she startles, then she stands amazed ;
At last with terror she from thence doth fly,
And loathes the watery glass wherein she gazed,
And shuns it still, though she for thirst doth die :

E'en so man's soul, which did God's image bear,
And was, at first, fair, good, and spotless pure,
Since with her sins her beauties blotted were,
Doth of all sights her own sight least endure :

For e'en at first reflection she espies
Such strange chimeras, and such monsters there,
Such toys, such antics, and such vanities,
As she retires, and shrinks for shame and fear ;

And as the man loves least at home to be
That hath a sluttish house, haunted with sprites,
So she, impatient her own faults to see,
Turns from herself and in strange things delights.

For this few know themselves: for merchants broke
View their estate with discontent and pain ;
And seas are troubled when they do revoke
Their flowing waves into themselves again.

And while the face of outward things we find
Pleasing and fair, agreeable and sweet,
These things transport and carry out the mind,
That with herself the mind can never meet.

Yet if affliction once her wars begin,
And threat the feebler sense with sword and fire,
The mind contracts herself, and shrinketh in,
And to herself she gladly doth retire :

As spiders touched, seek their web's inmost part ;
As bees in storms back to their hives return ;
As blood in danger gathers to the heart ;
As men seek towns when foes the country burn.

If aught can teach us aught, affliction's looks
(Making us pry into ourselves so near,)
Teach us to know ourselves beyond all books,
Or all the learned schools that ever were.

This mistress lately plucked me by the ear,
And many a golden lesson hath me taught ;
Hath made my senses quick and reason clear,
Reformed my will and rectified my thought.

So do the winds and thunder cleanse the air ;
So working lees settle and purge the wine ;
So lopped and pruned trees do flourish fair ;
So doth the fire the drossy gold refine.

Neither Minerva, nor the learned muse,
Nor rules of art, nor precepts of the wise,
Could in my brain those beams of skill infuse,
As but the glance of this dame's angry eyes.

She within lists my ranging mind hath brought,
That now beyond myself I will not go ;
Myself am centre of my circling thought,
Only myself I study, learn, and know.

I know my body's of so frail a kind,
As force without, powers within, can kill ;
I know the heavenly nature of my mind,
But 'tis corrupted both in wit and will.

I know myself hath power to know all things,
Yet is she blind and ignorant in all ;
I know I'm one of nature's little kings,
Yet to the least and vilest things am thrall.

I know my life's a pain and but a span ;
I know my sense is mocked in every thing ;
And to conclude, I know myself a man,
Which is a proud and yet a wretched thing.

THE SOUL.

THE lights of heaven (which are the world's fair eyes,)
Look down into the world, the world to see ;
And as they turn or wander in the skies,
Survey all things that on this centre be.

And yet the lights which in my tower do shine,
Mine eyes which view all objects nigh and far,
Look not unto this little world of mine,
Nor see my face wherein they fixed are.

Since nature fails in us no needful thing,
Why want I means my inward self to see ?
Which sight the knowledge of myself might bring,
Which to true wisdom is the first degree.

That power which gave my eyes the world to view,
To view myself infused an inward light,
Whereby my soul, as by a mirror true,
Of her own form may take a perfect sight.

But as the sharpest eye discerneth nought
Except the sun-beams in the air do shine ;
So the best soul with her reflecting thought
Sees not herself without some light divine.

Oh ! Light which makest the light, which makes the day !
Which settest the eye without, and mind within,
Lighten my soul with one clear heavenly ray,
Which now to view itself doth first begin.

For her true form how can my spark discern,
Which, dim by nature, art did never clear,
When the great wits, of whom all skill we learn,
Are ignorant both what she is, and where?

One thinks the soul is air; another, fire;
Another, blood diffused about the heart;
Another saith the elements conspire,
And to her essence each doth give a part.

Musicians think our souls are harmonies;
Physicians hold that they complexions be;
Epicures¹ make them swarms of atomies
Which do by chance into our bodies flee.

Some think our general soul fills every brain,
As the bright sun sheds light in every star;
And others think the name of soul is vain,
And that we only well-mixed bodies are.

In judgment of her substance thus they vary,
And thus they do in judgment of her seat;
For some her chain up to the brain do carry,
Some thrust it down into the stomach's heat;

Some place it in the root of life, the heart;
Some in the river, fountain of his veins;
Some say she's all in all, in every part;
Some say she's not contained, but all contains,

Thus these great clerks their little wisdom show,
While with their doctrines they at hazard play;
Tossing their light opinions to and fro,
To mock the lewd², as learned in this as they.

For no crazed brain could ever yet propound,
Touching the soul, so vain and fond a thought;
But some among these masters have been found,
Which in their schools the self-same thing have taught.

¹ Epicureans.

² Ignorant.

God, only wise, to punish pride of wit,
Among men's wits hath this confusion wrought;
As the proud tower whose points the clouds did hit,
By tongues' confusion was to ruin brought.

But Thou, which didst man's soul of nothing make,
And when to nothing it was fallen again,
"To make it new, the form of man didst take,
And God with God becamest a man with men."

Thou that hast fashioned twice this soul of ours,
So that she is by double title thine,
Thou only knowest her nature and her powers;
Her subtle form Thou only canst define.

To judge herself, she must herself transcend,
As greater circles comprehend the less;
But she wants power her own powers to extend,
As fettered men cannot their strength express.

But Thou bright morning star, Thou rising sun,
Which in these later times hast brought to light
Those mysteries, that since the world begun
Lay hid in darkness and eternal night,

Thou (like the sun) dost with an equal ray
Into the palace and the cottage shine;
And shewest the soul both to the clerk and lay,
By the clear lamp of oracle divine.

This lamp through all the regions of my brain,
Where my soul sits, doth spread such beams of grace,
As now methinks I do distinguish plain
Each subtle line of her immortal face.

The soul a substance and a spirit is,
Which God Himself doth in the body make,
Which makes the man; for every man from this
The nature of a man and name doth take.

And though this spirit be to the body knit
As an apt means her powers to exercise,
Which are life, motion, sense, and will and wit ;
Yet she survives although the body dies.

THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL PROVED BY SEVERAL
REASONS.

HER only end is never-ending bliss,
Which is the eternal face of God to see,
Who last of ends and first of causes is ;
And to do this she must eternal be.

How senseless then, and dead a soul hath he
Which thinks his soul doth with his body die ;
Or thinks not so, but so would have it be,
That he might sin with more security.

For though these light and vicious persons say,
“Our soul is but a smoke or airy blast,
Which during life doth in her nostrils play,
And when we die doth turn to wind at last ;”

Although they say, “Come, let us eat and drink ;
Our life is but a spark which quickly dies ;”
Though thus they say, they know not what to think,
But in their minds ten thousand doubts arise.

Therefore no heretics desire to spread
Their light opinions like those Epicures ;
For so their staggering thoughts are comforted,
And other men’s assent their doubt assures.

Yet though these men against their conscience strive,
There are some sparkles in their flinty breasts,
Which cannot be extinct, but still revive,—
That though they would, they cannot quite be beasts.

But whoso makes a mirror of his mind,
And doth with patience view himself therein,
His soul eternity shall clearly find,
Though other beauties be defaced with sin.

REASON I.—THE DESIRE OF KNOWLEDGE.

FIRST, in man's mind we find an appetite
To learn and know the truth of every thing,
Which is co-natural and born with it,
And from the essence of the soul doth spring.

With this desire she hath a native might,
To find out every truth if she had time;
Th' innumerable effects to sort aright,
And by degrees from cause to cause to climb.

But since our life so fast away doth slide,
As doth a hungry eagle through the wind;
Or as a ship transported with the tide,
Which in their passage leave no print behind.

Of which swift little time so much we spend,
While some few things we through the sense do strain,
That our short race of life is at an end,
Ere we the principles of skill attain.

Or God, who to vain ends hath nothing done,
In vain this appetite and power hath given,
Or else our knowledge, which is here begun,
Hereafter must be perfected in heaven.

God never gave a power to one whole kind,
But most part of that kind did use the same;
Most eyes have perfect sight, though some be blind;
Most legs can nimbly run, though some be lame.

But in this life no soul the truth can know
So perfectly as it hath power to do :
If, then, perfection be not found below,
An higher place must make her mount thereto.

REASON II.—THE MOTION OF THE SOUL.

AGAIN, how can she but immortal be,
When with the motions of both will and wit
She still aspireth to eternity,
And never rests till she attain to it?

Water in conduit-pipes can rise no higher
Than the well-head from whence it first doth spring :
Then, since to eternal God she doth aspire,
She cannot be but an eternal thing.

“All moving things to other things do move
Of the same kind, which shews their nature such ;”
So earth falls down, and fire doth mount above,
Till both their proper elements do touch.

And as the moisture which the thirsty earth
Sucks from the sea to fill her empty veins,
From out her womb at last doth take a birth,
And runs a lymph along the grassy plains.

Long doth she stay, as loth to leave the land
From whose soft side the first did issue make ;
She tastes all places, turns to every hand,
Her flowery banks unwilling to forsake.

Yet nature so her streams doth lead and carry,
As that her course doth make no final stay,
Till she herself unto the ocean marry,
Within whose watery bosom first she lay.

E'en so the soul, which in this earthly mould
The spirit of God doth secretly infuse,
Because at first she doth the earth behold,
And only this material world she views,

At first her mother earth she holdeth dear,
And doth embrace the world, and worldly things;
She flies close by the ground and hovers here,
And mounts not up with her celestial wings:

Yet under heaven she cannot light on aught
That with her heavenly nature doth agree;
She cannot rest, she cannot fix her thought,
She cannot in this world contented be.

For who did ever yet, in honour, wealth,
Or pleasure of the sense, contentment find?
Who ever ceased to wish when he had wealth?
Or having wisdom was not vexed in mind?

Then as a bee, which among weeds doth fall,
Which seem sweet flowers with lustre fresh and gay,
She lights on that and this, and tasteth all;
But pleased with none, doth rise and soar away:

So when the soul finds here no true content,
And like Noah's dove can no sure footing take,
She doth return from whence she first was sent,
And flies to Him that first her wings did make.

Wit, seeking truth, from cause to cause ascends,
And never rests till it the first attain;
Will, seeking good, finds many middle ends;
But never stays till it the last do gain.

Now God the truth and first of causes is;
God is the last good end which lasteth still,
Being Alpha and Omega named to this,
Alpha to wit, Omega to the will.

Since then her heavenly kind she doth display,
In that to God she doth directly move,
And on no mortal thing can make her stay,
She cannot be from hence, but from above.

And yet this first true cause and last good end
She cannot here so well and truly see ;
For this perfection she must yet attend ³
Till to her Maker she espoused be.

As a king's daughter, being in person sought
Of divers princes who do neighbour near ;
On none of them can fix a constant thought,
Though she to all do lend a gentle ear ;

Yet can she love a foreign emperor
Whom of great worth and power she hears to be,
If she be wooed but by ambassador,
Or but his letters or his pictures see.

For well she knows that when she shall be brought
Into the kingdom where her spouse doth reign,
Her eyes shall see what she conceived in thought,
Himself, his state, his glory, and his train.

So while the virgin soul on earth doth stay,
She, wooed and tempted in ten thousand ways,
By these great powers which on the earth bear sway,
The wisdom of the world, wealth, pleasure, praise ;

With these sometimes she doth her time beguile,
These do by fibs her fantasy possess ;
But she distastes them all within a while,
And in the sweetest finds a tediousness ;

But if upon the world's Almighty King
She once doth fix her humble loving thoughts ;
Who by his picture drawn in every thing,
And sacred messages, her love hath sought ;

Of Him she thinks she cannot think too much ;
This honey tasted still, is ever sweet ;
The pleasure of her ravished thought is such,
As almost here she with her bliss doth meet.

But when in heaven she shall his essence see,
This is her sovereign good, and perfect bliss,
Her longing, wishings, hopes, all finished be,
Her joys are full, her motions rest in this.

There is she crowned with garlands of content ;
There doth she manna eat, and nectar drink :
That presence doth such high delights present,
As never tongue could speak, nor heart could think.

REASON III.—FROM CONTEMPT OF DEATH IN THE RIGHTEOUS.

For this the better souls do oft despise
The body's death, and do it oft desire ;
For when on ground the burthened balance lies,
The empty part is lifted up the higher :

But if the body's death the soul should kill,
Then death must needs against her nature be ;
And were it so, all souls would fly it still,
For nature hates and shuns her contrary.

For all things else, which nature makes to be,
Their being to preserve are chiefly taught ;
And though some things desire a change to see,
Yet never thing did long to turn to nought.

If then by death the soul were quenched quite,
She could not thus against her nature run ;
Since every senseless thing by nature's light
Doth preservation seek—destruction shun.

Nor could the world's best spirits so much err,
If death took all, that they should all agree
Before this life their honour to prefer;
For what is praise to things that nothing be?

Again, if by the body's prop she stand,
If on the body's life her life depend;
As Meleager's on the fatal brand,
The body's good she only would intend.

We should not find her half so brave and bold,
To lead it to the wars and to the seas,
To make it suffer watchings, hunger, cold,
When it might feed with plenty, rest, and ease.

Doubtless all souls have a surviving thought,
Therefore of death we think with quiet mind;
But if we think of being turned to nought,
A trembling horror in our souls we find.

REASON IV.—FROM FEAR OF DEATH IN THE WICKED.

AND as the better spirit when she doth bear
A scorn of death, doth show she cannot die;
So when the wicked soul death's face doth fear,
E'en then she proves her own eternity.

For when death's form appears, she feareth not
An utter quenching or extinguishment;
She would be glad to meet with such a lot,
That so she might all future ill prevent.

But she doth doubt what after may befall;
For nature's law accuseth her within,
And saith, "'Tis true what is affirmed by all,
That after death there is a pain for sin."

Then she who hath been hoodwinked from her birth,
Doth clear herself within death's mirror see;
And when her body doth return to earth,
She first takes care how she alone shall be.

Who ever sees these irreligious men,
With burden of a sickness, weak, and faint,
But hears them talking of religion then,
And vowing of their souls to every saint?

When was there ever sentenced atheist brought
Unto the gibbet, but he did adore
That blessed power which he had set at nought,
Scorned and blasphemed all his life before?

These light vain persons still are drunk and mad
With surfeitings and pleasures of their youth;
But at their death they are fresh, sober, sad;
Then they discern, and then they speak the truth.

If then all souls, both good and bad, do teach
With general voice, that souls can never die;
'Tis not man's flattering gloss, but nature's speech,
Which, like God's oracles, can never lie.

REASON V.—FROM THE GENERAL DESIRE OF IMMORTALITY.

HENCE springs that universal strong desire,
Which all men have of immortality;
Not some few spirits to this thought aspire,
But all men's minds in this united be.

Then this desire of nature is not vain,
"She covets not impossibilities,
Fond thoughts may fall into some idle brain,
But one assent of all is ever wise."

From hence that general care and study springs,
That launching, and progression of the mind,
Which all men have so much of future things,
That they no joys do in the present find.

From this desire, that main desire proceeds,
Which all men have surviving fame to gain,
By tombs, by books, by memorable deeds;
For she that this desires doth still remain.

Hence, lastly, springs care of posterities,
For things their kind would everlasting make :
Hence is it that old men do plant young trees,
The fruit whereof another age shall take.

If we these rules unto ourselves apply,
And view them by reflection of the mind,
All these true notes of immortality
In our hearts' tables we shall written find.

THE WORTH OF THE SOUL.

OH ! ignorant, poor man ! what dost thou bear
Locked up within the casket of thy breast ?
What jewels, and what riches, hast thou there ?
What heavenly treasure in so weak a chest ?

Look in thy soul, and thou shalt beauties find,
Like those which drowned Narcissus in the flood ;
Honour and pleasure both are in thy mind,
And all that in the world is counted good.

Think of her worth, and think that God did mean
This worthy mind should worthy things embrace ;
Blot not her beauties with thy thoughts unclean,
Nor her dishonour with thy passion base.

Kill not her quickening power with surfeitings ;
Mar not her sense with sensuality :
Cast not her serious wit on idle things ;
Make not her free-will slave to vanity.

And when thou thinkest of her eternity,
Think not that death against our nature is ;
Think it a birth, and when thou goest to die,
Sing a like song as if thou wentest to bliss.

And thou, my soul, which turnest with curious eye,
To view the beams of thine own form divine ;
Know that thou canst know nothing perfectly,
While thou art clouded with this flesh of mine.

Take heed of over-weening, and compare
Thy peacock's feet with thy gay peacock's train ;
Study the best and highest things that are,
But of thyself an humble thought retain.

Cast down thyself and only strive to raise
The glory of thy Maker's sacred name ;
Use all thy powers that blessed Power to praise,
Which gives the power to be, and use the same.

SIR JOHN BEAUMONT.

SIR JOHN BEAUMONT, elder brother of Francis Beaumont, the dramatist, was the son of Francis Beaumont, one of the judges of the Court of Common Pleas in the time of Queen Elizabeth; he was born in 1584, and was educated at Oxford. Beside an historical poem styled *Bosworth Field*, he was the author of *The Crown of Thorns*, and other poems on sacred subjects, which, though little known, possess great merit. He was created a baronet in 1626, and died in 1628.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE WORLD, A PILGRIM, AND VIRTUE.

PILGRIM.

WHAT darkness clouds my senses? Hath the day
Forgot his season, and the sun his way?
Doth God withdraw his all-sustaining might,
And works no more with his fair creature—light,
While heaven and earth for such, alas! complain,
And turn to rude unformed heaps again?
My paces with entangling briars are bound,
And all this forest in deep silence drowned;
Here must my labour and my journey cease,
By which, in vain, I sought for rest and peace;
But now perceive that man's unquiet mind
In all his ways can only darkness find.
Here must I starve and die, unless some light
Point out the passage from this dismal night.

WORLD.

Distressed Pilgrim, let not causeless fear
Depress thy hopes, for thou hast comfort near,
Which thy dull heart with splendour shall inspire,
And guide thee to thy period of desire.

Clear up thy brows, and raise thy fainting eyes ;
See how my glittering palace open lies
For weary passengers, whose desperate case
I pity, and provide a resting place.

PILGRIM.

Oh thou! whose speeches sound, whose beauties shine,
Not like a creature, but some power divine,
Teach me thy style, thy worth and state declare,
Whose glories in this desert hidden are.

WORLD.

I am thine end ; Felicity my name ;
The best of wishes, pleasures, riches, fame,
Are humble vassals, which my throne attend,
And make you mortals happy when I send :
In my left hand delicious fruits I hold,
To feed them who with mirth and ease grow old ;
Afraid to lose the fleeting days and nights,
They seize on time, and spend it in delights.
My right hand with triumphant crowns is stored,
Which all the kings of former times adored :
These gifts are thine : then enter where no strife,
No grief, no pain, shall interrupt thy life.

VIRTUE.

Stay, hasty wretch, here deadly serpents swell,
And thy next step is on the brink of hell :
Wouldst thou, poor weary man, thy limbs repose ?
Behold my house, where true contentment grows ;
Not like the baits which this seducer gives,
Whose bliss a day, whose torment ever lives.

WORLD.

Regard not these vain speeches, let them go :
This is a poor worm, my contemned foe,

Bold, threadbare Virtue, who dare promise more
From empty bags, than I from all my store;
Whose counsels make men draw unquiet breath,
Expecting to be happy after death.

VIRTUE.

Canst thou now make, or hast thou ever made,
Thy servants happy in those things that fade?
Hear this my challenge: One example bring
Of such perfection; let him be the king
Of all the world, fearing no outward check,
And finding others by his voice or beck;
Yet shall this man at every moment find
More gall than honey in his restless mind.
No, monster, since my words have struck thee dumb,
Behold this garland, whence such virtues come,
Such glories shine, such piercing beams are thrown
As make thee blind, and turn thee to a stone.
And thou, whose wandering feet were running down
The infernal steepness, look upon this crown:
Within these folds lie hidden no deceits,
No golden lures on which perdition waits;
But when thine eyes the prickly thorns have past,
See in the circle boundless joys at last.

PILGRIM.

These things are now most clear, thee I embrace:
Immortal wreath, let worldlings count thee base;
Choice is thy matter, glorious is thy shape,
Fit crown for them who tempting dangers 'scape.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

THIS poet was born at Harshull, in the county of Warwick, about the year 1563. We can only discover these facts concernings his life:—that in boyhood he was placed as page with some honourable person,—that he studied at Oxford,—that Sir Henry Gooden, of Polesworth, was his patron,—that in his latter days, Sir Walter Aston, of Tixal, Staffordshire, loved his company, and was his friend;—and that he was made Laureate, to which office, at that time, there was no emolument attached. His principal works are the *Poly-Olbion*, *The Barons' Wars*, *England's Heroic Epistles*, *Legends*, and *Minor Poems*, among which is *The Birth and Miracles of Moses*, all of which bear abundant proofs of erudition and genius. He died in 1631.

MOSES MEETING THE DAUGHTERS OF JETHRO, PRIEST OF MIDIAN.

To Midian now his pilgrimage he took,
Midian, earth's only paradise for pleasures;
Where many a soft rill, many a sliding brook,
Through the sweet valleys trip in wanton measures;

Where as the curled groves and flowery fields
To his free soul so peaceable and quiet,
More true delight and choice contentment yields
Than Egypt's braveries and luxurious diet:

And wandering long he happened on a well,
Which he by paths frequented might espy,
Bordered with trees where pleasure seemed to dwell,
Where, to repose him easily, down doth lie:

Where the soft winds did mutually embrace
In the cool arbours nature there had made,
Fanning their sweet breath gently in his face,
Through the calm cincture of the amorous shade:

Till now it nighed the noon-stead of the day,
When scorching heat the gadding herds do grieve,
When shepherds now, and herdsmen every way,
Their thirsting cattle to the fountain drive:

Amongst the rest seven shepherdesses went
Along the way for watering of their sheep,
Whose eyes him seemed such reflections sent
As made the flocks more white that they did keep:

Girls that so goodly and delightful were,
The fields were fresh and fragrant in their view,
Winter was as the spring-time of the year,
The grass so proud that in their footsteps grew:

Daughters they were unto a holy man,
(And worthy, too, of such a sire to be,)
Jethro, the priest of fertile Midian,
Few found so just, so righteous man as he.

But see the rude swain, the untutored slave,
Without respect or reverence to their kind,
Away their fair flocks from the water drave;
Such is the nature of the barbarous hind.

The maids, perceiving where a stranger sat,
Of whom those clowns so basely did esteem,
Were in his presence discontent thereat,
Whom he perhaps improvident might deem;

Which he perceiving, kindly doth entreat,
Reproves the rustics for that offered wrong,
Averting it an injury too great
To such, of right, all kindness did belong.

But finding well his oratory fail,
His fists about him frankly he bestows;
That where persuasion could not late prevail,
He yet compelleth quickly by his blows.

Entreats the damsels their abodes to make,
With courtly semblance and a manly grace,
At their fair pleasures quietly to take
What might be had by freedom of the place.

Whose beauty, shape, and courage they admire,
Exceeding these the honour of his mind;
For what in mortal could their hearts desire
That in this man they did not richly find?

Returning sooner than their usual hour,
All that had happened to their father told:
That such a man relieved them by his power,
As one all civil courtesy that could:

Who full of bounty, hospitably meek,
Of his behaviour greatly pleased to hear;
Forthwith commands his servants him to seek,
To honour him by whom his honoured were:

Gently receives him to his goodly seat,
Feasts him, his friends, and families among,
And with him all those offices entreat,
That to his place and virtues might belong:

Whilst in the beauty of those goodly dames,
Wherein wise nature her own skill admires,
He feeds those secret and unpiercing flames,
Nursed in fresh youth and gotten in desires:

Won with this man, this princely priest to dwell,
For greater hire than bounty could devise;
For her whose praise, makes praise itself excel,
Fairer than fairness, and as wisdom wise:

In her, her sisters severally were seen,
Of every one she was the rarest part,
Who in her presence any time had been,
Her ange eye transpierced, not her heart.

For Zipporah, a shepherd's life he leads,
And in her sight deceives the subtil hours;
And for her sake oft roves the flowery meads
With those sweet spoils to enrich her rural bowers.

Up to Mount Horeb with his flock he took,
The flock wise Jethro willed him to keep;
Which well he guarded with his shepherd's crook,
Goodly the shepherd, goodly were the sheep:

To feed and fold full warily he knew,
From fox and wolf his wandering flocks to free.
The goodliest flowers that in the meadows grew,
Were not more fresh and beautiful than he.

Gently his fair flocks lessowed he along,
Through the trim pastures freely at his leisure,
Now on the hills, the valleys then among,
Which seem themselves to offer to his pleasure;

Whilst feathered sylvans from each blooming spray,
With murmuring waters whistling as they creep,
Make him such music to abridge the way,
As fits a shepherd company to keep.

When, lo! that great and fearful God of might
To that fair Hebrew strangely doth appear,
In a bush, burning visible and bright,
Yet unconsuming, as no fire there were:

With hair erected, and upturned eyes,
Whilst he, with great astonishment admires,
Lo! that Eternal Rector of the skies,
Thus breathes to Moses from those quickening fires:

"Shake off thy sandals," saith the thundering God,
"With humbled feet my wondrous power to see;
For that the soil where thou hast boldly trod,
Is most select and hallowed unto me:

- “The righteous Abraham for his God me knew,
Isaac and Jacob trusted in my name,
And did believe my covenant was true,
Which to their seed shall propagate the same.
- “My folk that long in Egypt had been barred,
Whose cries have entered heaven’s eternal gate,
Our zealous mercy openly hath heard,
Kneeling in tears at our Eternal State;
- “And am come down, then, in the land to see,
Where streams of milk through fruitful valleys flow,
And luscious honey dropping from the tree,
Load the full flowers that in their shadows grow :
- “By thee my power am purposed to try,
That from rough bondage shalt the Hebrews bring,
Bearing that great and fearful embassy
To that monarchaïc and imperious king.
- “And on this mountain, standing in thy sight,
When thou returnest from that conquered land,
Thou hallowed altars unto me shalt light,
This for a token certainly shall stand.”
-

VIRTUE NOT HEREDITARY.

THAT height and god-like purity of mind
Resteth not still where titles most adorn;
With any, not peculiarly confined
To names, and to be limited doth scorn :
Man doth the most degenerate from kind,
Richest and poorest, both alike are born ;
And to be always pertinently good,
Follows not still the greatness of our blood.

Pity it is, that to one virtuous man
That mark him lent, to gentry to advance,
Which, first by noble industry he wan,
His baser issue after should enhance;
And the rude slave not any good that can
Such should thrust down by what is his by chance.
As had not he been first that him did raise,
Ne'er had his great heir wrought his grandsire's praise.

You that but boast your ancestor's proud style,
And the large stem whence your vain greatness grew;
When you yourselves are ignorant and vile,
Nor glorious thing dare actually pursue,
That all good spirits would utterly exile,
Doubting their worth should else discover you,
Giving yourselves unto ignoble things—
Base, I proclaim you, though derived from kings.

Virtue, but poor, God in this earth doth place,
'Gainst this rude world to stand upon his right;
To suffer sad affliction and disgrace,
Not ceasing to pursue her with despite:
Yet when of all she is accounted base,
And seeming in most miserable plight,
Out of her power new life to her doth take:
Least then dismayed, when all do her forsake.

That is the man of an undaunted spirit,
For her dear sake that offereth him to die;
For whom when him the world doth disinherit,
Looketh upon it with a pleased eye;
What's done for virtue thinking it doth merit,
Daring the proudest menaces defy;
More worth than life, howe'er the base world rate him,
Beloved of heaven, although the world doth hate him.

JOHN DONNE.

JOHN DONNE was born in London, in 1573. He entered Hertford College at the early age of eleven, and became a youthful prodigy of learning. Donne, who had been bred a Catholic, early in life, on sincere conviction, renounced that faith, and became a Protestant minister; he obtained the favour of King James the First, and died Dean of St. Paul's, in 1631.

Without being in the strictest sense of the word a sacred poet, Donne is one of those writers who have shown their reverence of religion with the warmth and sincerity of genuine feeling. He is frequently rugged and obscure, yet he displays a depth of sentiment and an originality of thought, which contain the germs of true poetry.

SACRED SONNETS.

I.

THOU hast made me, and shall thy work decay?
Repair me now, for now mine end doth haste;
I run to death, and death meets me as fast,
And all my pleasures are like yesterday.
I dare not move my dim eyes any way;
Despair behind, and death before, doth cast
Such terror, and my feeble flesh doth waste
By sin in it, which it towards hell doth weigh,
Only Thou art above, and when towards Thee,
By thy leave I can look, I rise again;
But our old subtle foe so tempteth me,
That not one hour myself I can sustain;
Thy grace may wing me to prevent his art,
And Thou like adamant draw mine iron heart.

II.

This is my play's last scene; here heavens appoint
My pilgrimage's last mile; and my race
Idly yet quickly run, hath this last pace;
My span's last inch, my minute's latest point;
And gluttonous death will instantly unjoint
My body and my soul, and I shall sleep a space;
But my ever-waking part shall see that face
Whose fear already shakes my every joint:
Then as my soul, to heaven, her first seat, takes flight,
And earth-born body, in the earth shall dwell,
So fall my sins, that all may have their right,
To where they're bred, and would press me to hell.
Impute me righteous, thus purged of evil,
For thus I leave the world, the flesh, the devil.

III.

At the round earth's imagined corners, blow
Your trumpets, angels, and arise, arise
From death, your numberless infinities
Of souls, and to your scattered bodies go
All whom the flood did, and fire shall, o'erthrow;
All whom war, death, age, agues, tyrannies,
Despair, law, chance, hath slain, and you whose eyes
Shall behold God, and never taste death's woe:
But let them sleep, Lord, and me mourn a space;
For if above all these my sins abound,
'Tis late to ask abundance of thy grace
When we are there; here, on this lowly ground,
Teach me how to repent; for that's as good
As if Thou hadst sealed my pardon with thy blood.

IV.

Death, be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so;
For those whom thou thinkest thou dost overthrow,
Die not, poor Death; nor yet canst thou kill me.

From rest and sleep, which but thy picture be,
 Much pleasure, then from thee, much more must flow:
 And soonest our best men with thee do go,
 Rest of their bones, and soul's delivery.
 Thou'rt slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,
 And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell,
 And poppy or charms, can make us sleep as well,
 And better, than thy stroke; why swell'st thou then?
 One short sleep past, we wake eternally;
 And death shall be no more; Death! thou must die.

ODE.

VENGEANCE will sit above our faults; but till
 She there do sit
 We see her not, nor them. Thus blind, yet still
 We lead her way; and thus, whilst we do ill,
 We suffer it.

Unhappy he whom youth makes not beware
 Of doing ill:
 Enough we labour under age and care:
 In number, th' errors of the last place are
 The greater still.

Yet we, that should the ill we now begin
 As soon repent,
 (Strange thing!) perceive not; our faults are not seen,
 But past us; neither felt, but only in
 The punishment.

But we know ourselves least; mere outward shows
 Our minds so store,
 That our souls, no more than our eyes, disclose
 But form and colour; only he who knows
 Himself, knows more.

HYMN TO CHRIST.

AT THE AUTHOR'S LAST GOING INTO GERMANY.

IN what torn ship soever I embark,
 That ship shall be my emblem of thy ark ;
 What sea soever swallow me, that flood
 Shall be to me an emblem of thy blood ;
 Though Thou with clouds of anger do disguise
 Thy face, yet through that mask I know those eyes,
 Which, though they turn away sometimes,
 They never will despise.

I sacrifice this island unto Thee
 And all whom I loved there, and who loved me ;
 When I have put our seas 'twixt them and me,
 Put Thou thy seas betwixt my sins and Thee.
 As the tree's sap doth seek the root below
 In winter, in my winter now I go,
 Where none but Thee, th' eternal root
 Of true love, I may know.

Not Thou nor thy religion, dost control
 The amorousness of an harmonious soul ;
 But Thou wouldst have that love Thyself: as Thou
 Art jealous, Lord, so am I jealous now,
 Thou lovest not, till from loving more, Thou free
 My soul: who ever gives, takes liberty :
 Oh! if Thou carest not whom I love,
 Alas! Thou lovest not me.

Seal, then, this bill of my divorce to all
 On whom those fainter beams of love did fall ;
 Marry those loves which in youth scattered be
 On Fame, Wit, Hope, (false mistresses) to Thee.
 Churches are best for prayer, that have least light :
 To see God only, I go out of sight,
 And to 'scape stormy days, I choose
 An everlasting night.

HYMN TO GOD, MY GOD.

SINCE I am coming to that holy room
 Where with the choir of saints for evermore
 I shall be made thy music, as I come
 I tune the instrument here at the door,
 And what I must do then think here before.

Whilst my physicians by their love are grown
 Cosmographers and I their map, who lie
 Flat on this bed, that by them may be shown
 That this is my south-west discovery,
Per fretum febris, by these straits to die;

I joy that in these straits I see my west;
 For though those currents yield return to none,
 What shall my west hurt me? as west and east
 In all flat maps (and I am one) are one,
 So death doth touch the resurrection.

* * * * *

We think that Paradise and Calvary,
 Christ's cross and Adam's tree, stood in one place,
 Look, Lord! and find both Adams met in me:
 As the first Adam's sweat surrounds my face,
 May the last Adam's blood my soul embrace.

So in his purple wrapped receive me, Lord
 By these his thorns give me his holy crown,
 And as to others' souls I preached thy word,
 Be this my text, my sermon to mine own;
 Therefore, that He may raise, the Lord throws down.

GEORGE HERBERT.

GEORGE HERBERT, a distinguished sacred poet, was born in the castle of Montgomery, in Wales, in 1593. He received his early education at Westminster School, and from thence, being a King's Scholar, he was elected to Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1612 he took his degree of B.A., and in 1616 that of M.A. He subsequently became Public Orator, and was finally settled as rector of Bemerton, near Salisbury; where, after having faithfully and zealously discharged the duties of his sacred calling, he died in 1632.

The *Temple*, or *Sacred Poems*, of Herbert had great celebrity in his day; and they well deserve notice now. They are perhaps the most valuable of recorded experiences in religion among uninspired compositions, and abound in natural and beautiful thoughts, and true poetical feeling.

PROVIDENCE.

O SACRED Providence, who from end to end,
Strongly and sweetly movest! shall I write,
And not of Thee, through whom my fingers bend
To hold my quill? shall they not do Thee right?

Of all the creatures both in sea and land,
Only to man Thou hast made known thy ways,
And put the pen alone into his hand,
And made him secretary of thy praise.

Beasts fain would sing; birds ditty to their notes;
Trees would be tuning of their native lute
To thy renown; but all their hands and throats
Are brought to man, while they are lame and mute.

Man is the world's high-priest; he doth present
The sacrifice for all; while they below
Unto the service mutter an assent,
Such as springs use that fall, and winds that blow.

He that to praise and laud Thee doth refrain,
Doth not refrain unto himself alone,
But robs a thousand who would praise Thee fain ;
And doth commit a world of sin in one.

Wherefore, most sacred Spirit, I here present,
For me and all my fellows, praise to Thee ;
And just it is that I should pay the rent,
Because the benefit accrues to me.

We all acknowledge both thy power and love
To be exact, transcendant and divine ;
Who dost so strongly and so sweetly move,
While all things have their will, yet none but thine :

For either thy command, or thy permission,
Lay hands on all ; they are thy right and left ;
The first puts on with speed and expedition,
The other curbs sin's stealing pace and theft ;

Nothing escapes them both ; all must appear,
And be disposed and dressed, and tuned by Thee,
Who sweetly temperest all ; if we could hear
Thy skill and art, what music would it be !

Thou art in small things great, not small in any ;
Thy even praise can neither rise nor fall ;
Thou art in all things one, in each thing many :
For Thou art infinite in one, and all.

Tempests are calm to Thee, they know thy hand,
And hold it fast, as children do their fathers,
Which cry and follow. Thou hast made poor sand
Check the proud sea, even when it swells and gathers.

Thy cupboard serves the world : the meat is set
Where all may reach ; no beast but knows his food ;
Birds teach us hawking ; fishes have their net :
The great prey on the less, they on some weed.

Nothing engendered doth prevent¹ his meat,
Flies have their table spread, ere they appear;
Some creatures have in winter what to eat,
Others do sleep, and envy not their cheer.

How finely dost Thou times and seasons spin,
And make a twist checkered with night and day,
Which, as it lengthens, winds and winds us in,
As bowls go on, but turning all the way.

Each creature hath a wisdom for his good,
The pigeons feed their tender offspring crying,
When they are callow; but withdraw their food
When they are fledged, that need may teach 'em flying.

Bees work for man, and yet they never bruise
Their master's flower, but leave it, having done,
As fair as ever, and as fit to use:
So both the flower do stay and honey run.

Sheep eat the grass, and dung the ground for more:
Trees, after bearing, drop their leaves for soil;
Springs vent their streams, and by expanse get store;
Clouds cool by heat, and baths by cooling boil.

Who hath the virtue to express the rare
And curious virtues both of herbs and stones?
Is there an herb for that? O that thy care
Would show a root that gives expressions!

And if an herb hath power, what have the stars
A rose, besides his beauty, is a cure;
Doubtless our plagues and plenty, peace and wars,
Are there much surer than our art is sure.

Thou hast hid metals, man may take them thence,
But at his peril; when he digs the place,
He makes a grave, as if the thing had sense,
And threatened man that he should fill the space.

E'en poisons praise Thee: Should a thing be lost?
Should creatures want, for want of heed, their due?
Since where are poisons, antidotes are most,
The help stands close, and keeps the fear in view.

The sea, which seems to stop the traveller,
Is by a ship the speedier passage made;
The winds, who think they rule the mariner,
Are ruled by him, and taught to serve his trade.

And as thy house is full, so I adore
Thy curious art in marshalling thy goods;
Thy hills with health abound, thy vales with store;
The south with marble, north with fur and woods.

Hard things are glorious; easy things, good, cheap;
The common all men have; that which is rare,
Men therefore seek to have, and care to keep:
The healthy frosts with summer fruits compare.

Light without wind, is glass; warm without weight,
Is wool and furs; cool without coldness, shade;
Speed without pains, a horse; tall without weight,
A servile hawk; low without loss, a spade.

All countries have enough to serve their need:
If they seek fine things, thou dost make them run
For their offence; and then dost turn their speed,
To be commerce and trade, from sun to sun.

Nothing wears clothes but man; nothing doth need
But he to wear them. Nothing useth fire,
But man alone, to show his heavenly breed:
And only he hath fuel in desire.

When the earth was dry, Thou madest a sea of wet,
When that lay gathered, Thou didst broach the mountains;
While yet some places could no moisture get,
The winds grew gardeners, and the clouds good fountains.

Rain, do not hurt my flowers, but gently spend
Your honey-drops; press not to smell them here;
When they are ripe, their odour will ascend,
And, at your lodging, with their thanks appear.

How harsh are thorns to pears! and yet they make
A better hedge, and need less reparation:
How smooth are silks, compared with a stake,
Or with a stone! yet make no good foundation.

Sometimes Thou dost divide thy gifts to man—
Sometimes unite. The Indian nut alone
Is clothing, meat and trencher, drink and can,
Boat, cable, sail, and, need be, all in one.

Most herbs that grow in brooks are hot and dry;
Cold fruit's warm kernels help against the wind:
The lemon's juice and rind cure mutually;
The whey of milk doth loose, the milk doth bind.

To show Thou art not bound, as if thy lot
Were worse than ours, sometimes Thou shiftest hands:
Most things move th' under-jaw; the crocodile not;
Most things sleep lying; th' elephant leans or stand

But who hath praise enough? nay, who hath any?
None can express thy works but he that knows them,
And none can know thy works, which are so many,
And so complete, but only He that owns them.

All things that are, though they have several ways,
Yet in their being join with one advice
To honour Thee; and so I give Thee praise
In all my other hymns, but in this twice.

Each thing that is, although in use and name
It go for one, hath many ways in store
To honour Thee; and so each hymn thy fame
Extolleth many ways; yet this, one more.

THE COLLAR.

I STRUCK the board, and cried, "No more!

I will abroad.

What! shall I ever sigh and pine?

My lines and life are free—free as the road,

Loose as the wind, as large as store;

Shall I be still in suit?

Have I no harvest, but a thorn

To let my blood; and not restore

What I have lost with cordial fruit?

Sure there was wine

Before my sighs did dry it; there was corn

Before my tears did drown it;

Is the year only lost to me?

Have I no bays to crown it?

No flowers, no garlands gay? all blasted?

All wasted?

Not so, my heart! but there is fruit

And thou hast hands.

Recover all thy sigh-flown age

On double pleasures: leave thy cold dispute

Of what is fit and not: forsake thy cage,

Thy rope of sands,

Which petty thoughts have made, and made to thee

Good cable to enforce and draw,

And be thy law,

While thou didst wink and wouldst not see:

Away! take heed!

I will abroad,

Call in thy death's head there: tie up thy fears.

He that forbears

To suit and serve his need,

Deserves his load."

But as I raved, and grew more fierce and wild

At every word,

Methought I heard one calling, "Child!"

And I replied, "My Lord!"

DIVINITY.

As men, for fear the stars should sleep and nod,
And trip at night, have spheres supplied;
As if a star were duller than a clod,
Which knows his way without a guide:

Just so the other heaven they also serve—
Divinity's transcendant sky:
Which with the edge of wit they cut and carve.
Reason triumphs, and Faith lies by.

Could not that Wisdom which first broached the wine
Have thickened it with definitions?
And jagged His seamless coat, had that been fine,
With curious questions and divisions?

But all the doctrine which He taught and gave
Was clear as heaven, from whence it came;
At least those beams of truth which only save,
Surpass in brightness any flame.

"Love God and love your neighbour;" "Watch and pray;"
"Do as you would be done unto:"
Oh! dark instructions, e'en as dark as day!
Who can these gordian knots undo?

But He doth bid us take his blood for wine:
Bid what He please, yet I am sure,
To take and taste what He doth there design
Is all that saves, and not obscure.

Then burn thy epicycles, foolish man,
Break all thy spheres and save thy head:
Faith needs no staff of flesh, but stoutly can
To heaven alone both go and lead.

VIRTUE.

SWEET day! so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to night;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose! whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in the grave;
And thou must die.

Sweet spring! full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,—
My music shows you have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul
Like seasoned timber never gives;
But though the whole world turn to a coal,
Then chiefly lives.

THE QUIP.

THE merry world did on a day
With his train-bands and mates agree
To meet together where I lay,
And all in sport to jeer at me.

First Beauty crept into a rose,
Which when I plucked not, "Sir," said she,
"Tell me, I pray, whose hands are those?"
But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then Money came: and, chinking still,
"What tune is this, poor man?" said he;
"I heard in music you had skill:"
But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then came brave Glory puffing by,
 In silks that whistled "who but he?"
 He scarce allowed me half an eye:
 But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then came quick Wit and Conversation,
 And he would needs a comfort be;
 And, to be short, make an oration:
 But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Yet when the hour of thy design
 To answer these fine things shall come,
 Speak not at large; say, I am thine;
 And then they have their answer home.

MARY MAGDALENE.

WHEN blessed Mary wiped her Saviour's feet,
 (Whose precepts she had trampled on before,)
 And wore them for a jewel on her head;
 Showing his steps should be the street
 Wherein she henceforth evermore,
 With pensive humbleness, would live and tread:

She being stained herself, why did she strive
 To make Him clean who could not be defiled?
 Why kept she not her tears for her own faults,
 And not his feet? Though we could dive
 In tears like seas, our sins are piled
 Deeper than they, in words, and works, and thoughts.

Dear soul, she knew who did vouchsafe and deign
 To bear her filth; and that her sins did dash
 E'en God Himself; wherefore she was not loth,
 As she had brought wherewith to stain,
 So to bring in wherewith to wash;
 And yet in washing one she washeth both.

THE BRITISH CHURCH.

I JOY, dear Mother, when I view
Thy perfect lineaments and true,
Both sweet and bright :
Beauty in thee takes up her place,
And dates her letters from thy face,
When she doth write.

A fine aspect in fit array,
Neither too mean, not yet too gay,
Shows who is best.
Outlandish looks may not compare,
For all they either painted are,
Or else undressed.

She on the hills¹ which wantonly
Allureth all in hope to be
By her preferred,
Hath kissed so long her painted shrines,
That e'en her face by kissing shines,
For her reward :

She in the valley² is so shy
Of dressing, that her hair doth lie
About her ears ;
While she avoids her neighbour's pride,
She wholly goes on the other side,
And nothing wears.

But, dearest Mother, (what those miss,)
The mean, thy praise and glory is,
And long may be.
Blessed be God, whose love it was,
To double-moat thee with his grace,
And none but thee.

¹ The church of Rome.

² The church of Geneva.

BUSINESS.

CANST be idle, canst thou play
Foolish soul, who sinned to-day?
Rivers run, and springs each one
Know their home, and get them gone:
Hast thou tears, or hast thou none?

If, poor soul, thou hast no tears,
Would'st thou had no fault or fears!
Who hath those, those ills forbears!

Winds still work, it is their plot,
Be the season cold or hot:
Hast thou sighs, or hast thou not?

If thou hast no sighs or groans,
Would thou hadst no flesh and bones:
Lesser pains 'scape greater ones.

But if yet thou idle be,
Foolish soul, who died for thee?
Who did leave his Father's throne,
To assume thy flesh and bone?
Had He life, or had He none?

If He had not lived for thee
Thou hadst died most wretchedly;
And two deaths had been thy fee.

He so far thy good did plot,
That his own self He forgot—
Did He die, or did He not?

If He had not died for thee
Thou hadst lived in misery—
Two lives worse than two deaths be.

And hath any space of breath
'Twixt his sins and Saviour's death?
He that loseth gold, though dross,
Tells to all he meets, his cross—
He that hath sins, hath he no loss?

He that finds a silver vein
Thinks on it, and thinks again—
Brings thy Saviour's death no gain?
Who in heart not ever kneels,
Neither sin nor Saviour feels.

PEACE.

SWEET Peace, where dost thou dwell? I humbly crave
Let me once know.
I sought thee in a secret cave,
And asked if peace were there,
A hollow wind did seem to answer, "No!
Go seek elsewhere."

I did;—and going, did a rainbow note:
Surely, thought I,
This is the lace of Peace's coat:
I will search out the matter.
But while I looked, the clouds immediately
Did break and scatter.

Then went I to a garden, and did spy
A gallant flower,
The crown imperial. "Sure," said I,
"Peace at the root must dwell."
But when I digged I saw a worm devour
What showed so well.

At length I met a reverend good old man;
Whom when for peace
I did demand, he thus began:
"There was a prince of old
At Salem dwelt, who lived with good increase
Of flock and fold.

“ He sweetly lived ; yet sweetness did not save
His life from foes,
But after death out of his grave
There sprang twelve stalks of wheat :
Which many wond’ring at, got some of those
To plant and set.

“ It prospered strangely, and did soon disperse
Through all the earth ;
For they that taste it do rehearse,
That virtues lie therein ;
A secret virtue, bringing peace and mirth,
By flight of sin.

“ Take of this grain which in my garden grows,
And grows for you :
Make bread of it ; and that repose,
And peace which every where
With so much earnestness you do pursue,
Is only there.”

MORTIFICATION.

How soon doth man decay !
When clothes are taken from a chest of sweets
To swaddle infants, whose young breath
Scarce knows the way :
They are like little winding-sheets,
Which do consign and send them unto death.

When boys go first to bed,
They step into their voluntary graves ;
Sleep binds them fast ; only their breath
Makes them not dead :
Successive nights, like rolling waves,
Convey them quickly, who are bound for death.

When youth is frank and free,
And calls for music, while his veins do swell,
All day exchanging mirth and breath
In company;
That music summons to the knell,
Which shall befriend him at the house of death.

When man grows staid and wise,
Getting a house and home, where he may move
Within the circle of his breath,
Schooling his eyes;
That dumb inclosure maketh love
Unto the coffin that attends his death.

When age grows low and weak,
Marking his grave, and thawing every year,
Till all do melt and drown his breath
When he would speak;
A chair or litter shows the bier
Which shall convey him to the house of death.

Man, ere he is aware,
Hath put together a solemnity,
And dressed his hearse while he hath breath
As yet to spare;
Yet, Lord, instruct us so to die,
That all these dyings may be life in death.

THOMAS RANDOLPH.

THIS poet was the adopted son of Jonson. At an early age his genius and acquirements held forth promises of literary eminence, which were, however, unhappily frustrated by a premature death. In his remains we find traces of true poetic taste, and a fine fancy. He was born in 1605, and died in 1634.

AN ECLOGUE.

(OCCASIONED BY TWO DOCTORS DISPUTING UPON
PREDESTINATION.)

CORYDON.

Ho! jolly Thyrsis, whither in such haste?
Is't for a wager that you run so fast?
Or, past your hour, below yon hawthorn-tree
Does longing Galatea look for thee?

THYRSIS.

No, Corydon, I heard young Daphnis say,
Alexis challenged Tityrus to-day,
Who best shall sing of shepherd's art and praise:
But hark! I hear them; listen to their lays.

TITYRUS.

Alexis, read; what means this mystic thing?
An ewe I had two lambs at once did bring;
The one black as jet, the other white as snow;
Say, in just Providence how it could be so?

ALEXIS.

Will you Pan's goodness therefore partial call,
That might as well have given thee none at all?

TITYRUS.

Were they not both yeaned by the self-same ewe?
How could they merit then so different hue?
Poor lamb, alas! and could'st thou, yet unborn,
Sin to deserve the guilt of such a scorn!
Thou had'st not yet fouled a religious spring,
Nor fed on plots of hallowed grass, to bring
Stains to thy fleece; nor browsed upon a tree
Sacred to Pan or Pales' deity.
The gods are ignorant if they not foreknow,
And, knowing, 'tis unjust to use thee so.

ALEXIS.

Tityrus, with me contend, or Corydon;
But let the gods and their high wills alone:
For in our flocks that freedom challenge we;
This kid is sacrificed, and that goes free.

TITYRUS.

Feed where you will, my lambs; what boots it us
To watch and water, fold, and drive you thus:
This on the barren mountains flesh can glean,
That fed in flowery pastures will be lean.

ALEXIS.

Plough, sow, and compass, nothing boots at all,
Unless the dew upon the tilths do fall.
So labour, silly shepherds, what we can:
All's vain, unless a blessing drop from Pan.

TITYRUS.

Ill thrive thy ewes, if thou these lies maintain.

ALEXIS.

And may thy goats miscarry, saucy swain.

THYRSIS.

Fie, shepherds, fie! while you these strifes begin,
Here creeps the wolf, and there the fox gets in;

To your vain piping on so deep a reed
The lambkins listen, but forget to feed.
It gentle swains befits of love to sing,
How Love left heaven, and heaven's immortal King,
His co-eternal Father: oh! admire,
Love is a son as ancient as his sire;
His mother was a virgin: how could come
A birth so great, and from so chaste a womb?
His cradle was a manger: shepherds, see,
True faith delights in poor simplicity.
He pressed no grapes, nor pruned the fruitful vine,
But could of water make a brisker wine;
Nor did He plough the earth, and to his barn
The harvest bring; nor thresh and grind the corn.
Without all these Love could supply our need,
And with five loaves five thousand hungry feed.
More wonders did He; for all which suppose
How He was crowned with lily or with rose,
The winding ivy, or the glorious bay,
Or myrtle, with the which Venus, they say,
Girts her proud temples! Shepherds, none of them;
But wore, poor head! a thorny diadem.
Feet to the lame He gave; with which they ran
To work their surgeon's last destruction:
The blind from Him had eyes; but used that light
Like basilisks, to kill Him with their sight.
Lastly, he was betrayed (oh! sing of this)—
How Love could be betrayed! 'twas with a kiss.
And then, his innocent hands and guiltless feet
Were nailed unto the cross, striving to meet
In his spread arms his spouse: so mild in show,
He seemed to court the embraces of his foe.
Through his pierced side, through which a spear was sent,
A torrent of all-flowing balsam went.
Run, Amaryllis, run: one drop from thence
Cures thy sad soul, and drives all anguish hence.
Go, sun-burnt Thessylis, go and repair
Thy beauty lost, and be again made fair.

Love-sick Amyntas, get a philtrum here,
 To make thee lovely to thy truly dear;
 But, coy Licoris, take the pearl from thine,
 And take the blood-shot from Alexis' eyne.
 Wear this an amulet 'gainst all syrens' smiles,
 The stings of snakes, and tears of crocodiles.
 Now Love is dead;—Oh! no, He never dies;
 Three days He sleeps, and then again doth rise,
 (Like fair Aurora from the eastern bay)
 And with his beams drives all our clouds away.
 This pipe unto our flocks; this sonnet get,
 But, lo! I see the sun ready to set:
 Good night to all: for the great night is come:
 Flocks, to your folds; and shepherds, hie you home;
 To-morrow morning, when we all have slept,
 Pan's cornet's flown, and the great sheepshear's kept.

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

THOMAS HEYWOOD wrote about the year 1635. He was the author of *The Hierarchies of the Blessed Angels*; a work rude in metre, yet abounding with powerful and even sublime passages.

SEARCH AFTER GOD.

I SOUGHT Thee round about, O Thou, my God!
 In thine abode.
 I said unto the Earth, "Speak, art thou He?"
 She answered me,
 "I am not."—I inquired of creatures all
 In general
 Contained therein;—they with one voice proclaim
 That none amongst them challenged such a name.

I asked the seas, and all the deeps below,

My God to know :

I asked the reptiles, and whatever is

In the abyss—

Even from the shrimp to the leviathan,

Inquiry ran ;

But in those deserts, which no line can sound,

The God I sought for was not to be found.

I asked the air if that were He? but

It told me “No.”

I, from the towering eagle to the wren,

Demanded then

If any feathered fowl 'mongst them were such?

But they all, much

Offended with my question, in full quire

Answered—“ To find thy God thou must look higher.”

I asked the heavens, sun, moon, and stars, but they

Said, “ We obey

The God thou seek'st.”—I asked, what eye or ear

Could see or hear ;

What in the world I might descry or know,

Above, below :

With an unanimous voice all these things said,

“ We are not God, but we by Him were made.”

I asked the world's great universal mass,

If that God was ;

Which, with a mighty and strong voice, replied,

As stupefied,

“ I am not He, O man! for know that I

By Him on high,

Was fashioned first of nothing, thus instated

And swayed by Him, by whom I was created.”

I sought the court ; but smooth-tongued flattery there

Deceived each ear ;

In the thronged city there was selling, buying

Swearing and lying ;

I' the country, craft in simpleness arrayed :

And then I said,

"Vain is my search, although my pains be great,
Where my God *is*, there *can* be no deceit."

A scrutiny within myself I then,

Even thus began :

"O man, what art thou?"—What more could I say
Than, Dust and clay?

Frail, mortal, fading, a mere puff, a blast,

That cannot last ;

Enthroned to-day, to-morrow in an urn ;

Formed from that earth to which I must return.

I asked myself what this great God might be

That fashioned me ?

I answered—The all-potent, solely immense,

Surpassing sense ;

Unspeakable, inscrutable, eternal—

Lord over all.

The only terrible, strong, just, and true,

Who hath no end, and no beginning knew.

He is the well of life, for He doth give

To all that live

Both breath and being ; He is the Creator

Both of the water,

Earth, air, and fire. Of all things that subsist

He hath the list ;

Of all the heavenly host, or what earth claims,

He keeps the scroll, and calls them by their names.

And now, my God, by thine illuming grace,

Thy glorious face,

(So far forth as it may discovered be,)

Methinks I see ;

And, though invisible and infinite,

To human sight,

Thou in thy mercy, justice, truth, appearest ;

In which to our weak senses Thou comest nearest.

Oh! make us apt to seek, and quick to find,
Thou God most kind!
Give us love, hope, and faith, in Thee to trust,
Thou God most just!
Remit all our offences we entreat,
Most Good, most Great!
Grant that our willing, though unworthy quest,
May through thy grace admit us 'mongst the blest.

BEN JONSON.

THIS eminent poet was born in London in 1574. Though like many other poets of his day, Jonson too briefly and too rarely forsook the service of the profaner muse for that of religion, the religious poetry he has left behind him is of a very high order. He died in 1637.

EUPHEME'S MIND.

PAINTER, you're come, but may be gone,
Now I have better thought thereon;
This work I can perform alone,
And give you reasons more than one.

Not that your art I do refuse,
But here I may no colours use;
Beside, your hand will never hit
To draw a thing that cannot sit.

You could make shift to paint an eye,
An eagle tow'ring in the sky,
The sun, a sea, or soundless pit;
But these are *like* a mind, not *it*.

No ; to express a mind to sense
Would ask a heaven's intelligence ;
Since nothing can report that flame,
But what's of kin to whence it came.

A mind so pure, so perfect, fine,
As 'tis not radiant, but divine ;
And, so disdaining any tryer,
Tis got where it can try the fire.

There, high exalted in the sphere,
As it another nature were,
It moveth all, and makes a flight
As circular as infinite.

Whose notions, when it will express
In speech, it is with that excess
Of grace and music to the ear,
As what it spoke it planted there.

The voice so sweet, the words so fair,
As some soft chime had stroked the air ;
And though the sound were parted thence,
Still left an echo in the sense.

But, that a mind so rapt, so high,
So swift, so pure, should yet apply
Itself to us, and come so nigh
Earth's grossness ; there's the how, and why.

Is it because it sees us dull,
And stuck in clay here, it would pull
Us forth by some celestial flight,
Up to her own sublimed height ?

Or hath she here upon the ground,
Some paradise or palace found,
In all the bounds of beauty fit
For her to inhabit ? There is it.

Thrice happy house, that hast receipt
For this so lofty form, so straight,
So polished, perfect, round, and even,
As it slid moulded off from heaven.

Not swelling like the ocean proud,
But stooping gently as a cloud;
As smooth as oil poured forth, and calm
As showers, and sweet as drops of balm.

Smooth, soft, and sweet, in all a flood
Where it may run to any good;
And where it stays, it there becomes
A nest of odorous spice and gums.

In action, winged as the wind,
In rest, like spirits left behind
Upon a bank, or field of flowers,
Begotten by that wind and showers.

In thee, fair mansion, let it rest,
Yet know with what thou art possessed;
Thou entertaining in thy breast
But such a mind, makest God thy guest.

THE GOOD LIFE, LONG LIFE.

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk doth make man better be;
Or standing long an oak three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere;
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night;
It was the plant and flower of light.
In small proportions we just beauties see,
And in short measures life may perfect be.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

THIS elegant writer was born in Kent, in 1568. He enjoyed several public offices in the reign of Elizabeth; but after a while he fell into disgrace, and afterwards he lived abroad, till the accession of James I., when he was appointed ambassador to Venice. He was the author of a variety of works, chiefly upon political subjects; of some of a religious character, and of a few poetical pieces of great beauty. He died in 1640.

FAREWELL TO THE VANITIES OF THE WORLD.

FAREWELL, ye gilded follies, pleasing troubles;
Farewell, ye honoured rags, ye glorious bubbles;
Fame's but a hollow echo; gold, pure clay;
Honour, the darling but of one short day;
Beauty, the eye's idol, a damasked skin;
State, but a golden prison to live in,
And torture free-born minds; embroidered trains,
Merely but pageants for proud swelling veins;
And blood allied to greatness is alone
Inherited, not purchased, nor our own:
Fame, honour, beauty, state, train, blood, and birth,
Are but the fading blossoms of the earth.

I would be great, but that the sun doth still
Level his rays against the rising hill;
I would be high, but see the proudest oak
Most subject to the rending thunder-stroke;
I would be rich, but see men too unkind
Dig in the bowels of the richest mind;
I would be wise, but that I often see
The fox suspected while the ass goes free;
I would be fair, but see the fair and proud,
Like the bright sun, oft setting in a cloud;
I would be poor, but know the humble grass,
Still trampled on by each unworthy ass:

Rich, hated; wise, suspected; scorned, if poor;
Great, feared; fair, tempted; high, still envied more.
I have wished all; but now I wish for neither—
Great, high, rich, wise, nor fair,—poor I'll be rather.

Would the world now adopt me for her heir,
Would Beauty's queen entitle me "the Fair,"
Fame speak me Fortune's minion; could I vie
Angels with India; with a speaking eye
Command bare heads, bowed knees, strike justice dumb,
As well as blind and lame, or give a tongue
To stones by epitaphs; be called "Great Master,"
In the loose rhymes of every poetaster;
Could I be more than any man that lives,
Great, fair, rich, wise, in all superlatives;
Yet I more freely would these gifts resign,
Than ever fortune would have made them mine,
And hold one minute of this holy leisure,
Beyond the riches of this empty pleasure.

Welcome, pure thoughts, welcome, ye silent groves,
These guests, these courts, my soul most dearly loves:
Now the winged people of the sky shall sing
My cheerful anthems to the gladsome Spring;
A prayer-book now shall be my looking-glass,
In which I will adore sweet Virtue's face.
Here dwell no hateful looks, no palace-cares,
No broken vows dwell here, nor pale-faced fears.
Then here I'll sit and sigh my hot love's folly,
And learn t' affect an holy melancholy;
And if contentment be a stranger then,
I'll ne'er look for it but in heaven again.

THE HAPPY LIFE.

How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will,
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the worldly care
Of public fame or private breath.

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Or vice; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise,
Nor rules of state, but rules of good.

Who hath his life from rumours freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great.

Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend,
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend.

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all.

THOMAS CAREW.

THIS poet was born about 1577. He received his education at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, where his genius and abilities early attracted notice. He was introduced to court, probably by his brother, and appointed Gentleman of the Privy Chamber, and sewer in ordinary to King Charles the First; which posts he retained till his death, in 1639. Carew was the author of miscellaneous poems, not, unfortunately, all of a religious nature; but those that are so, have great beauty and simplicity.

PLEASURE.

BEWITCHING syren! golden rottenness!
Thou hast with cunning artifice displayed
Th' enamelled outside, and the honied verge
Of the fair cup, where deadly poison lurks.
Within, a thousand sorrows dance the round;
And, like a shell, pain circles thee without.
Grief is the shadow waiting on thy steps,
Which, as thy joys 'gin towards their west decline,
Doth to a giant's spreading form extend
Thy dwarfish stature. Thou thyself art pain,
Greedy, intense desire; and the keen edge
Of thy fierce appetite oft strangles thee,
And cuts thy slender thread; but still the terror
And apprehension of thy hasty end
Mingles with gall thy most refined sweets.
Yet thy Circean charms transform the world.
Captains that have resisted war and death,
Nations that over fortune have triumphed,
Are by thy magic made effeminate;
Empires, that know no limits but the poles,
Have in thy wanton lap melted away.
Thou wert the author of the first excess

That drew this reformation on the gods;
 Canst thou, then, dream those powers that from heaven
 Banished the effect, will there enthrone the cause?
 To thy voluptuous den fly, witch, from hence;
 There dwell, for ever drowned in brutish sense.

GEORGE SANDYS.

THIS eminent sacred poet, the son of Archbishop Sandys, of York, was born at his father's palace, at Bishopsthorp, in 1587. In his eleventh year he was matriculated at St. Mary's Hall, Oxford; and Wood conjectures that he afterwards removed to Corpus Christi College. Many years of his life were spent in travelling, after which he returned to England, and passed much of his time with his sister at Caswell, near Witney, in Oxfordshire. He died in 1643.

The principal work of Sandys is a translation of the Psalms of David, incomparably the most poetical in the English language, but yet at the present day scarcely known.

DEO OPT. MAX.

(WRITTEN ON REVIEW OF GOD'S MERCIES TO THE AUTHOR IN
 HIS TRAVELS.)

O THOU who all things hast of nothing made,
 Whose hand the radiant firmament displayed,
 With such an undiscerned swiftness hurled
 About the stedfast centre of the world;
 Against whose rapid course the restless sun
 And wandering flames in varied motions run;
 Which heat, light, life, infuse; Time, night and day
 Distinguish; in our human bodies sway:
 That hungest the solid earth in fleeting air,
 Veined with clear springs which ambient seas repair:

In clouds the mountains wrap their heavy heads;
Luxurious valleys clothed with flowery meads:
Her trees yield fruit and shade; with liberal breasts
All creatures she (their common mother) feasts.
Then man thy image hadst; in dignity,
In knowledge, and in beauty, like to Thee:
Placed in a heaven on earth: without his toil
The ever-flourishing and fruitful soil
Unpurchased food produced; all creatures were
His subjects, serving more for love than fear.
He knew no lord but Thee. But when he fell
From his obedience, all at once rebel,
And in his ruin exercise their might:
Concurring elements against him fight:
Troops of unknown diseases; sorrow, age,
And death, assail him with successive rage.
Hell let forth all her furies; none so great
As man to man. Ambition, pride, deceit,
Wrong armed with power, lust, rapine, slaughter reigned;
And flattered Vice the home of Virtue gained.
The hills beneath the swelling waters stood,
And all the globe of earth was but one flood;
Yet could not cleanse their guilt: the following race
Worse than their fathers, and their sons more base:
Their God-like beauty lost—sin's wretched thrall
No spark of their Divine original
Left unextinguished; all enveloped
With darkness; in their bold transgressions dead;
When Thou didst from the earth a light display,
Which rendered to the world a clearer day,
Whose precepts from hell's jaws our steps withdraw,
And whose example was a living law;
Who purged us with his blood, the way prepared
To heaven, and those long chained-up doors unbarred.
How infinite thy mercy! which exceeds
The world thou mad'st, as well as our misdeeds:
Which greater reverence than thy justice wins,
And still augments thy honour by our sins.

Oh! who hath tasted of thy clemency
In greater measure or more oft than I!
My grateful verse thy goodness shall display,
O Thou who went'st along in all my way,
To where the morning with perfumed wings
From the high mountains of Panchæa¹ springs,
To that new-found-out world, where sober night
Takes from th' antipodes her silent flight,
To those dark seas where horrid winter reigns,
And binds the stubborn floods in icy chains,
To Libyan wastes, whose thirst no showers assuage,
And where swoln Nilus cools the lion's rage.
Thy wonders in the deep have I beheld;
Yet all by those on Judah's hills excelled:
There where the virgin's Son his doctrine taught,
His miracles and our redemption wrought!
Where I, by Thee inspired, his praises sung,
And on his sepulchre my offering hung.
Which way soe'er I turn my face or feet,
I see thy glory and thy mercy meet—
Met on the Thracian shores, when in the strife
Of frantic Simooms Thou preserv'dst my life;
So when Arabian thieves belayed us round,
And when by all abandoned, Thee I found.
That false Sidonian wolf, whose craft put on
A sheep's soft fleece, and me Bellorophon
To ruin by his cruel letter sent,
Thou didst by thy protecting hand prevent.
Thou savedst me from the bloody massacres
Of faithless Indians, from their treacherous wars,
From raging fevers, from the sultry breath
Of tainted air, which cloyed the jaws of death;
Preserved from swallowing seas, when towering waves
Mixed with the clouds and opened their deep graves;
From barbarous pirates ransomed, by those taught,
Successfully with Salian Moors we fought.

¹ A fabulous country of antiquity whence frankincense was said to be procured.
It here signifies Arabia.

Then broughtest me home in safety, that this earth
 Might bury me, which fed me from my birth.
 Blest with a healthful age, a quiet mind,
 Content with little, to this work designed,
 Which I at length have finished by thy aid,
 And now my vows have at thy altar paid.

HYMN.

(WRITTEN AT THE HOLY SEPULCHRE IN JERUSALEM.)

SAVIOUR of mankind, Man, Emmanuel!
 Who sinless died for sin; who vanquished hell;
 The first-fruits of the grave; whose life did give
 Light to our darkness; in whose death we live:—
 Oh! strengthen Thou my faith, convert my will,
 That mine may thine obey; protect me still,
 So that the latter death may not devour
 My soul, sealed with thy seal. So in the hour
 When Thou (whose body sanctified this tomb,
 Unjustly judged,) a glorious judge shalt come
 To judge the world with justice, by that sign
 I may be known and entertained for thine.

PSALM XLVI.

GOD is our refuge, our strong tower,
 Securing by his mighty power,
 When dangers threatened to devour.

Thus armed, no fears shall chill our blood,
 Though earth no longer stedfast stood,
 And shook our hills into the flood.

Although the troubled ocean rise,
 In foaming billows to the skies,
 And mountains shake with horrid noise;

Clear streams purl from a crystal spring,
Which gladness to God's city bring,
The mansion of th' Eternal King.

He in her centre takes his place:
What foe can her fair towers deface,
Protected by his early grace?

Tumultuary nations rose,
And armed troops our walls inclose,
And his feared voice unnerved our foes.

The Lord of hosts is on our side;
The God by Jacob magnified;
Our strength on whom we have relied.

Come, see the wonders He hath wrought,
Who hath to desolation brought
Those kingdoms which our ruin sought.

He makes destructive war surcease;
The earth, deflowered of her increase,
Restores with universal peace.

He breaks their bows, unarms their quivers,
The bloody spear in pieces shivers,
Their chariots to the flame delivers.

Forbear, and know that I the Lord
Will by all nations be adored—
Praised with unanimous accord.

The Lord of Hosts is on our side;
The God by Jacob magnified;
Our strength on whom we have relied.

PSALM CIV. PART I.

My ravished soul, great God, thy praises sings,
Whom glory circles with her radiant wings,
And majesty invests; than day more bright,
Clothed with the beams of new-created light,

He, like an all-enfolding canopy,
Framed the vast concave of the spangled sky,
And in the air-embraced waters set,
The basis of his hanging cabinet:
Who on the clouds as on a chariot rides,
And with a rein the flying tempest guides.
Bright angels his attending made,
By flame-dispensing seraphims obeyed;
The ever-fixed earth clothed with the flood;
In whose calm bosom unseen mountains stood;
At his rebuke it shrunk with sudden dread,
And from his voice's thunder quickly fled.
Then hills their late concealed heads extend,
And sinking valleys to their feet descend.
The trembling waters through their hollows wind,
Till they the sea, their nurse and mother, find.
He to the swelling waves prescribes a bound,
Lest earth again should by their rage be drowned;
Springs through the pleasant meadows pour their rills,
Which, snake-like, glide between the bordering hills;
Till they to rivers grow, where beasts of prey
Their thirst assuage, and such as man obey.

PART II.

IN neighbouring groves the air's musicians sing,
And with their music entertain the spring.
He from celestial casement showers distils,
And with renewed increase his creatures fills.
He makes the food-full earth her fruit produce,
For cattle grass, and herbs for human use;
The spreading vine long purple clusters bears,
Whose juice the hearts of pensive mortals cheers;
Fat olives smooth our brows with suppling oil,
And strengthening corn rewards the reaper's toil.
His fruit-affording trees with sap abound,
The Lord hath Lebanon with cedars crowned;
They to the warbling birds a shelter yield,
And wandering storks in lofty fir-trees build;

Wild goats to craggy cliffs for refuge fly,
And conies in the rocks' dark entrails lie.
He guides the changing moon's alternate face;
The sun's diurnal and his annual race.
'Twas He that made the all-informing light,
And with dark shadows clothes the aged night;
Then beasts of prey break from their mountain-caves;
The roaring lion, pinched with hunger, craves
Food from his hand. But when heaven's greatest fire
Obscures the stars, they to their dens retire.
Men with the morning rise, to labour pressed,
Toil all the day, at night return to rest.

PART III.

GREAT God! how manifold, how infinite
Are all thy works! with what a clear foresight
Didst Thou create and multiply their birth!
Thy riches fill the far extended earth.
The ample sea, in whose unfathomed deep
Innumerable sorts of creatures creep;
Bright-scaled fishes in her entrails glide,
And high-built ships upon her bosom ride;
About whose sides the crooked dolphin plays,
And monstrous whales huge spouts of water raise.
All on the land, or in the ocean bred,
On Thee depend, in their due season fed.
They gather what thy bounteous hands bestow,
And in the summer of thy favour grow.
When Thou contract'st thy clouded brows, they mourn,
And dying, to their former dust return.
Again created by thy quickening breath,
To re-supply the massacres of death.
No track of time his glory shall destroy;
He in th' obedience of his works shall joy;
But when their wild revolts his wrath provoke,
Earth trembles, and the airy mountains smoke.

I all my life will my Creator praise,
And to his service dedicate my days.
May He accept the music of my voice,
While I with sacred harmony rejoice!
Hence, you profane, who in your sins delight;
God shall extirp, and cast you from his sight.
My soul, bless thou this all-commanding King—
You saints and angels, Hallelujah sing!

PSALM CXXXVII.

As on Euphrates' shady banks we lay,
And there, O Sion, to thy ashes pay
Our funeral tears, our silent harps unstrung,
And unregarded on thy willows hung,
Lo! they who had thy desolation wrought,
And captive Judah unto Babel brought,
Deride the tears which from our sorrows spring;
And say, in scorn, A song of Sion sing.
Shall we profane our harps at their command,
Or holy hymns sing in a foreign land?
O Solyma! thou that art now become
A heap of stones, and to thyself a tomb,
When I forget thee, my dear mother, let
My fingers their melodious skill forget;
When I a joy disjoined from thine receive,
Then may my tongue unto my palate cleave.
Remember Edom, Lord, their cruel pride,
Who in the sack of wretched Salem cried,
Down with their buildings, rase them to the ground,
Nor let one stone be on another found.
Thou, Babylon, whose towers now touch the sky,
That shortly shalt as low in ruins lie,
Oh! happy! Oh! thrice happy they who shall
With equal cruelty revenge our fall!
That dash thy children's brains against the stones,
And without pity hear their dying groans.

PSALM XC.

O THOU, the Father of us all,
Our refuge from th' original;
That wert our God before
The airy mountains had their birth,
Or fabric of the peopled earth;
And art for evermore.

But frail man daily dying, must
At thy command return to dust;
Or should he ages last,
Ten thousand years are in thy sight
But like a quadrant of the night,
Or as a day that's past.

We, by thy torrent swept from hence,
An empty dream which mocks the sense,
And from the fancy flies;
Such as the beauty of the rose,
Which in the dewy morning blows,
Then hangs the head and dies.

Through daily anguish we expire;
Thy anger a consuming fire,
To our offences due.
Our sins (although by night concealed
By shame and fear,) are all revealed,
And naked to thy view.

Thus in thy wrath our years we spend,
And like a sad discourse they end,
Nor but to seventy last;
Or if to eighty they arrive,
We then with age and sickness strive,
Cut off with winged haste.

Who knows the terror of thy wrath,
Or to thy dreadful anger hath
Proportioned his due fear?

Teach us to number our frail days,
That we our hearts to Thee may raise,
And wisely sin forbear.

Lord, oh! how long! at length relent!
And of our miseries repent;
Thy early mercy show,
That we may unknown comforts taste;
For those long days in sorrow past
As long of joy bestow.

The works of thy accustomed grace
Show to thy servants; on their race
Thy cheerful beams reflect—
Oh! let on us thy beauty shine!
Bless our attempts with aid divine,
And by thy hand direct.

THE SONG OF MOSES.

EXODUS XV.

THE praise of our triumphant King,
And of his victory, we sing,
Who in the seas, with horrid force,
O'erthrew the rider and his horse.
My strength, my God, my argument,
My fathers' God, hath safety sent;
To Him will I a mansion raise;
There celebrate his glorious praise.
His sword hath won eternal fame,
And great Jehovah is his name.
Lo, Pharaoh's chariots, his proud host,
Are in the swallowing billows lost.
God in the fathomless profound
Hath all his choice commanders drowned:
Down sunk they, like a falling stone,
By raging whirlwinds overthrown.

Thy powerful hand these wonders wrought ;
Our foes by Thee to ruin brought :
Thou, all that durst against Thee fight,
Hast crushed by thy prevailing might.
Thy wrath thy foes to cinders turns,
As fire the sun-dried stubble burns.
Blown by thy nostrils' breath, the flood
In heaps like solid mountains stood :
The sea's divided heart congealed,
Her sandy bottoms first revealed.
Pursue! o'ertake! the Egyptians cried,
Let us their wealthy spoil divide ;
Our sword these fugitives destroy,
And with their slaughter feast our joy.
Thou blewest ; those hills their billows spread!
In mighty seas they sunk like lead.
What God is like our God ! so high!
So excellent in sanctity!
Whose glorious praise such terror breeds!
So wonderful in all thy deeds!
Thy hand outstretched, the closing womb
Of waves gave all his host one tomb!
But us, who have thy mercy tried,
To our redemption Thou wilt guide—
Guide by thy power, till we possess
The mansion of thy holiness.
Our foes shall this with terror hear ;
Sad Palestine grow pale with fear ;
Those who the Edomites command,
And Moab's chiefs, shall trembling stand ;
The hearts of Canaan melt away,
Like snow before the sun's bright ray.
Horror shall seize on all ; not one
But stand like statues cut in stone,
Until thy people pass ; e'en those
Whom thou hast ransomed from their foes.
Thou shalt conduct and plant them where
Thy fruitful hills their shoulders rear :

By thy election dignified,
 Where Thou for ever shalt abide.
 Thy reign, eternal King, shall last,
 When heaven and earth in vapours waste ;
 While Pharaoh's chariots and his horse
 Twixt walls of seas their ways enforce,
 Thy hand reduced the obedient waves,
 Which closed them in their rolling graves ;
 But Israel through the bottom sand,
 Securely passed as on dry land.

HANNAH'S THANKSGIVING.

I SAMUEL II.

God hath raised my head on high :
 O my heart, enlarge my joy !
 God hath now my tongue untied,
 To retort their scorn and pride.
 In thy grace I will rejoice ;
 Praise Thee while I have a voice.
 Who so holy as our Lord !
 Who but He to be adored !
 Who such wonders can effect !
 Who so strongly can protect !
 Be no longer arrogant,
 Nor in folly proudly vaunt :
 God our secret thoughts displays ;
 All our works his balance weighs.
 Giants' bows his forces break ;
 He with strength invests the weak.
 Who were full, now serve for bread ;
 Those who served, enfranchised.
 Barren wombs with children flow ;
 Fruitful mothers childless grow.
 God, frail man of life deprives ;
 Those who sleep in death, revives :

Leads us to our silent tombs,
Brings us from those horrid rooms :
Riches sends ; sends poverty :
Casteth down and lifts on high.
He, from the despised dust,
From the dunghill, takes the just ;
To the height of honour brings ;
Plants them on the throne of kings.—
God, earth's mighty pillars made ;
He the world upon them laid.
He, his servants' feet will guide :
Wicked souls, who swell with pride,
Will in endless darkness chain,
Since all human strength is vain.
He shall grind his enemies ;
Blast with lightning from the skies :
Judge the habitable earth,
All of high and humble birth :
Shall with strength his King renown,
And his Christ with glory crown.

THE LAMENTATION OF DAVID OVER SAUL
AND JONATHAN.

2 SAMUEL I.

THY beauty, Israel, is fled,
Sunk to the dead ;
How are the valiant fallen ! the slain
Thy mountains stain.
Oh ! let it not in Gath be known,
Nor in the streets of Ashkelon !
Lest that sad story should excite
Their dire delight !
Lest in the torrent of our woe,
Their pleasure flow :
Lest their triumphant daughters ring
Their cymbals, and their Pæans sing.

Yon hills of Gilboa, never may
 You offerings pay;
No morning dew, nor fruitful showers,
 Clothe you with flowers:
Saul and his arms there made a spoil,
As if untouched with sacred oil.

The bow of noble Jonathan
 Great battles wan;
His arrows on the mighty fed,
 With slaughter red.
Saul never raised his arm in vain,
His sword still glutted with the slain.

How lovely! O how pleasant! when
 They lived with men!
Than eagles swifter; stronger far
 Than lions are:
Whom love in life so strongly tied,
The stroke of death could not divide.

Sad Israel's daughters, weep for Saul;
 Lament his fall,
Who fed you with the earth's increase,
 And crowned with peace;
With robes of Tyrian purple decked,
And gems which sparkling light reflect.

How are thy worthies by the sword
 Of war devoured!
O Jonathan! the better part
 Of my torn heart!
The savage rocks have drunk thy blood:
My brother! O how kind! how good!

Thy love was great; O never more
 To man, man bore!
No woman when most passionate,
 Loved at that rate!
How are the mighty fallen in fight!
They, and their glory, set in night!

FRANCIS QUARLES.

FRANCIS QUARLES was born at Stewards, near Romford, Essex, in 1592. He received his early education at a country school, and was subsequently entered of Christ's College, Cambridge, from whence he went to Lincoln's Inn, where "he studied," says his widow, "the laws of England, not so much out of desire to benefit himself thereby, as his friends and neighbours, and to compose suits and differences between them." Though early introduced at court, the principal part of the life of Quarles was spent in retirement, in the composition of his various works. He died in 1644.

Mr. Montgomery says, "There is not in English Literature a name more wronged than that of Quarles,—wronged, too, by those who ought best to have discerned, and most generously acknowledged his merits, in contradistinction to his defects." Quarles certainly was a writer of great learning, lively fancy, and profound piety. It is true his writings are defaced by vulgarisms, and deformed by quaint conceits, but his beauties abundantly atone for his defects.

THE WORLD.

SHE is empty : hark ! she sounds : there's nothing there

But noise to fill thy ear ;

Thy vain inquiry can at length but find

A blast of murmuring wind :

It is a cask that seems as full as fair,

But merely tunned with air.

Fond youth, go build thy hopes on better grounds ;

The soul that vainly founds

Her joys upon this world, but feeds on empty sounds.

She is empty : hark ! she sounds : there's nothing in't ;

The spark-engendering flint

Shall sooner melt, and hardest raunce¹ shall first

Dissolve and quench the thirst,

1 A dry crust.

Ere this false world shall still thy stormy breast
 With smooth-faced alms of rest.
Thou may'st as well expect meridian light
 From shades of black-mouthed Night,
As in this empty world to find a full delight.

She is empty : hark ! she sounds : 'tis void and vast ;
 What if some flattering blast
Of flatuous honour should perchance be there,
 And whisper in thine ear ?
It is but wind, and blows but where it list,
 And vanisheth like mist.
Poor honour earth can give ! What generous mind
 Would be so base to bind
Her heaven-bred soul, a slave to serve a blast of wind ?

She is empty : hark ! she sounds : 'tis but a ball
 For fools to play withal ;
The painted film but of a stronger bubble,
 That's lined with silken trouble.
It is a world whose work and recreation
 Is vanity and vexation ;
A hag, repaired with vice-complexioned paint,
 A quest-house of complaint.
It is a saint, a fiend ; worse fiend when most a saint.

She is empty : hark ! she sounds : 'tis vain and void.
 What's here to be enjoyed,
But grief and sickness, and large bills of sorrow,
 Drawn now and crossed to morrow ?
Or, what are men but puffs of dying breath,
 Revived with living death ?
Fond youth, O build thy hopes on surer grounds
 Than what dull flesh propounds :
Trust not this hollow world ; she is empty : hark ! she sounds.

GLORYING IN THE CROSS.

CAN nothing settle my uncertain breast,
And fix my rambling love?
Can my affections find out nothing best,
But still and still remove?
Has earth no mercy? Will no ark of rest
Receive my restless dove?
Is there no good than which there's nothing higher
To bless my full desire,
With joys that never change; with joys that ne'er expire?

I wanted wealth, and at my dear request,
Earth lent a quick supply;
I wanted mirth to charm my sullen breast;
And who more brisk than I?
I wanted fame to glorify the rest;
My fame flew eagle-high;
My joy not fully ripe, but all decayed,
Wealth vanished like a shade;
My mirth began to flag, my fame began to fade.

My trust is in the Cross; there lies my rest,
My fast, my sole delight.
Let cold-mouthed Boreas, or the hot-mouthed east,
Blow till they burst with spite:
Let earth and hell conspire their worst, their best,
And join their twisted might;
Let showers of thunderbolts dart round and wound me,
And troops of fiends surround me:
All this may well confront; all this shall ne'er confound me.

DELIGHT IN GOD ONLY.

I LOVE (and have some cause to love,) the earth,
She is my Maker's creature, therefore good:
She is my mother, for she gave me birth;
She is my tender nurse, she gives me food:

But what's a creature, Lord, compared with Thee?
Or what's my mother or my nurse to me?

I love the air ; her dainty fruits refresh
My drooping soul, and to new sweets invite me ;
Her shrill-mouthed choirs sustain me with their flesh,
And with their polyphonian notes delight me ;
But what's the air, or all the sweets that she
Can bless my soul withal, compared to Thee?

I love the sea ; she is my fellow creature,
My careful purveyor, she provides me store ;
She walls me round ; she makes my diet greater ;
She wafts my treasure from a foreign shore ;
But, Lord of oceans, when compared with Thee,
What is the ocean or her wealth to me?

To heaven's high city I direct my journey,
Whose spangled suburbs entertain mine eye ;
Mine eye, by contemplation's great attorney,
Transcends the crystal pavement of the sky ;
But what is heaven, great God, compared with Thee?
Without thy presence, heaven's no heaven to me.

Without thy presence, earth gives no refection ;
Without thy presence, sea affords no treasure ;
Without thy presence, air's a rank infection ;
Without thy presence, heaven itself no pleasure ;
If not possessed, if not enjoyed in Thee,
What's earth, or sea, or air, or heaven to me ?

The highest honour that the world can boast,
Are subjects far too low for my desire ;
Its brightest beams of glory are at most
But dying sparkles of thy living fire :
The proudest flames that earth can kindle, be
But nightly glowworms if compared to Thee.

Without thy presence, wealth is bags of care ;
Wisdom but folly ; joy, disquiet sadness ;
Friendship is treason, and delights are snares ;
Pleasures but pain, and mirth but pleasing madness.

Without Thee, Lord, things be not what they be,
Nor have their being when compared with Thee.

In having all things and not Thee, what have I?
Not having Thee, what have my labours got?
Let me enjoy but Thee, what further crave I?
And having Thee alone, what have I not?

I wish not sea nor land; nor would I be
Possessed of heaven, heaven unpossessed of Thee.

FLEEING FROM WRATH.

O WHITHER shall I fly? what path untrod
Shall I seek out to 'scape the flaming rod
Of my offended, of my angry God?

Where shall I sojourn? What kind sea will hide
My head from thunder? Where shall I abide
Until his flames be quenched or laid aside?

What if my feet should take their hasty flight,
And seek protection in the shades of night?
Alas! no shades can blind the God of light.

What if my soul should take the wings of day
And find some desert? If she springs away,
The wings of vengeance clip² as fast as they.

What if some solid rock should entertain
My frightened soul? can solid rocks restrain
The stroke of justice, and not cleave in twain?

Nor sea, nor shade, nor rock, nor cave,
Nor silent deserts, nor the sullen grave,
What flame-eyed fury means to smite, can save.

The seas will part, graves open, rocks will split,
The shield will cleave, the frightened shadows flit;
Where Justice aims, her fiery dart must hit.

No, no, if stern-browed Vengeance means to thunder,
There is no place above, beneath, or under,
So close but will unlock, or rive in sunder.

'Tis vain to flee; 'tis neither here nor there
Can 'scape that hand, until that hand forbear:
Ah me! where is He not, that's every where?

'Tis vain to flee, till gentle Mercy show
Her better eye; the farther off we go,
The swing of Justice deals the mightier blow.

The ingenuous child, corrected doth not fly
His angry mother's hand; but climbs more nigh,
And quenches with his tears her flaming eye.

Shadows are faithless, and the rocks are false,
No trust in brass, no trust in marble walls,
Poor cots are even as safe as princes' halls.

Great God! there is no safety here below;
Thou art my fortress, Thou that seem'st my foe,
'Tis Thou, that strik'st the stroke, must guard the blow.

Thou art my God, by Thee I fall or stand;
Thy grace hath given me courage to withstand
All tortures by my conscience and thy hand.

I know thy justice is Thyself; I know,
Just God, thy very self is mercy too:
If not to Thee, where, whither shall I go?

Then work thy will; if passion bid me flee,
My reason shall obey; my wings shall be
Stretched out no farther than from Thee to Thee.

THE NEW HEART.

So now the soul's sublimed, her sour desires
Are recalcined in heaven's well tempered fires;
The heart restored, and purged from drossy nature,
Now finds the freedom of a new-born creature;

It lives another life, it breathes new breath,
It neither fears nor feels the sting of death.
Like as the idle vagrant, (having none,)
That bold adopts each house he views his own,
Makes every purse his chequer, and at pleasure,
Walks forth and taxes all the world like Cæsar;
At length, by virtue of a just command,
His sides are lent to a severer hand;
Whereon his pass, not fully understood,
Is taxed in a manuscript of blood;
Thus passed from town to town, until he come,
A sore repentant to his native home:
E'en so the rambling heart, that idly roves
From crimes to sin, and uncontrolled, removes
From lust to lust, when wanton flesh invites,
From old worn pleasures, to new choice delights.
At length, corrected by the filial rod
Of his offended, and his gracious God,
And lashed from sins to sighs, and by degrees
From sighs to vows, from vows to bended knees;
From bended knees, to a true pensive breast;
From thence to torments, not by tongues exprest,
Returns; and (from his sinful self exiled,)
Finds a glad Father; He, a welcome child:
Oh! then it lives! Oh! then it lives involved
In secret raptures; pants to be dissolved:
The royal offspring of a second birth,
Sets ope to heaven, and shuts the door to earth.
If love-sick Jove commanded clouds should hap
To rain such showers as quickened Danae's lap;
Or dogs, (far kinder than their purple master,)
Should lick his sores, he laughs nor weeps the faster.
If earth, heaven's rival, dart her idle ray,
To heaven 'tis wax, and to the world 'tis clay.
If earth present delights, it scorns to draw;
But like the jet unrubbed, disdains that straw;
No hope deceives it, and no doubt divides it,
No grief disturbs it, and no error guides it,

No good condemns it, and no virtue blames it,
 No guilt condemns it, and no folly shames it,
 No sloth besots it, and no lust enthrals it,
 No scorn afflicts it, and no passion galls it ;
 It is a carcanet³ of immortal life,
 An ark of peace, the lists of sacred strife,
 A purer piece of endless transitory,
 A shrine of grace, a little throne of glory,
 A heaven-born offspring of a new-born birth,
 An earthly heaven, an ounce of heavenly earth.

TIME FOR REPENTANCE.

My glass is half unspent ; forbear t' arrest
 My thriftless day too soon : my poor request
 Is, that my glass may run but out the rest.
 My time-devoured minutes will be done,
 Without thy help ; see, see how swift they run :
 Cut not my thread, before my thread be spun.

The gain's not great I purchase by this stay ;
 What loss sustain'st Thou by so small delay,
 To whom ten thousand years are but a day ?

My following eye can hardly make a shift
 To count my winged hours ; they fly so swift,
 They scarce deserve the bounteous name of gift.

The secret wheels of hurrying time do give
 So short a warning, and so fast they drive,
 That I am dead, before I seem to live.

And what's a life ? a weary pilgrimage,
 Whose glory in one day doth fill the stage
 With childhood, manhood, and decrepit age.

And what's a life ? the flourishing array
 Of the proud summer meadow, which to day
 Wears her green plush, and is to-morrow hay.

³ A necklace or collar of jewels.

Read on this dial, how the shades devour
My short-lived winter's day; hour eats up hour;
Alas, the total's but from eight to four.

Behold these lilies, (which thy hands have made,
Fair copies of my life, and open laid
To view,) how soon they droop, how soon they fade!

Shade not that dial, night will blind too soon;
My non-aged day already points to noon;
How simple is my suit, how small my boon!

Nor do I beg this slender inch to wile
The time away, or safely to beguile
My thoughts with joy; here's nothing but a smile.

No, no! 'tis not to please my wanton ears
With frantic mirth, I beg but hours, not years,
And what Thou giv'st me, I will give to tears.

Draw not that soul, which would be rather led!
That seed has yet not broke my serpent's head;
Oh! shall I die before my sins are dead?

Behold these rags; am I a fitting guest
To taste the dainties of thy royal feast,
With hands and face unwashed, ungirt, unblest?

First let the Jordan streams (that find supplies
From the deep fountain of thy heart) arise,
And cleanse my spots, and clear my leprous eyes.

I have a world of sins to be lamented;
I have a sea of tears that must be vented;
Oh! spare till then, and then I die contented.

THE PILGRIM.

THUS I, the object of the world's disdain,
With pilgrim face surround the weary earth;
I only relish what the world counts vain;
Her mirth's my grief, her sullen grief my mirth;
Her light my darkness, and her truth my error;
Her freedom is my gaol, and her delight my terror.
Fond earth! proportion not my seeming love
To my long stay; let not thy thoughts deceive thee;
Thou art my prison, and my home's above;
My life's a preparation but to leave thee.
Like one that seeks a door, I walk about thee:
With thee I cannot live; I cannot live without thee.

The world's a labyrinth, whose anfractuons ways
Are all composed of rubs and crooked meanders;
No resting here; he's hurried back, that stays
Athought; and he that goes unguided, wanders:
Her way is dark, her path untrod, uneven,
So hard's the way from earth, so hard's the way to heaven.

This gyiring labyrinth is betrenched about
On either hand, with streams of sulphurous fire,
Streams closely sliding, erring in and out,
But seeming pleasant to the fond deceiver;
Where, if his footsteps trust their own invention,
He falls without redress, and sinks without dimension.

Where shall I seek a guide? where shall I meet
Some lucky hand to lead my trembling paces;
What trusty lantern will direct my feet
To 'scape the danger of these dangerous places?
What hopes have I to pass without a guide?
Where one gets safely through, a thousand fall beside.

An unrequested star did gently slide
Before the wise men to a greater light;
Backsliding Israel found a double guide,
A pillar and a cloud—by day, by night;
Yet in my desperate dangers, which be far
More great than theirs, I have no pillar, cloud, nor star.

Oh! that the pinions of a clipping dove
Would cut my passage through the empty air;
Mine eyes being sealed, how would I mount above
The reach of danger and forgotten care;
My backward eyes should ne'er commit that fault,
Whose lasting guilt should build a monument of salt.

Great God! Thou art the flowing spring of light;
Enrich mine eyes with thy refulgent ray:
Thou art my path; direct my steps aright,
I have no other light, no other way:
I'll trust my God, and Him alone pursue;
His law shall be my path, his heavenly light my clue.

THE BREVITY OF LIFE.

BEHOLD,
How short a span
Was long enough of old,
To measure out the life of man;
In those well-tempered days, his time was then
Surveyed, cast up, and found but threescore years and ten.

Alas!
And what is that!
They come, and slide, and pass,
Before my pen can tell thee what;
The posts of time are swift, which, having run
Their seven short stages o'er, their short-lived task is done.

Our days
Begun, we lend
To sleep, to antic plays
And toys, until the first stage end:
Twelve waning moons, twice five times told, we give
To unrecovered loss, we rather breathe than live.

We spend
A ten years' breath
Before we apprehend
What 'tis to live, or fear a death :
Our childish dreams are filled with painted joys,
Which please our sense awhile, and waking prove but toys.

How vain,
How wretched is
Poor man, that doth remain
A slave to such a state as this!
His days are short at longest, few at most :
They are but bad at best ; yet lavished out, or lost.

They be
The secret springs,
That make our minutes flee
On wheels more swift than eagles' wings :
Our life's a clock, and every gasp of death
Breathes forth a warning grief, till Time shall strike a death.

How soon,
Our new-born light
Attains to full-aged noon!
And this, how soon, to gray-haired night!
We spring, we bud, we blossom, and we blast,
Ere we can count our days, our days they flee so fast.

They end
When scarce begun ;
And ere we apprehend
That we begin to live, our life is done :
Man, count thy days, and if they fly too fast
For thy dull thoughts to count, count every day thy last.

AGE.

So have I seen the illustrious prince of light
Rising in glory from his crocean bed,
And trampling down the horrid shades of night,
Advancing more and more his conquering head ;
Pause first, decline, at length begin to shroud
His fainting brows within a coal-black cloud.

So have I seen a well-built castle stand
Upon the tiptoes of a lofty hill,
Whose active power commands both sea and land,
And curbs the pride of the beleaguerer's will :
At length her aged foundation fails her trust,
And lays her tottering ruins in the dust.

So have I seen the blazing taper shoot
Her golden head into the feeble air ;
Whose shadow-gilding ray, spread round about,
Makes the foul face of black-browed darkness fair ;
Till at the length her wasting glory fades,
And leave the night to her inveterate shades.

E'en so this little world of living clay,
The pride of nature glorified by art ;
Whom earth adores, and all her hosts obey,
Allied to heaven by his diviner part ;
Triumphs awhile, then droops, and then decays,
And worn by age, death cancels all his days.

That glorious sun, that whilome shone so bright,
Is now e'en ravished from our darkened eyes ;
That sturdy castle, manned with so much might,
Lies now a monument of her own disguise ;
That blazing taper, that disdained the puff
Of troubled air, scarce owns the name of snuff.

Poor bed-rid man ! where is that glory now,
Thy youth so vaunted ? where that majesty,
Which sat enthroned upon thy manly brow ?
Where, where that braving arm ? that daring eye ?
Those buxom tunes ? those bacchanalian tones ?
Those swelling veins ? those marrow-flaming bones ?

Thy drooping glory's blurred, and prostrate lies,
 Grovelling in dust; and frightful horror now
 Sharpens the glances of thy gashful eyes,

Whilst fear perplexes thy distracted brow;
 Thy panting breast vents all her breath by groans,
 And death enerves thy marrow-wasted bones.

Thus man that's born of woman can remain

But a short time! his days are full of sorrow—

His life's a penance, and his death's a pain!

Springs like a flower to-day, and fades to-morrow;

His breath's a bubble, and his day's a span:

'Tis glorious misery to be born a man!

VAIN BOASTING.

CAN he be fair, that withers at a blast?

Or he be strong, that airy breath becast?

Can he be wise, that knows not how to live?

Or he be rich, that nothing hath to give?

Can he be young, that's feeble, weak, and wan?

So fair, strong, wise,—so rich, so young, is man.

So fair is man, that death (a parting blast)

Blasts his fair flower, and makes him earth at last;

So strong is man, that with a gasping breath

He totters and bequeaths his strength to death;

So wise is man, that if with death he strive,

His wisdom cannot teach him how to live;

So rich is man, that (all his debts being paid,)

His wealth's the winding-sheet wherein he's laid;

So young is man, that (broke with care and sorrow,)

He's old enough to-day to die to-morrow.

Why bragst thou then, thou worm of five foot long?

Thou'rt neither fair, nor strong, nor wise, nor rich, nor young.

NOTHING PERFECT ON EARTH.

EVEN as the soil (which April's gentle showers
Have filled with sweetness and enriched with flowers,)
Rears up her sucking plants, still shooting forth
The tender blossoms of her timely birth ;
But if denied the beams of cheerly May,
They hang their withered heads, and fade away :
So man, assisted by the Almighty's hand,
His faith doth flourish and securely stand ;
But left awhile, forsook, as in a shade,
It languishes, and nipped with sin, doth fade.
No gold is pure from dross, though oft refined ;
The strongest cedar's shaken with the wind ;
The fairest rose hath no prerogative
Against the fretting canker-worm ; the hive
No honey yields unblended with the wax ;
The finest linen hath both soil and bracks ;
The best of men have sins, none live secure.
In nature nothing's perfect, nothing pure.

JERUSALEM IN RUINS.

(FROM SION'S ELEGIES.)

WOUNDED and wasted by th' eternal hand
Of heaven, I grovel on the ground ; my land
Is turned a Golgotha ; before mine eye
Unsepulchred my murdered people lie ;
My dead lie rudely scattered on the stones,
My causeways all are paved with dead men's bones ;
The fierce destroyer doth alike forbear
The maiden's trembling, and the matron's tear ;
The imperial sword spares neither fool nor wise,
The old man's pleading, nor the infant's cries.
Vengeance is deaf and blind, and she respects
Not young, nor old, nor wise, nor fool, nor sex.

MERCY TEMPERING JUSTICE.

HAD not the milder hand of Mercy broke
The furious violence of that fatal stroke
Offended Justice struck, we had been quite
Lost in the shadows of eternal night.
Thy mercy, Lord, is like the morning sun,
Whose beams undo what sable night hath done;
Or like a stream, the current of whose course,
Restrained a while, runs with a swifter force.
Oh! let me glow beneath those sacred beams,
And after bathe me in those silver streams;
To Thee alone my sorrows shall appeal:
Hath earth a wound too hard for heaven to heal?

HOPE IN GOD.

IN thee, dear Lord, my pensive soul respires,
Thou art the fulness of my choice desires;
Thou art that sacred spring, whose waters burst
In streams to him that seeks with holy thirst.
Thrice happy man, thrice happy thirst, to bring
Thy fainting soul to so, so sweet a spring;
Thrice happy he, whose well-resolved breast
Expects no other aid, no other rest;
Thrice happy he, whose downy age has been
Reclaimed by scourges from the pride of sin,
And early seasoned with the taste of truth,
Remembers his Creator in his youth.

DECAY OF LIFE.

THE day grows old, the low-pitched lamp hath made
No less than treble shade,
And the descending damp doth now prepare
T' uncurl bright Titan's hair;

Whose western wardrobe now begins to unfold
Her purples fringed with gold,
To clothe his evening glory, when th' alarms
Of rest shall call to rest in Thetis' arms.

Nature now calls to supper, to refresh
The spirits of all flesh.
The toiling ploughman drives his thirsty teams
To taste the slippery streams ;
The droyling swineherd knocks away, and feasts
His hungry whining guests ;
The box-bill ouzel, and the dappled thrush,
Like hungry rivals meet at their beloved bush.

And now the cold autumnal dews are seen
To cobweb every green ;
And by the low-shorn rowans doth appear
The fast-declining year ;
The sapless branches doff their summer-suits,
And wain their winter-fruits ;
And stormy blasts have forced the quaking trees
To wrap their trembling limbs in suits of mossy frieze.

Our wasted taper now hath brought her light
To the next door to night ;
Her sprightless flame, grown great with snuff, doth turn
Sad as her neighbouring urn ;
Her slender inch, that yet unspent remains,
Lights but to further pains ;
And in a silent language bids her guest
Prepare his weary limbs to take eternal rest.

Now careful age hath pitched her painful plough
Upon the furrowed brow ;
And snowy blasts of discontented care,
Have blanched the falling hair ;
Suspicious envy, mixed with jealous spite,
Disturbs his weary night ;
He threatens youth with age ; and now, alas !
He owns not what he is, but vaunts the man he was.

Grey hairs, peruse thy days, and let thy past
 Read lectures to thy last :
 Those hasty wings that hurried them away,
 Will give these days no day ;
 The constant wheels of nature scorn to tire,
 Until her works expire :
 That blast that nipped thy youth will ruin thee,
 That hand that shook the branch will quickly strike the tree.

WILLIAM HABINGTON.

THIS amiable man and pleasing poet was born at Hendlip, in Worcestershire, in 1605. His family being Catholics, he was educated at St. Omer's, and afterwards at Paris. At an early age he married Lucia, daughter of William Herbert, first Lord Powis; this lady was the Castara of his poems. He died in 1654.

The poems of Habington were introduced for the first time in a general collection, by Mr. Chalmers. "The great charm of these poems," says Mr. Wilmot, in his *Lives of the Sacred Poets*, "is their purity, and domestic tenderness : the religion of his fancy is never betrayed into any unbecoming mirth, or rapturous enthusiasm. He is always amiable, simple, and unaffected ; if he has not the ingenuity of some of his rivals, he is also free from their conceits."

NON NOBIS DOMINE.—DAVID.

No marble statue, nor high
 Aspiring pyramid, be raised
 To lose its head within the sky !
 What claim have I to memory ?
 God, be thou only praised !
 Thou in a moment canst defeat
 The mighty conquests of the proud,
 And blast the laurels of the great ;
 Thou canst make brighter glory set
 I' th' sudden in a cloud.

How can the feeble works of art
Hold out against th' assault of storms?
Or how can brass to him impart
Sense of surviving fame, whose heart
Is now resolved to worms?

Blind folly of triumphing pride!
Eternity, why build'st thou here?
Dost thou not see the highest tide
Its humbled stream in the ocean hide,
And ne'er the same appear?

That tide which did its banks o'erflow,
As sent abroad by th' angry sea
To level vastest buildings low,
And all our trophies overthrow,
Ebbs like a thief away.

And thou who, to preserve thy name,
Leav'st statues in some conquered land,
How will posterity scorn fame,
When th' idol shall receive a maim,
And lose a foot or hand!

How wilt thou hate thy wars, when he
Who only for his hire did raise
Thy counterfeit in stone, with thee
Shall stand competitor, and be
Perhaps thought worthier praise!

No laurel wreath about my brow!
To thee, my God, all praise, whose law
The conquered doth, and conqueror bow!
For both dissolve to air, if Thou
Thy influence but withdraw.

NOX NOCTI INDICAT SCIENTIAM.—DAVID.

WHEN I survey the bright
Celestial sphere,
So rich with jewels hung, that night
Doth like an Ethiop bride appear,

My soul her wings doth spread,
And heavenward flies,
Th' Almighty's mysteries to read
In the large volume of the skies.

For the bright firmament
Shoots forth no flame
So silent, but is eloquent
In speaking thè Creator's name.

No unregarded star
Contracts its light
Into so small a character,
Removed far from our human sight,

But, if we stedfast look,
We shall discern
In it, as in some holy book,
How man may heavenly knowledge learn.

It tells the conqueror,
That far-stretched power,
Which his proud dangers traffic for,
Is but the triumph of an hour.

That from the farthest north
Some nations may,
Yet undiscovered, issue forth,
And o'er his new-got conquest sway.

Some nation, yet shut in
With hills of ice,
May be let out to scourge his sin,
Till they shall equal him in vice.

And then they likewise shall
 Their ruin have ;
For, as yourselves, your empires fall,
 And every kingdom hath a grave.

Thus those celestial fires,
 Though seeming mute,
The fallacy of our desires,
 And all the pride of life, confute.

For they have watched since first
 The world had birth,
And found sin in itself accursed,
 And nothing permanent on earth.

LAUDATE DOMINUM DE CÆLIS.—DAVID.

You Spirits ! who have thrown away
That envious weight of clay,
 Which your celestial flight denied ;
Who by your glorious troops supply
The winged hierarchy,
 So broken in the angel's pride !

O you ! whom your Creator's sight
Inebriates with delight !
 Sing forth the triumphs of his name ;
All you enamoured souls, agree
In a loud symphony,
 To give expression to your flame !

To Him his own great works relate,
Who deigned to elevate
 You 'bove the frailty of your birth,
Where you stand safe from that rude war
With which we troubled are,
 By the rebellion of our earth.

While a corrupted air beneath
Here in this world we breathe,
 Each hour some passion us assails.
Now lust casts wildfire in the blood,
Or, that it may seem good,
 Itself in wit or beauty veils.

Then envy circles us with hate,
And lays a siege so strait,
 No heavenly succour enters in :
But if revenge admittance find
For ever hath the mind
 Made forfeit of itself to sin.

Assaulted thus, how dare we raise
Our minds to think his praise,
 Who is eternal and immense ?
How dare we force our feeble wit
To speak him infinite,
 So far above the search of sense ?

O you ! who are immaculate,
His name may celebrate
 In your soul's bright expansion :
You, whom your virtues did unite
To his perpetual light,
 That ever with Him you now shine one.

While we who to earth contract our hearts,
And only study arts
 To shorten the sad length of time,
In place of joys, bring humble fears,
For hymns, repentant tears,
 And a new sigh, for every crime.

QUID GLORIARIS IN MALICIA?—DAVID.

SWELL no more, proud man, so high!

For enthroned where'er you sit,

Raised by fortune, sin, and wit,

In a vault thou dust must lie.

He who is lifted up by vice,

Hath a neighbouring precipice,

Dazzling his distorted eye.

Shallow is that unsafe sea

Over which you spread your sail,

And the bark you trust to, frail

As the winds it must obey.

Mischief, while it prospers, brings

Favour from the smile of kings—

Useless, soon is thrown away.

Profit though sin it extort,

Princes even accounted good

Courting greatness ne'er withstood,

Since its empire doth support.

But when death makes them repent,

They condemn the instrument,

And are thought religious for't.

Pitched down from that height you bear,

How distracted will you lie,

When your flattering clients fly,

As your fate infectious were!

When of all th' obsequious throng

That moved by your heart and tongue

None shall in the storm appear ;

When that abject insolence

(Which submits to the more great,

And disdains the weaker state,

As misfortunes were offence,)

Shall at court be judged a crime,

Though in practice and the time,

Purchase wit at your expense.

Each small tempest shakes the proud,
 Whose large branches vainly sprout
 Above the measure of the root ;
 But let storms speak ne'er so loud,
 And th' astonished day be night,
 Yet the just shines in a light
 Fair as noon without a cloud.

VIA TUAS DOMINE DEMONSTRA MIHI.

WHERE have I wandered? In what way,
 Horrid as night
 Increased by storm, did I delight?
 Thou, my sad soul, didst often say,
 'Twas death and madness so to stray.

On that false ground I joyed to tread,
 Which seemed most fair,
 Though every path had a new snare,
 And every turning still did lead
 To the dark region of the dead.

But with the surfeit of delight
 I am so tired,
 That now I loathe what I admired,
 And my distasted appetite
 So abhors the meat, it hates the sight.

For should we naked sin descry,
 Not beautified
 By the aid of wantonness and pride,
 Like some mis-shapen birth 'twould lie,
 A torment to the affrighted eye.

But clothed in beauty and respect,
 Even o'er the wise
 How powerful doth it tyrannize!
 Whose monstrous form should they detect,
 They famine sooner would affect¹.

And since those shadows which oppress
My sight, begin
To clear and show the shape of sin,
A scorpion sooner be my guest,
And warm his venom in my breast.
May I, before I grow so vile
By sin again,
Be thrown off as a scorn to men ;
May th' angry world decree to exile
Me to some yet unpeopled isle.
Where while I struggle, and in vain
Labour to find
Some creature that shall have a mind,
What justice have I to complain,
If I thy inward grace retain?
My God, if thou shalt not exclude
Thy comfort thence,
What place can seem to troubled sense
So melancholy, dark, and rude,
To be esteemed a solitude?
Cast me upon some naked shore,
Where I may track
Only the print of some sad wreck,
If Thou be there, though the seas roar,
I shall no gentler calm implore.

VERSA EST IN LUCTUM CYTHARA MEA.—JOB.

LOVE! I no orgies sing,
Whereby thy mercies to invoke,
Nor from the east rich perfumes bring,
To cloud thy altars with the precious smoke.
Nor while I did frequent
Those fanes by lovers raised to thee,
Did I loose heathenish rights invent,
To force a blush from injured chastity.

Religious was the charm

I used affection to entice,
And thought none burnt more bright or warm,
Yet chaste as winter was the sacrifice.

But now I thee bequeath

To the soft silken youths at court,
Who may their witty passions breathe,
To raise their mistress' smile, or make her sport.

They'll smooth thee into rhyme,

Such as shall catch the wanton ear;
And win opinion with the time,
To make them a high sail of honour bear.

And many a powerful smile,

Cherish their flatteries of wit,
While I my life of fame beguile,
And under my own vine uncourted sit.

For I have seen the pine,

Famed for its travels o'er the sea,
Broken with storms and age, decline,
And in some creek unpitied rot away.

I have seen cedars fall,

And in their room a mushroom grow;
I have seen comets threatening all,
Vanish themselves: I have seen princes so.

Vain, trivial dust! weak man!

Where is that virtue of thy breath
That others save or ruin can,
When thou thyself art called to account by death?

When I consider thee,

The scorn of time and sport of fate,
How can I turn to jollity
My ill-strung harp, and court the delicate?

How can I but disdain

The empty fallacies of mirth,
And in my midnight thoughts retain,
How high soe'er I spread my roots in earth?

Fond youth! too long I played
The wanton with a false delight,
Which when I touched I found a shade,
That only wrought on th' error of my sight.

Then since pride doth decay
The soul to flattered ignorance,
I from the world will steal away,
And by humility my thoughts advance.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

DRUMMOND, of Hawthornden, the first Scottish poet who wrote well in English, was born in 1585. He was bred at Edinburgh, and studied the civil law at Bourges; but on the death of his father he forsook that pursuit, and retired to his patrimony, there to enjoy a literary life. During the civil wars he was compelled by the ruling party to furnish his quota of men, to fight against the king, whom he loved; and when the monarch was put to death by the conquering faction, the spirit of Drummond was so broken, that it brought him to the grave. This happened in 1649.

As a poet, Drummond has much sweetness and classic elegance, but little fancy or vigour. His sonnets are, perhaps, the best of his performances. These have been pronounced by the best critics as some of the most finished specimens of this kind of composition.

AN HYMN OF TRUE HAPPINESS.

AMIDST the azure clear
Of Jordan's sacred streams—
Jordan, of Lebanon the offspring dear—
When zephyrs flowers uncloze,
And sun shine with new beams,
With grave and stately grace a nymph arose.

Upon her head she wore
Of amaranths a crown ;
Her left hand palms, her right a torch did bear ;
Unveiled skin's whiteness lay,
Gold hairs in curls hung down,
Eyes sparkled joy, more bright than star of day.
The flood a throne her reared
Of waves, most like that heaven
Where beaming stars in glory turn unsphered :
The air stood calm and clear,
No sigh by winds was given,
Birds left to sing, herds feed, her voice to hear.
“ World-wandering, sorry wights,
Whom nothing can content
Within these varying lists of days and nights,
Whose life ere known amiss,
In glittering griefs is spent,
Come learn,” said she, “ what is your choicest bliss :
“ From toil and pressing cares
How ye may respite find ;
A sanctuary from soul-thralling snares,
A port, to harbour sure,
In spite of waves and wind,
Which shall, when time's swift glass is run, endure.
“ Not happy is that life,
Which you as happy hold ;
No, but a sea of fears, a field of strife,
Charged on a throne to sit
With diadems of gold,
Preserved by force, and still observed by wit.
“ Huge treasures to enjoy,
Of all her gems spoil Inde,
All Sere's silk in garments t' employ,
Deliciously to feed,
The Phoenix' plume to find,
To rest upon or deck your purple bed.

“ Frail beauty to abuse,
And wanton Sybarites,
On past or present touch of sense to muse,
Never to hear of noise,
But what the ear delights,
Sweet music’s charms, or charming flatterer’s voice.

“ Nor can it bliss you bring,
Hid nature’s depths to know,
Why matter changeth, whence each form doth spring;
Nor that your fame should range,
And after worlds it blow
From Tanais to Nile, from Nile to Gange.

“ All these have not the power
To free the mind from fears,
Nor hideous horror can allay one hour,
When death in stealth doth glance,
In sickness lurks, or years,
And wakes the soul from out her mortal trance.

“ No; but blest life is this,—
With chaste and pure desire,
To turn unto the load-star of all bliss;
On God the mind to rest,
Burnt up by sacred fire,
Possessing Him, to be by Him possessed:

“ When to the balmy east,
Sun doth his light impart,
Or when he diveth in the lowly west,
And ravisheth the day,
With spotless hand and heart,
Him cheerfully to praise, and to Him pray.

“ Take heed each action to,
As ever in his sight;
More fearing doing ill, or passive woe;
Not to seem other thing,
Than what ye are aright;
Never to do what may repentance bring.

- “ Not to be blown with pride,
Nor moved at glory's breath,
Which shadow-like on wings of time doth glide ;
So malice to disarm,
And conquer hasty wrath,
As to do good to those that work you harm.
- “ To hatch no base desires,
Or gold, or land to gain,
Well pleased with that which virtue fair acquires ;
To have the wit and will,
Consorting in one strain,
Than what is good, to have no higher skill.
- “ Never on neighbour's goods,
With cockatrice's eye,
To look, nor make another's heaven your hell ;
Nor to be beauty's thrall,
All fruitless love to fly,
Yet loving still, a love transcendant all.
- “ A love; which while it burns
The soul with fairest beams,
To that increated sun, the soul, it turns,
And makes such beauty prove,
That, if sense saw her gleams,
All lookers on would pine and die for love.
- “ Who such a life doth live,
You happy e'en may call,
Ere ruthless death a wished end may give,
And after then when given,
More happy by his fall,
For human's earth, enjoying angel's heaven.
- “ Swift is your mortal race,
And glassy is the field;
Vast are desires not limited by grace :
Life a weak taper is ;
Then while it light doth yield,
Leave flying joys, embrace this lasting bliss.”

This when the nymph had said,
 She dived within the flood,
Whose face with smiling curls long after staid;
Then sighs did zephyrs press,
 Birds sang from every wood,
And echoes rang, This was true happiness.

NO TRUST IN TIME.

Look how the flower, which lingeringly doth fade,
 The morning's darling late, the summer's queen,
 Spoiled of that juice which kept it fresh and green,
As high as it did raise, bows low the head:
Just so, the pleasures of my life, being dead,
 Or in their contraries but only seen,
With swifter speed declines than erst it spread,
 And, blasted, scarce now shows what it hath been.
Therefore, as doth the pilgrim, whom the night
 Hastes darkly to imprison on his way,
Think on thy home, my soul, and think aright
 Of what's yet left of life's wasting day:
The sun posts westward, passed is thy morn,
And twice it is not given thee to be born.

RETIREMENT.

THRICE happy he, who by some shady grove,
 Far from the clamorous world, doth live his own,
 Though solitary, who is not alone,
But doth converse with that eternal love.
 Oh! how more sweet is bird's harmonious moan,
Or the hoarse sobbings of the widowed dove,
 Than those smooth whisperings near a prince's throne,
Which good make doubtful, do the evil approve!

Oh! how more sweet is zephyr's wholesome breath,
And sighs embalmed which new-born flowers unfold,
Than that applause vain honour doth bequeath!
How sweet are streams, to poison drank in gold!
The world is full of horrors, troubles, slights;
Woods' harmless shades have only true delights.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

SWEET bird, that sing'st away the early hours
Of winters past, or coming, void of care,
Well pleased with delights which present are;
Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling flowers,
To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy bowers,
Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
And what dear gifts on thee he did not spare.
A stain to human sense in sin that lowers.
What soul can be so sick, which by thy songs
(Attired in sweetness) sweetly is not driven
Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites, and wrongs,
And lift a reverent eye and thought to heaven?
Sweet artless songster, thou my mind dost raise
To airs of spheres; yes, and to angels' lays.

APPLES OF SODOM.

As are those apples, pleasant to the eye,
But full of smoke within, which used to grow
Near that strange lake, where God poured from the sky
Huge showers of flame, worse flame to overthrow:
Such are their works, that with a glaring show
Of humble holiness, in virtue's dye
Would colour mischief, while within they glow
With coals of sin, though none the smoke descry.

Bad is that angel that erst fell from heaven,
But not so bad as he, nor in worse case,
Who hides a traitorous mind with smiling face,
And with a dove's white feathers clothes a raven :
Each sin some colour has it to adorn ;
Hypocrisy, Almighty God doth scorn.

MADRIGAL.

THIS life, which seems so fair,
Is like a bubble blown up in the air
By sporting children's breath,
Who chase it every where,
And strive who can most motion it bequeath.
And though it sometimes seems of its own might,
Like to an eye of gold to be fixed there,
And firm to hover in that empty height,
That only is because it is so light.
But in that pomp it doth not long appear ;
For, when 'tis most admired in a thought,
Because it erst was nought, it turns to nought.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

IF in the east, when you do there behold
Forth from his crystal bed the sun to rise,
With rosy robes, and crowns of flaming gold ;
If, gazing on that empress of the skies,
That takes so many forms, and those fair brands
Which blaze in heaven's high vault, night's watchful eyes ;
If, seeing how the sea's tumultuous bands
Of bellowing billows have their course confined,
How unsustained the earth still stedfast stands ;

Poor mortal wights, you e'er formed in your mind

A thought that some great king did sit above,
Who had such laws and rites to them assigned :

A king who fixed the poles, made spheres to move,
All wisdom, pureness, excellency, might,

All goodness, greatness, justice, beauty, love ;
With fear and wonder hither turn your sight,

See, see, alas ! Him now, not in that state
Thought could forecast Him into reason's light.

Now eyes with tears, now hearts with grief make great,
Bemoan this cruel death and ruthless case,

If ever plaints just woe could aggravate :
From sin and hell to save us human race,

See this great King nailed to an abject tree,
An object of reproach and sad disgrace,

O unheard pity ! love in strange degree !
He his own life doth give, his blood doth shed,

For wormlings base, such worthiness to see.
Poor wights ! behold his visage, pale as lead,

His head bowed to his breast, locks sadly rent,
Like a cropped rose that languishing doth fade.

Weak nature, weep ! astonished world, lament !
Lament, you winds ! yon heaven, that all contains,

And thou, my soul, let nought thy griefs relent !
Those hands, those sacred hands, which held the reins

Of this great all, and kept from mutual wars
The elements, bare rent for thee their veins :

Those feet which once must tread on golden stars,
For thee with nails would be pierced through and torn ;

For thee heaven's king from heaven's self debars :
This great heart-quaking dolour wail and mourn,

Ye that long since Him saw by might of faith,
Ye now that are, and ye yet to be born.

Not to behold his great Creator's death,
The sun from sinful eyes hath veiled his light,

And faintly journeys up heaven's sapphire path ;
And cutting from her brows her tresses bright,

The moon doth keep her Lord's sad obsequies,

Impearling with her tears her robe of night ;
All staggering and lazy lour the skies ;
The earth and elemental stages quake ;
The long-since dead from bursted graves arise.
And can things wanting sense yet sorrow take,
And bear a part with Him who all them wrought,
And man (though born with cries) shall pity lack ?
Think what had been your state, had he not brought
To these sharp pangs Himself, and prized so high
Your souls, that with his life them life He bought
What woes do you attend, if still ye lie
Plunged in your wonted follies, wretched brood !
Shall for your sake again God ever die ?
Oh ! leave deluding shows, embrace true good ;
He on you calls, forego sin's shameful trade ;
With prayers now seek ye heaven, and not with blood,
Let not the lambs more from their dams be had,
Nor altars blush for sin ; live every thing !
That long-time longed-for sacrifice is made.
All that is from you craved by this great King,
Is to believe : a pure heart incense is.
What gift, alas ! can we Him meaner bring ?
Haste, sin-sick souls ! this season do not miss,
Now while remorseless time doth grant you space,
And God invites you to your only bliss :
He who you calls, will not deny you grace,
But low deep bury faults, so ye repent ;
His arms lo ! stretched are, you to embrace.
When days are done, and life's small spark is spent,
So you accept what freely here is given,
Like brood of angels deathless, all content,
Ye shall for ever live with Him in heaven.

THE RESURRECTION.

RISE from those fragrant climes thee now embrace ;
Unto this world of ours, oh ! haste thy race,
Fair sun, and though contrary ways all year,
Thou hold'st thy course, now with the highest share ;
Join thy blue wheels to hasten time that lours,
And lazy minutes turn to perfect hours :
The night and death too long a league have made,
To stow the world in horror's ugly shade.
Shake from thy locks a day with saffron rays,
So fair that it outshine all other days,
And yet do not presume, great eye of light,
To be that which this day must make so bright.
See an eternal Sun, hastes to arise :
Not from the eastern blushing sea or skies,
Or any stranger-world heaven's concaves have,
But from the darkness of a hollow grave.
And this is that all-powerful Sun above,
That crowned thy brows with rays, first made thee move.
Light's trumpeters, ye need not from your bowers
Proclaim this day ; this the angelic powers
Have done for you : but now an opal hue
Bepaints heaven's crystal to the longing view :
Earth's late hid colours shine, light doth adorn
The world, and, weeping joy, forth comes the morn ;
And with her, as from a lethargic trance,
The breath returned, that bodies doth advance,
Which two sad nights in rock lay confined dead,
And with an iron guard environed ;
Life out of death, light out of darkness springs,
From a base gaol comes forth the King of kings.
What late was mortal, thrall'd to every woe
That lackeys life, or upon sense doth grow,
Immortal is, of an eternal stamp,
Far brighter beaming than the morning lamp.
So from a black eclipse out peers the sun :
Such (when her course of days have on her run,

In a far forest in the pearly East,
And she herself hath burnt, and spioy nest,)
The lovely bird with youthful pens and comb,
Doth soar from out her cradle and her tomb :
So a small seed that in the earth lies hid,
And dies, reviving bursts her cloggy side,
Adorned with yellow locks anew is born,
And doth become a mother great with corn ;
Of grains, brings hundreds with it, which when old,
Enrich the furrows which do float with gold.
Hail, holy Victor! greatest Victor, hail!
That hell doth ransack, against death prevail,
Oh! how Thou longed for com'st! with joyful cries,
The all triumphing palatines of skies
Salute thy rising; earth would joys no more
Bear, if Thou rising didst them not restore.
A silly tomb should not his flesh inclose,
Who did heaven's trembling terraces dispose ;
No monument should such a jewel hold,
No rock, though ruby, diamond and gold.
Thou didst lament and pity human race,
Bestowing on us, of thy free-given grace,
More than we forfeited and losed first,
In Eden, rebels, when we were accursed :
Then earth our portion was, earth's joys but given ;
Earth and earth's bliss Thou hast exchanged with heaven.
Oh! what a height of good upon us streams
From the great splendor of thy bounty's beams!
When we deserved shame, horror, flames of wrath,
Thou bledst our wounds and suffer didst our death :
But, Father's justice pleased, hell, death, o'ercome,
To triumph now, Thou risest from thy tomb,
With glories which past sorrows countervail.
Hail, holy Victor! greatest Victor, hail!
Hence, humble sense, and hence, ye guides of sense!
We now reach heaven; your weak intelligence,
And searching powers, were in a flash made dim,
To learn from all eternity, that Him

The Father bred, then that He here did come,
(His bearer's parent) in a virgin's womb;
But then when sold, betrayed, crowned, scourged with thorn,
Nailed to a tree, all breathless, bloodless, torn,
Entombed, Him risen from a grave to find,
Confounds your cunning, turns, like moles, you blind.
Death, thou that heretofore still barren wast,
Nay, didst each other's birth eat up and waste,
Imperious, hateful, pitiless, unjust,
Impartial equaller of all with dust,
Stern executioner of heavenly doom,
Made fruitful, now life's mother art become;
A sweet relief of cares the soul molest;
An harbinger to glory, peace and rest:
Put off thy mourning weeds, yield all thy gall
To daily sinning life, proud of thy fall;
Assemble all thy captives, haste to rise,
And every corse in earthquakes, where it lies,
Sound from each flowery grave and rocky gaol,
Hail, holy Victor! greatest Victor, hail!
The world, that waning late and faint did lie,
Applauding to our joys thy victory,
To a young prime essays to turn again,
And as ere soiled with sin, yet to remain:
Her chilling agues she begins to miss;
All bliss returning with the Lord of bliss.
With greater light heaven's temples opened shine,
Morn's smiling rise, Eve's blushings do decline,
Clouds dappled glisten, boisterous winds are calm,
Soft zephyrs do the fields with sighs embalm,
In silent calms the sea hath hushed his roars,
And with enamoured curls doth kiss the shores,
All-bearing earth, like a new-married queen,
Her beauties heightens, in a gown of green,
Perfumes the air, her meads are wrought with flowers,
In colours various, figures, smelling, powers;
Trees wanton in the groves with leafy locks,
Here hills enamelled stand, the vales, the rocks,

Ring peals of joy, here floods and prattling brooks,
(Stars' liquid mirrors) with serpentine crooks,
And whispering murmurs, sound unto the main,
"The golden age returned is again."
The honey people leave their golden bowers,
And innocently prey on budding flowers;
In gloomy shades, perched on the tender sprays,
The painted singers fill the air with lays,
Seas, floods, earth, air, all diversely do sound:
Yet all their diverse notes have but one ground,
Re-echoed here, down from heaven's azure vail,
Hail, holy Victor! greatest Victor, hail!
Oh day, on which death's adamant chain
The Lord did break, did ransack Satan's reign,
And in triumphing pomp his trophies reared,
Be thou blest ever, henceforth still endeared
With name of his own day; the law to grace,
Types to their substance yield, to thee give place;
The old new moons, with all festival days,
And, what above the rest deserveth praise,
The reverend Sabbath: what could else they be
Than golden heralds, telling what be thee,
We should enjoy? shades past, now shine thou clear,
And henceforth be thou empress of the year,
This glory of thy sisters six to win,
From work on thee, as other days from sin,
That mankind shall forbear, in every place
The prince of planets warmeth in his race,
And far beyond his paths in frozen climes:
And may thou be so blest to out-date times,
That when heaven's choir shall blaze in accents loud
The many mercies of their sovereign good,
How He on thee did sin, death, hell destroy,
It may be still the burden of their joy.

THE ASCENSION.

BRIGHT portals of the sky,
 Embossed with sparkling stars;
Doors of eternity,
 With diamantine bars,
Your arras rich uphold:
 Loose all your bolts and springs,
Ope wide your leaves of gold,
 That in your roofs may come the King of kings.

Scarfed in a rosy cloud,
 He doth ascend the air,
Straight doth the moon Him shroud
 With her resplendant hair;
The next encrystalled light
 Submits to Him its beams,
And He doth trace the height
 Of that fair lamp which flames of beauty streams.

He towers those golden bounds,
 He did to sun bequeath;
The higher wandering rounds,
 Are found his feet beneath:
The milky-way comes near,
 Heaven's axle seems to bend
Above each turning sphere,
 That robed in glory, heaven's King may ascend.

O Well-spring of this All!
 Thy Father's image vive,
Word, that from nought did call
 What is, doth reason live!
The soul's eternal food,
 Earth's joy, delight of heaven,
All truth, love, beauty, good,
 To Thee, to Thee, be praises ever given.

What was dismarshalled late,
 To this thy noble frame,
And last the prime estate
 Hath re-obtained the same,
Is now more perfect seen ;
 Streams which diverted were
(And troubled, stayed unclean)
 From their first source by Thee home-turned are.

By Thee that blemish old,
 Of Eden's leprous prince,
Which on his race took hold,
 And him exile from thence,
Now put away is far ;
 With sword in ireful guise,
No cherub more shall bar
 Poor man the entrance into paradise.

Now each ethereal gate,
 To Him hath opened been ;
And glory's King in state
 His palace enters in :
Now come is this High Priest
 To the most holy place,
Not without blood addressed,
 With glory heaven, the earth to crown with grace.

Stars which all eyes were late,
 And did with wonder burn
His name to celebrate,
 In flaming tongues their turn ;
Their orby crystals move
 More active than before,
And entheate¹ from above,
 Their sovereign Prince laud, glorify, adore.

The choirs of happy souls
 Waked with that music sweet,
Whose descant care controls,
 Their Lord in triumph meet :

1 Divinely inspired.

The spotless spirits of light,
His trophies do extol,
And arched in squadrons bright,
Greet their great Victor in his capitol.

O glory of the heaven!
O sole delight of earth
To Thee all power be given,
God's uncreated birth;
Of mankind lover true,
Endurer of his wrong,
Who dost the world renew,
Still be Thou our salvation and our song.

From top of Olivet, such notes did rise,
When man's Redeemer did ascend the skies.

PHINEAS FLETCHER.

PHINEAS FLETCHER was born in 1584. He was elected from Eton to King's College, and Sir Henry Willoughby gave him the living of Hilgay, in Norfolk, which he held twenty-nine years; when it is supposed he died, 1650.

The principal composition of this author is *The Purple Island*, a poem in twelve cantos, containing an allegorical description both of the body and soul of man. It has been truly said, that no degree of skill in the poet could render this subject agreeable, as a whole, to the modern reader. It abounds, however, with rich and picturesque passages, and would well repay the trouble of an attentive perusal.

THE BATTLE OF THE VIRTUES AND THE VICES.

CANTO XI. OF THE PURPLE ISLAND.

THE early morn lets out the peeping day,
And strewed his paths with golden marigolds:
The moon grows wan, and stars fly all away,
Whom Lucifer locks up in wonted folds,
Till light is quenched and heaven in seas hath flung
The headlong day:—to the hill the shepherds throng,
And Thirsil now began to end his task and song.

Who now, alas! shall teach my humble vein,
That never yet durst peep from covert glade;
But softly learnt for fear to sigh and plain,
And vent her griefs to silent myrtle's shade?
Who now shall teach to change my oaten quill
For trumpet 'larms, or humble verses fill
With graceful majesty and lofty rising skill?

Ah, thou dread Spirit! shed thy holy fire,
Thy holy flame into my frozen heart;
Teach thou my creeping measures to aspire
And swell in bigger notes, and higher art;
Teach my low muse thy fierce alarms to ring,
And raise my soft strain to high thundering:
Tune thou my lofty song; thy battles must I sing.

Such as thou wert within the sacred breast
Of that thrice famous poet, shepherd-king;
And taught'st his heart to frame his cantos best,
Of all that e'er thy glorious works did sing;
Or, as those holy fishers once amongs,
Thou flamedst bright with sparkling parted tongues,
And brought'st down heaven to earth in those all-conquering songs.

Thither repairs the careful Intellect,
With his fair spouse, Voletta¹, heavenly fair,
With both their daughters, whose divine aspect,
Though now sad damps of sorrow much impair,
Yet through those clouds did shine so glorious bright,
That every eye did homage to the sight,
Yielding their captive hearts to that commanding light.

But who may hope to paint such majesty,
Or shadow well such beauty, such a face—
Such beauteous face, unseen to mortal eye?

Whose powerful looks, and more than mortal grace,
Love's self hath loved, leaving his heavenly throne,
With amorous sight, and many a lovely moan,
Whom all the world would woo, wooed her, his only one.

Far be that boldness from thy humble swain,
Fairest Ectecta, to describe thy beauty,
And with unable skill thy glory stain,
Which ever he admires with humble duty:
But who to view such blaze of beauty longs,
Go he to Sinar, th' holy groves amongs,
Where that wise shepherd chants her in his song of songs.

1 The Will.

The island's king with sober countenance,
Aggrates² the knights who thus his right defended;
And with grave speech and comely countenance,
Himself, his state, his spouse, to them commended;
His lovely child that by him pensive stands,
He last delivers to their valiant hands,
And her to thank the knights, her champions, he commands.

The god-like maid awhile all silent stood,
And down to earth let fall her humble eyes,
While modest thoughts shot up the flaming blood,
Which fired her scarlet cheek with rosy dyes;
But soon to quench the heat that lowly reigns,
From her fair eye a shower of crystal rains,
Which with his silver streams o'erruns the beauteous plains.

As when the sun in midst of summer heat,
Draws up their vapours with his potent ray,
Forcing dull waters from their native seat;
At length dim clouds shadow the burning day:
Till coldest air, soon melted into showers,
Upon the earth his welcome anger pours,
And heaven's clear forehead now wipes off her former frowns.

At length, a little lifting up her eyes,
A renten sigh way for her sorrow brake,
Which from her heart 'gan in her face to rise;
And first in the eye, then in the lip, thus spake:
"Ah! gentle knights, how may a simple maid
With justest grief and wrong so ill appayed³,
Give due reward for such your pains and friendly aid?

"But if my princely spouse do not delay,
His timely presence in my greatest need,
He will for me your friendly love repay,
And well requite this your so gentle deed;
Then let no fear your mighty hearts assail:
His word's himself; himself he cannot fail;
Long may he stay, yet sure he comes, and must prevail.

2 Greets.

3 Satisfied, revenged.

By this the long-shut gate was open laid ;
 Soon out they rush in order well arranged,
And fastening in their eyes that heavenly maid ;
 How oft for fear her fairest colour changed,
Her looks, her worth, her goodly grace, and state,
Comparing with her present wretched fate,
Pity whets just revenge, and love's fire kindles hate.

Long at the gate the thoughtful Intellect
 Stayed with his fearful queen and daughter fair ;
But when the knights were past, their dim aspect,
 They follow them with vows and many a prayer.
At last they climb up to the castle's height,
From which they viewed the deeds of every knight,
And marked the doubtful end of this intestine fight.

Meantime these champions march in fit array,
 Till both the armies now were come in sight :
Awhile each other boldly viewing stay,
 With short delays whetting fierce rage and spite :
Sound now, ye trumpets, sound alarums loud !
Hark ! how the clamours whet their anger proud !
See yonder are they met in midst of dusty cloud.

So oft the south with civil enmity
 Musters his watery forces 'gainst the west ;
The rolling clouds come tumbling up the sky
 In dark folds, wrapping up their angry guest ;
At length the flame breaks from th' imprisoning cold
With horrid noise tearing the limber mold :
While down in liquid tears the broken vapours rolled.

First did that warlike maid herself advance ;
 And, riding from amidst her company,
About her helmet waved her mighty lance,
 Daring to fight the proudest enemy :
Porneius soon his ready spear addressed,
And kicking with his heel his hasty beast,
Bent his sharp-headed lance against her dainty breast.

In vain the broken staff sought entrance there,
Where love himself oft entrance sought in vain :
But much unlike the martial virgin's spear,
Which low dismounts her foe on dusty plain,
Broaching with bloody point his breast before;
Down from the wound trickled the babbling gore,
And bid pale death come in at that red gaping door.

Aselges, struck with such a heavy sight,
Greedy to venge his brother's sad decay,
Spurred forth his flying steed with fell despite,
And met the virgin in the middle way :
His spear against her head he fiercely threw,
Which to that face performing homage due,
Kissing her helmet, thence in thousand shivers flew.

The wanton boy had dreamt that latest night,
That he had learnt the liquid air dispart,
And swim along the heavens with pinions light :
Now that fair maid taught him this nimble art :
For from his saddle far away she sent,
Flying along the empty element,
That hardly yet he knew whither his course was bent.

The rest, that saw with fear the ill success
Of single fight, durst not like fortune try ;
But round beset her with their numerous press ;
Before, beside, behind, they on her fly,
And every part with coward odds assail ;
But she, redoubling strokes as thick as hail,
Drove far their flying troops, and threshed with iron flail.

The subtil Dragon, that from far did view
The waste and spoil made by this maiden knight,
Fell to his wonted guile ; for well he knew
All force was vain against such wondrous might.
A crafty swain, well taught to cunning harms,
Called False Delight, he changed with hellish charms,
That True Delight he seemed, the self-same shape and arms.

The watchfullest sight no difference could descry ;
The same his face, his voice, his gait the same ;
Thereto his words he feigned ; and coming nigh
The maid, that fierce pursues her martial game,
He whets her wrath with many a guileful word,
Till she less careful, did fit time afford ;
Then up with both his hands he lifts his baleful sword.

You powerful heavens! and Thou their Governor,
With what eyes can you view this doleful sight?
How can you see your fairest conqueror
So nigh her end by so unmanly fight?
The dreadful weapon through the air doth glide,
But sure you turned the harmful edge aside,
Else must she there have fallen, and by that traitor died.

Yet in her side deep was the wound impight ;
Her flowing life the shining armour stains :
From that wide spring long rivers took their flight,
With purple streams drowning the silver plains ;
Her cheerful colour now grows wan and pall,
Which oft she strives with courage to recal,
And rouse her fainting head, which down as oft would fall.

All so a lily pressed with heavy rain,
Which fills her cups with showers up to the brinks,
The weary stalk no longer can sustain
The head, but low beneath the burden sinks :
Or as a virgin rose her leaves displays,
Whom too hot scorching beams quite disarrays,
Down flags her double ruff, and all her sweet decays,

Th' undaunted maid, feeling her feet deny
Their wonted duty, to a tree retired ;
Whom all the rout pursue with deadly cry,
As when a hunted stag now well nigh tired,
Shored by an oak 'gins with his head to play ;
The fearful hounds dare not his horns assay,
But running round about with yelping voices bay.

And now perceiving all her strength was spent,
Lifting to listening heaven her trembling eyes,
Thus whispering soft, her soul to heaven she sent :
“Thou, chastest Love! that rulest the wandering skies,
More pure than purest heavens by thee moved,
If thine own love in me thou sure hast proved,
If ever thou, myself, my vows, my love hast loved,

“ Let not this temple of thy spotless love
Be with foul hand and beastly rage defiled,
But when my spirit shall his camp remove,
And to his home return, too long exiled,
Do thou protect it from the ravenous spoil
Of rancorous enemies, that hourly toil
The humble votary with loathsome sport to foil.”

With this, dew-drops fell from her fainting eyes,
To dew the fading roses of her cheek,
That much high Love seemed passioned with those cries,
Much more those streams his heart and patience break :
Straight he the charge gives to a winged swain,
Quickly to step down to that bloody plain,
And aid her weary arms, and rightful cause maintain.

Soon stoops the speedy herald through the air,
Where chaste Agneia and Eucrates fought :
“See, see!” he cries, “where your Parthenia fair,
The flower of all your army, hemmed about
With thousand enemies, now fainting stands,
Ready to fall into their murderous hands :
Hie ye, oh! hie ye fast! the highest Love commands.”

They casting round about their angry eye,
The wounded virgin almost sinking spied,
They prick their steeds, which straight like lightning fly ;
Their brother Continence runs by their side,
Fair Continence, that truly long before,
As his heart's liege this lady did adore :
And now his faithful love kindled his hate the more.

Eucrates and his spouse with flashing sword
Assailed the scattered troops that headlong fly;
While Continnence a precious liquor poured
Into the wound and supplied tenderly:
And binding up the gaping orifice,
Revived the spirits, that now she 'gan to rise,
And with new life confront her heartless enemies.

So have I often seen a purple flower
Fainting through heat, hang down her drooping head,
But soon refreshed with a welcome shower,
Begins again her lively beauties spread,
And with new pride her silken leaves display;
And while the sun doth now more gently play,
Lay out her swelling bosom to the smiling day.

Now rush they all into the flying trains,
Blood fires their blood, and slaughter kindles fight;
The wretched vulgar on the purple plains
Fall down as thick as when a rustic wight
From laden oaks the plenteous acorns pours;
Or when the blubbering air that sadly lours,
And melts his sullen brow, and weeps sweet April showers.

The greedy Dragon, that aloof did spy
So ill success of this renewed fray;
More vexed with loss of certain victory,
Deprived of so assured and wished prey,
Gnashed his iron teeth for grief and spite:
The burning sparks leap from his flaming sight,
And forth his smoking jaws streams out a smouldering night.

Straight thither sends he in a fresh supply—
The swelling band that drunken Methos led,
And all the rout his brother Gluttony
Commands, in lawless bands disordered;
So now they bold restore their broken fight,
And fiercely turn again from shameful flight;
While both with former loss sharpen their raging spite.

Freshly these knights assault these fresher bands,
And with new battle all their strength renew,
Down Geloios by Eucrates' hands,
Agneia, Mæchus and Anagnus slew;
And, spying Methos fenced in's iron vine,
Pierced his swoln paunch;—there lies the grunting swine,
And streams his liquid soul out in his purple wine.

Such was the slaughter these three champions made,
But most Eucrates, whose unconquered hands
Send thousand foes down to the infernal shade,
With useless limbs strewing the bloody sands;
Oft were they succoured fresh with new supplies,
But fell as oft: the Dragon, grown more wise
By former loss, began another way devise.

Soon to their aid the Cyprian band he sent,
For easy skirmish clad in armour light:
Their golden bows in hand stood ready bent,
And painted quivers furnished well for fight,
Stuck full of shafts, whose heads foul poison stains,
Which dipped in Phlegethon by hellish swains,
Bring thousand painful deaths, and thousand deadly pains.

Thereto of substance strange, so thin and slight,
And wrought by subtil hand so cunningly,
That hardly were discerned by weaker sight;
Sooner the heart did feel than eye could see:
Far off they stood, and flung their darts around,
Raining whole clouds of arrows on the ground,
So safely others hurt, and never wounded, wound.

Much were the knights encumbered with these foes,
For well they saw and felt their enemies;
But when they back would turn the borrowed blows,
The light-foot troop away more swiftly flies,
Than do their winged arrows through the wind:
And in their course oft would they turn behind,
And with their glancing darts the hot pursuers blind.

Such was the craft of this false Cyprian crew ;
 Yet oft they seemed to slack their fearful pace,
 And yield themselves to foes that fast pursue ;
 So would they deeper wound in nearer space ;
 In such a fight he wins that fastest flies.
 Fly, fly, chaste knights, such subtil enemies :
 The vanquished cannot live, and conqueror surely dies.

The knights, oppressed with wounds, and travail past,
 Began retire, and now were near to fainting :
 With that a winged post, him speeded fast,
 The general with these heavy news acquainting.
 He soon refreshed their hearts that 'gan to tire.
 But let our weary muse awhile respire :
 Shade we our scorching heads from Phœbus' parching fire.

CANTO XII. THE BATTLE CONTINUED.

THE shepherds guarded from the sparkling heat
 Of blazing air, upon the flowery banks
 (Where various flowers damask the fragrant seat,
 And all the grove perfume,) in wonted ranks,
 Securely sit them down and sweetly play.
 At length thus Thirsil ends his broken lay,
 Lest that the stealing night his later song might stay.

“ Thrice, oh ! thrice happy, shepherd's life and state !
 When courts are happiness, unhappy pawns !
 His cottage low and safely humble gate
 Shuts out proud Fortune, with her scorns and fawns.
 No feared treason breaks his quiet sleep ;
 Singing all day, his flocks he learns to keep,
 Himself as innocent as are his simple sheep.

No Serian worms he knows, that with their thread
 Draw out their silken lives—nor silken pride :
 His lambs' warm fleece well fits his little need,
 Not in that proud Sidonian tincture dyed ;
 No empty hopes, no courtly fears him fright,
 Nor begging wants his middle fortune bite ;
 But sweet content exiles both misery and spite.

Instead of music and base flattering tongues,
Which wait to first salute my lord's uprise,
The cheerful lark wakes him with early songs,
And birds' sweet whistling notes unlock his eyes ;
In country plays is all the strife he uses,
Or sing, or dance, unto the rural muses ;
And but in music's sports all difference refuses.

His certain life that never can deceive him,
Is full of thousand sweets and rich content :
The smooth-leaved beeches in the field receive him
With coolest shades, till noon-tide's rage is spent :
His life is neither tossed in boisterous seas
Of troublous world, nor lost in slothful ease ;
Pleased and full blest he is when he his God can please.

His bed of wool yields safe and quiet sleeps,
While by his side his faithful spouse hath place ;
His little son into his bosom creeps,
The lively picture of his father's face :
Never his humble house or state torment him,
Less he could like, if less his God had sent him ;
And when he dies, green turfs with grassy tomb content him.

The world's great Light his lowly state hath blessed,
And left his heaven to be a shepherd base,
Thousand sweet songs he to his pipe addressed,
Swift rivers stood, beasts, trees, stones ran apace,
And serpents flew, to hear his softest strains ;
He led his flock where rolling Jordan reigns,
There took our rags, gave us his robes, and bore our pains.

Then thou, high Light, whom shepherds low adore,
Teach me, oh ! do thou teach thy humble swain
To raise my creeping song from earthly floor !
Fill thou my empty breast with lofty strain ;
That singing of thy wars and dreadful fight,
My notes may thunder out thy conquering might,
And 'twixt the golden stars cut out her tow'ring flight.

The mighty general, moved with the news
Of those four famous knights' so soon decay,
With hasty speed the conquering foe pursues ;
At last he spies where they were led away :
Forced to obey the victor's proud commands,
Soon did he rush into the middle bands,
And cut the slavish cords from their captived hands.

And, for the knights were faint, he quickly sent
To Penitence, whom Phœbus taught his art,
Which she had eked with long experiment ;
For many a wounded soul, and wounded heart,
Had she restored, and brought to life again :
The broken spirit, with grief and horror slain,
That oft revived, yet died as oft with smarting pain.

For she in several baths their wounds did steep,
The first of rue, which purged the foul infection,
And cured the deepest wound by wounding deep ;
Then would she make another strange confection,
And mix it with nepenthe sovereign,
Wherewith she quickly 'suaged the rankling pain :
Thus she the knights re-cured, and washed from sinful stain.

Meantime the fight now fiercer grows than ever :
(For all his troops the Dragon hither drew).
The two twin loves, whom no place might dis sever,
And Knowledge with his train begins anew
To strike fresh summons up and hot alarms :
In midst great Fido, clad in sun-like arms,
With his unmatched force repairs all former harms.

The lovely twins ride 'gainst the Cyprian bands,
Chasing their troops now with no feigned flight ;
Their broken shafts lie scattered on the sands,
Themselves for fear quite vanished out of sight.
Against these conquerors, Hypocrisy
And Cosmos' hated bands, with Ecthros sly,
And all that rout do march, and bold the twins defy.

Elpinus mighty enemies assail,
By Doubt of all the other most infected,
That oft his fainting courage 'gan to fail,
More by his craft than odds of force molested;
For oft he treacherous changed his weapon light,
And sudden altered his first kind of fight,
And oft himself and shape transformed with cunning sleight.

Such shapes and changing fashions much dismayed him,
That oft he staggered with unwonted fright;
And, but his brother Fido oft did aid him,
There had he fell in unacquainted fight;
But he would still his wavering strength maintain,
And chase that monster through the sandy plain,
Which from him fled apace, but oft returned again.

Yet him more strong and cunning foes withstand,
Whom he with greater skill and strength defied:
Foul Ignorance, with all her owl-eyed band,
Oft-starting Fear, Distrust ne'er satisfied,
And fond Suspect, and thousand other foes,
Whom far he drives with his unequal blows,
And with his flaming sword their fainting army mows.

As when blood-guilty earth for vengeance cries,
(If greater things with less we may compare,)
The mighty Thunderer through the air he flies,
While snatching whirlwinds open ways prepare,
Dark clouds spread out their sable curtains o'er him,
And angels on their flaming wings up-bore him;
Meantime the guilty heavens for fear fly fast before him.

There while he on the wind's proud pinions rides,
Down with his fire some lofty mount he throws,
And fills the low vale with the ruined sides,
Or on some church his three-forked dart bestows;
(Which yet his sacred worship foul mistakes,)
Down falls the spire, the body fearful quakes;
Nor sure to fall or stand, with doubtful trembling shakes.

With Fido, Knowledge went, who ordered right
His mighty bands; so now his scattered troops
Make head again, filling their broken fight;
While with new change the Dragon's army droops,
And from the following victors headlong run:
Yet still the Dragon frustrates what is done,
And easily makes them lose what they so hardly won.

Out of his gorge a hellish smoke he drew,
That all the field with foggy mist enwraps;
As when Tiphæus from his paunch doth spew
Black smothering flames rolled in loud thunder-claps.
The pitchy vapours choke the shining ray,
And bring dull night upon the smiling day;
The wavering *Ætna* shakes, and fain would run away.

Yet could his bat-eyed legions easily see
In this dark chaos: they the seed of night:
But these not so, who night and darkness flee;
For they the sons of day, and joy in light:
But Knowledge soon began a way devise
To bring again the day, and clear their eyes:
So opened Fido's shield, and golden vail unties.

Of one pure diamond, celestial, fair,
That heavenly shield by cunning hand was made;
Whose light divine spread through the misty air,
To brightest morn would turn the western shade,
And lightsome day beget before his time:
Framed in heaven without all earthly crime,
Dipped in the fiery sun, which burnt the baser shine.

As when from fenny moors the lumpish clouds,
With rising steams damp the bright morning's face,
At length the piercing sun his team unshrouds,
And with his arrows th' idle fog doth chase;
The broken mist lies melted all in tears:
So this bright shield the stinking darkness tears,
And giving back the day, dissolves their former fears.

Which when afar the fiery Dragon spies,
His sleights deluded with so little pain,
To his last refuge now at length he flies.

Long time his poisonous gorge he seemed to strain ;
At length with loathly sight, he up doth spew
From stinking paunch a most deformed crew,
That heaven itself did fly from their most ugly view.

The first that crept from his detested maw
Was Hamartia, foul, deformed wight—
More foul deformed the sun yet never saw,
Therefore she hates the all-betraying light :
A woman seemed she in her upper part,
To which she could such lying gloss impart,
That thousands she had slain with her deceiving art.

The rest (though hid) in serpent's form arrayed
With iron scales like to a plaited mail ;
Over her back her knotty tail displayed,
Along the empty air did lofty sail ;
The end was pointed with a double sting,
Which with such dreaded might she wont to fling,
That nought could help the wound but blood of heavenly King.

Her viperous locks hung loose about her ears,
Yet with a monstrous snake she them restrains,
Which like a border on her head she wears ;
About her neck hang down long adder chains
In thousand knots, and wreaths enfolded round,
Which in her anger lightly she unbound,
And darting far away, would sure and deadly wound.

The second in this rank was black Despair,
Bred in the dark womb of eternal night,
His looks fast nailed to Sin ; long sooty hair
Filled up his lank cheeks with wide staring fright :
His leaden eyes retired into his head ;
Light, heaven, and earth, himself, and all things fled—
A breathing corpse he seemed, wrapped up in living lead.

His body all was framed of earthly paste
And heavy mould; yet earth could not content him;
Heaven fast he flies, and heaven fled him as fast;
Though kin to hell, yet hell did much torment him:
His very soul was nought but ghastly fright;
With him went many a fiend and ugly sprite,
Armed with ropes and knives, all instruments of spite.

Instead of feathers on his dangling crest,
A luckless raven spread her blackest wings;
And to her croaking throat gave never rest,
But deathful verses and sad dirges sings;
His hellish arms were all with fiends embossed,
Who damned souls with endless torments roast,
And thousand ways devised to vex the tortured ghost.

Two weapons sharp as death he ever bore,
Strict judgment which from far he deadly darts,
Sin at his side a two-edged sword he wore,
With which he soon appals the stoutest hearts;
Upon his shield Alecto with a wreath
Of snaky whips the lost souls tortureth,
And round about was wrote, "Reward of sin is death."

The last two brethren were far different,
Only in common name of Death agreeing,
The first armed with a scythe still mowing went;
Yet whom and when he murdered never seeing.
Born deaf and blind, nothing might stop his way:
No prayers, no vows, his keenest scythe could stay,
Nor beauty's self his spite, nor virtue's self allay.

No state, no age, no sex, may hope to move him,
Down falls the young and old, the boy and maid;
Nor beggar can entreat, nor king reprove him;
All are his slaves in cloth of flesh arrayed:
The bride he snatches from the bridegroom's arms,
And horror brings in midst of love's alarms.
Too well he knew his power by long experienced harms.

A dead man's skull supplied his helmet's place,
A bone his club, his armour sheets of lead :
Some more, some less, fear his all-frighting face,
But most who sleep in downy pleasure's bed ;
But who in life have daily learned to die,
And dead to this, live to a life more high,
Sweetly in death they sleep, and slumbering quiet lie.

The second, far more foul in every part,
Burnt with blue fire and bubbling sulphur streams,
Which creeping round about him, filled with smart
His cursed limbs, that direful he blasphemers.
Most strange it seems that burning thus for ever,
No rest, no time, no place, these flames may sever,
Yet death in thousand deaths, without death dieth never.

Soon as these hellish monsters came in sight,
The sun his eye in jetty vapours drowned,
Scared at such hell-hounds' view ; heaven's 'mazed light
Sets in an early evening : earth astound,
Bids dogs with howls give warning : at which sound
The fearful air starts, and seas break their bound,
And frightened fled away ; no sands might them impound.

The palsied troop first like asps shaken fare,
Till now their hearts congealed in icy blood,
Candied the ghastly face :—locks stand and stare :
Thus charmed, in ranks of stone they marshalled stood ;
Their useless swords fell idly on the plain,
And now the triumph sounds in lofty strain :
So conquering Dragon binds the knights with slavish chains.

As when proud Phineus in his brother's feast
Filled all with tumult and intestine broil ;
Wise Perseus, with such multitudes oppressed,
Before him bore the snaky Gorgon's spoil :
The vulgar rude stood all in marble changed,
And in vain ranks in rocky order ranged,
Were now more quiet guests, from former rage estranged.

*The battle being thus against the Virtues, Eclecta (the Church) prays
for heavenly aid.*

The fair Eclecta, who with grief had stood
Viewing th' oft changes of this doubtful fight,
Saw now the field swim in her champions' blood,
And from her heart rent with deep passion, sighed,
Limning true sorrow in sad silent art.
Light grief floats on the tongue, but heavy smart
Sinks down, and deeply lies in centre of the heart.

What Daedal art such griefs can truly shew—
Broke heart, deep sighs, thick sobs, and burning prayers,
Baptizing every limb in weeping dew?
Whose swoln eyes prickled up in briny tears,
Crystalline rocks, coral, the lid appears,
Compassed about with tides of grief and fears;
Where grief stores fear with sighs, and fear stores grief with tears.

At length sad sorrow, mounted on the wings
Of loud-breathed sighs, his leaden weight appears;
And vents itself in softest whisperings,
Followed with deadly groans ushered by tears:
While her fair hands and watery shining eyes
Were upward bent upon the mourning skies,
Which seemed with cloudy brow her grief to sympathise.

Long while the silent passion, wanting vent,
Made flowing tears her words, and eyes her tongue;
Till faith, experience, hope, assistance lent,
To shut both flood-gates up with patience strong;
The streams well ebb'd, new hopes some comforts borrow
From firmest truth, then glimpsed the hopeful morrow;
So springs some dawn of joy, so sets the night of sorrow.

“Ah! dearest Lord, my heart's sole sovereign,
Who sitt'st high mounted on thy burning throne,
Hark, from thy heavens, where Thou dost safely reign,
Clothed with the golden sun and silver moon,

Cast down awhile thy sweet and gracious eye,
And low avail that flaming majesty,
Deigning thy gentle sight on our sad misery

“To thee, dear Lord! I lift this watery eye,
This eye which Thou so oft in love hast praised,
This eye with which Thou wounded oft wouldst die;
To thee, dear Lord! these suppliant hands are raised,
These to be lilies Thou hast often told me,
Which if but once again may ever hold Thee,
Will never let Thee loose, will never more unfold Thee.

“Seest how thy foes spiteful trophies rear,
Too confident in thy prolonged delays;
Come then, oh! quickly come, my dearest dear!
When shall I see Thee crowned with conquering bays,
And all thy foes trod down and spread as clay?
When shall I see thy face, and glory's ray?
Too long Thou stayest, my love; come, love, no longer stay.

“Hast Thou forgot thy former word and love,
Or locked thy sweetness up in fierce disdain?
In vain didst Thou those thousand mischiefs prove?
Are all those griefs—thy birth, life, death, in vain?
Oh! no,—of ill Thou only dost repent Thee,
And in thy dainty mercies most content Thee:
Then why withstay so long, so long dost Thou torment me?

“Reviving cordial of my dying sprite,
The best elixir for soul's drooping pain,
Ah! now unshade thy face, uncloud thy sight;
See every way's a trap, each path's a train;
Hell's troops my soul beleaguer; bow thine ears,
And hear my cries pierce through my groans and fears:
Sweet Spouse! see not my sins but through my complaints and tears.

“Let frailty favour, sorrow succour move;
Anchor my life in thy calm streams of blood:
Be Thou my rock, though I, poor changeling, rove,
Tossed up and down in waves of worldly flood:

Whilst I in vale of tears at anchor ride,
Where winds of earthly thoughts my soul misguide,
Harbour my fleshly bark safe in thy wounded side.

“Then take my contrite heart, thy sacrifice,
Washed in her eyes, that swim and sink in woes:
See, see, as seas with winds high working rise,
So storm, so rage, so gasp thy boasting foes.
Dear spouse, unless thy right hand even steers,
Oh! if Thou anchor not these threatening fears,
Thy ark will sail as deep in blood as now in tears.”

*The Church having concluded her petition, then follows her
triumph.*

With that a thundering noise seemed shake the sky,
As when with iron wheels through stony plain
A thousand chariots to the battle fly;
Or when with boisterous rage the swelling main,
Puffed up by mighty winds, does hoarsely roar,
And breaking with his waves the trembling shore,
His sandy girdle scorns, and breaks earth's rampart door.

And straight an angel, full of heavenly might,
(Three several crowns circled his royal head,)
From northern coast heaving his blazing light,
Through all the earth his glorious beams disspread,
And open lays the beast and Dragon's shame;
For to this end the Almighty did him frame,
And therefore from supplanting gave his ominous name.

A silver trumpet oft he loudly blew,
Frighting the guilty earth with thundering knell;
And oft proclaimed, as round the world he flew,
“Babel, great Babel, lies as low as hell.
Let every angel loud his trumpet sound,
Her heaven-exalted towers in dust are drowned;
Babel, proud Babel's fallen, and lies as low as ground!”

The broken heavens dispart with fearful noise,
And from the breach outshoots a sudden light ;
Straight shrilling trumpets, with loud-sounding voice,
Give echoing summons to new bloody fight :
Well knew the Dragon that all-quelling blast,
And soon perceived that day must be his last,
Which struck his frightened heart and all his troops aghast.

Yet full of malice and of stubborn pride,
Though oft had strove, and had been foiled as oft,
Boldly his death and certain fate defied ;
And, mounted on his flaggy sails aloft,
With boundless spite he longed to try again
A second loss, and new death ;—glad and fain
To shew his poisonous hate, though ever shewed in vain.

So up he arose upon his stretched sails,
Fearless expecting his approaching death ;
So up he arose, that the air starts and fails,
And over-pressed, sinks his load beneath ;
So up he arose, as doth a thunder-cloud,
Which all the earth with shadows black doth shroud ;
So up he arose, and through the weary air he rowed.

Now his Almighty foe far off he spies,
Whose sun-like arms dazzled the eclipsed day,
Confounding with their beams less glittering skies,
Firing the air with more than heavenly ray,
Like thousand suns in one ;—such is their light,
A subject only for immortal sprite,
Which never can be seen but by immortal sight.

His threatening eyes shine like that dreadful flame
With which the Thunderer arms his angry hand :
Himself had fairly wrote his wondrous name,
Which neither earth nor heaven could understand :
A hundred crowns, like towers, be set around
His conquering head ; well may they there abound,
When all his limbs and troops with gold are richly crowned.

His armour all was dyed in purple blood,
 (In purple blood of thousand rebel kings,)
In vain their stubborn powers his aim withstood;
 Their proud necks chained he now in triumph brings,
And breaks their spears and cracks their traitor-swords;
Upon whose arms and thigh in golden words
Was fairly writ, "The King of kings, and Lord of lords."

His snow-white steed was born of heavenly kind,
 Begot by Boreas on the Thracian hills,
More strong and speedy than his parent wind,
 And (which his foes with fear and horror fills,)
Out from his mouth a two-edged sword he darts,
Whose sharpest steel the bone and marrow parts,
And with his keenest point unbreast the naked hearts.

The Dragon, wounded with his flaming brand,
 They take, and in strong bonds and fetters tie:
Short was the fight, nor could he long withstand
 Him whose appearance is his victory.
So now he's bound in adamant chain:
He storms, he roars, he yells for high disdain;
His net is broke, the fowl go free, the fowler's ta'en.

Soon at this sight the knights revive again,
 As fresh as when the flowers from winter's tomb,
When now the sun brings back his nearest train,
 Peep out again from their fresh mother's womb:
The primrose, lighted new, her flame displays,
And frights the neighbour hedge with fiery rays!
And all the world renew their mirth and sportive plays.

The prince, who saw his long imprisonment
 Now end in never-ending liberty,
To meet the victor from his castle went,
 And falling down, clasping his royal knee,
Pours out deserved thanks in grateful praise:
But him the heavenly Saviour soon doth raise,
And bids him spend in joy his never-ending days.

*Victory having thus been obtained over the Vices, the poet describes
the Marriage of Christ and his Church.*

The fair Eclecta, that with widowed brow
Her absent Lord long mourned in sad array,
Now silken linen clothed, like frozen snow,
Whose silver spangles sparkle 'gainst the day :
This shining robe her Lord Himself had wrought,
While He her love with hundred presents sought,
And it with many a wound, and many a torment bought.
And thus arrayed, her heavenly beauties shined
(Drawing their beams from his most glorious face,)
Like to a precious jasper pure refined,
Which with a crystal mixed must mend his grace ;
The golden stars a garland fair did frame,
To crown her locks ; the sun lay hid for shame,
And yielded all his beams to her more glorious flame.
Ah ! who that flame can tell ? Ah ! who can see ?
Enough is me with silence to admire ;
While bolder joy, and humble majesty,
In either cheek had kindled graceful fire.
Long silent stood she, while her former fears
And griefs run all away in sliding tears,
And like a watery sun her gladsome face appears.
At length, when joys had left her closet heart,
To seat themselves upon her thankful tongue,
First in her eyes they sudden flashes dart,
Then forth i' th' music of her voice they throng :
" My hope, my love, my joy, my life, my bliss !
(Whom to enjoy is heaven, but hell to miss,)
What are the world's false joys, what heaven's true joys to this ?
" Ah, dearest Lord ! does my rapt soul behold Thee ?
Am I awake, and sure I do not dream ?
Do these thrice-blessed arms again infold Thee ?
Too much delight makes true things feigned seem.
Thee, Thee I see ! Thou, Thou thus folded art ;
For deep thy stamp is printed in my heart,
And thousand ne'er-felt joys stream in each melting part."

Thus with glad sorrow did she sweetly plain her,
Upon his neck, a welcome load, depending;
While He with equal joy did entertain her,
Herself her champions highly all commending.
So all in triumph to his palace went,
Whose work in narrow words may not be pent;
For boundless thought is less than is that glorious tent.

There sweet delights, which know nor end nor measure;
No chance is there, nor dating times succeeding;
No wasteful spending can impair their treasure;
Pleasure full-grown yet ever freshly breeding:
Fulness of sweets excludes not more receiving;
The soul still big with joy, yet still conceiving
Beyond slow tongue's report, beyond quick thought's perceiving.

There are they gone; there will they ever bide;
Swimming in waves of joy, and heavenly loving:
He still a bridegroom, she a gladsome bride;
Their hearts in love, like spheres, still constant moving.
No change, no grief, no age can them befall;
Their bridal bed is in that heavenly hall,
Where all days are but one, and only one is all.

And as in state they thus in triumph ride,
The boys and damsels their just praises chant:
The boys the bridegroom sing, the maids the bride,
While all the hills glad hymens loudly vaunt;
Heaven's winged hosts, greeting this glorious spring,
Attune their higher notes and hymens sing:
Each thought to pass, and each did pass thought's loftiest wing.

Upon his lightning brow Love proudly sitting,
Flames out in power, shines out in majesty;
There all his lofty spoils and trophies fitting,
Displays the marks of highest Deity:
There full of strength, in lordly arms He stands,
And every heart and every soul commands:
No heart, no soul, his strength and lordly power withstands.

Upon her forehead, thousand cheerful graces
Seated on thrones of spotless ivory;
There gentle Love his armed hand unbraces,
His bow unbent, disclaims all tyranny:
There by his play a thousand souls beguiles;
Persuading more by simple modest smiles
Than ever he could force by arms, or crafty wiles.

Upon her cheek doth beauty's self implant
The freshest garden of her choicest flowers;
On which, if Envy might but glance askant,
Her eyes would swell and burst and melt in showers:
Thrice fairer, both, than ever fairest eyed,
Heaven never such a bridegroom yet descried;
Nor ever earth so fair, so undefiled a bride.

Full of his Father shines his glorious face,
As far the sun surpassing in his light,
As doth the sun the earth his flaming blaze:
Sweet influence streaming from his quickening sight;
His beams from nought did all this all display;
And when to less than nought they fell away,
He soon restored again by his new orient ray.

All heaven shines forth in her sweet face's frame;
Her seeing stars (which we miscall bright eyes,)
More bright than is the morning's brightest flame,
More fruitful than the May-time geminies;
These, back restore the timely summer's fire,
Those, springing thoughts in winter hearts inspire,
Inspiring dead souls, and quickening warm desire.

These two fair suns in heavenly spheres are placed,
Where, in the centre, joy triumphing sits;
Thus in all high perfections fully graced,
Her mid-day bliss no future night admits;
But in the mirrors of her spouse's eyes
Her fairest self she dresses; there where lies
All sweets, a glorious beauty to imparadise.

His locks, like raven's plumes, or shining jet,
Fall down in curls along his ivory neck;
Within their circlets hundred graces set,
And with love-knots their comely hangings deck.
His mighty shoulders, like that giant swain,
All heaven and earth, and all in both sustain;
Yet knows no weariness, nor feels oppressing pain.

Her amber hair like to the sunny ray,
With gold enamels fair the silver white;
There heavenly loves their pretty sportings play,
Firing their darts in that wide flaming light:
Her dainty neck, spread with that silver mould,
Where double beauty doth itself unfold
In its fair silver shrines, and fairer borrowed gold.

His breast a rock of purest alabaster,
Where Love's self sailing, shipwrecked often sitteth;
Hers a twin-rock, unknown but to th' ship-master,
Which harbours him alone, all other splitteth.
Where better could her love than here have rested?
Or he his thoughts than here more sweetly feasted?
Than both their love and thoughts in each are ever rested.

Run, now, you shepherd swains, ah! run you thither,
Where this fair bridegroom leads the blessed way;
And haste you lovely maids, haste you together,
With this sweet bride, while yet the sun-shine day
Guides your blind steps; while yet loud summons call,
That every wood and hill resounds withal:
"Come, Hymen, Hymen, come, drest in thy golden pall."

The sounding echo back the music flung,
While heavenly spheres unto the voices played:
But lo! the day is ended with my song,
And sporting bathes with that fair ocean maid.
Stoop now thy wing, my muse, now stoop thee low;
Hence may'st thou then freely play, and rest thee now;
While here I hang my pipe upon the willow-bough.

RICHARD CRASHAW

WAS born in London, but the year of his birth is uncertain; he was educated at the Charter-House, and took his degree at Cambridge, where he published his sacred poem of *Steps to the Temple*. He obtained a fellowship, but he was ejected from it for refusing to subscribe the Covenant. Soon after he went abroad, and conformed to the Roman Catholic faith. He died in Italy about 1650.

The Poems of Crashaw are less known than they ought to be; they display delicate fancy, great tenderness, and singular beauty of diction. They have been highly recommended by the best critics; Coleridge considered his verses, *On a Prayer-Book*, as one of the greatest poems in the language.

A HYMN

IN MEDITATION OF THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

HEAR'ST thou, my soul, what serious things
Both the Psalm and Sybil sings,
Of a sure Judge, from whose sharp ray
The world in flames shall pass away?

O that fire! before whose face,
Heaven and Earth shall find no place;
O these eyes! whose angry light
Must be the day of that dread night.

O that trump! whose blast shall run
An even round with th' circling sun,
And urge the murmuring graves to bring
Pale mankind forth to meet his King.

Horror of nature, hell and death!
When a deep groan from beneath
Shall cry, "We come! we come!" and all
The caves of night answer one call.

O that book! whose leaves so bright,
Will set the world in severe light:
O that Judge! whose hand, whose eye,
None can endure—yet none can fly.

Ah! thou poor soul, what wilt thou say?
And to what patron choose to pray?
When stars themselves shall stagger, and
The most firm foot no more than stand.

But thou givest leave, dread Lord, that we
Take shelter from Thyself in Thee;
And, with the wings of thine own dove,
Fly to the sceptre of soft love.

Dear Lord, remember in that day
Who was the cause Thou camest this way:
Thy sheep was strayed, and Thou would'st be
Even lost Thyself in seeking me.

Shall all that labour, all that cost
Of love, and even that loss, be lost?
And this loved soul, judged worth no less
Than all that way and weariness?

Just mercy, then, thy reckoning be
With my price, and not with me;
'Twas paid at first with too much pain,
To be paid twice, or once in vain.

Mercy, my Judge, mercy I cry,
With blushing cheek, and bleeding eye:
The conscious colours of my sin,
Are red without, and pale within.

Oh! let thine own soft bowels pay
Thyself, and so discharge that day;
If sin can sigh, love can forgive:—
Oh! say the word, my soul shall live.

Those mercies which thy Mary found,
Or who thy cross confessed and crowned,
Hope tells my heart the same loves be
Still alive, and still for me.

Though both my prayers and tears combine,
Both worthless are; for they are mine:
But Thou thy bounteous self still be,
And show thou art by saving me.

Oh! when thy last frown shall proclaim
The flocks of goats to folds of flame,
And all thy lost sheep found shall be,
Let, "Come, ye blessed," then call me.

When the dread "Ite¹," shall divide
Those limbs of death from thy left side,
Let those life-speaking lips command
That I inherit thy right hand.

Oh! hear a suppliant heart, all crushed
And crumbled into contrite dust;
My hope! my fear! my Judge! my friend
Take charge of me, and of my end.

CHORUS OF THE SHEPHERDS OF BETHLEHEM.

WELCOME! all wonders in one sight,
Eternity shut in a span;
Summer in winter, day in night,
Heaven in Earth, and God in Man.
Great Little One, whose all-embracing birth
Lifts earth to heaven, stoops heaven to earth.

1 "Depart thou."

Welcome ! though not to gold nor silk,
To more than Cæsar's birth-right is ;
Two sister-seas of virgin-milk,
With many a rarely tempered kiss,
That breathes at once both maid and mother,
Warms in the one, cools in the other.

She sings thy tears asleep, and dips
Her kisses in thy weeping eye ;
She spreads the red leaves of thy lips,
That in their buds yet blushing lie ;
She 'gainst those mother-diamonds tries
The points of her young eagle eyes.

Welcome ! though not to these gay flies,
Gilded i' th' beams of earthly kings ;
Slippery souls in smiling eyes,
But to poor shepherds' homespun things ;
Whose wealth's their flock, whose wit to be
Well read in their simplicity.

Yet when young April's husband-showers
Shall bless the fruitful Maia's bed,
We'll bring the firstfruits of her flowers,
To kiss thy feet, and crown thy head.
To Thee, dread Lamb ! whose love must keep
The shepherds more than they their sheep.

To Thee, meek Majesty ! soft King
Of simple graces, and sweet loves,
Each of us his lamb will bring,
Each his pair of silver doves ;
Till burnt at last in fire of thy fair eyes,
Ourselves become our own best sacrifice.

THE MARTYRS.

OH! that it were as it was wont to be,
When thy old friends of fire, all full of Thee,
Fought against frowns with smiles! gave glorious chase
To persecutions, and against the face
Of death and fiercest dangers durst, with brave
And sober pace, march on to meet a grave.
On their bold breasts about the world they bore Thee,
And to the teeth of hell stood up to teach Thee;
In centre of their inmost souls they wore Thee,
Where racks and torments strived in vain to reach Thee.
Each wound of theirs was thy new morning,
And re-inthroned Thee in thy rosy nest.
With blush of thine own blood thy day adorning:
It was the wit of love o'erflowed the bounds
Of wrath, and made the way through all these wounds.
Welcome, dear, all-adored name!
For sure there is no knee
That knows not Thee;
Or, if there be such sons of shame,
Alas! what will they do,
When stubborn rocks shall bow,
And hills hang down their heaven-saluting heads,
To seek for humble beds
Of dust, where, in the bashful shades of night,
Next to their own low nothing they may lie,
And couch before the dazzling light of thy dread Majesty?
They that by love's mild dictate now
Will not adore Thee,
Shall then with just confusion bow,
And break before Thee.

ON A PRAYER-BOOK SENT TO MRS. R.

Lo! here a little volume, but great book,

(Fear it not, sweet,

It is no hypocrite,)

Much larger in itself than in its look.

It is in one rich handful heaven and all—

Heaven's royal hosts encamped thus small;

To prove that true, schools used to tell,

A thousand angels in one point can dwell.

It is love's great artillery,

Which here contracts itself, and comes to lie

Close couched in your white bosom, and from thence,

As from a snowy fortress of defence,

Against the ghostly foe to take your part,

And fortify the hold of your chaste heart.

It is the armoury of light :

Let constant use but keep it bright,

You'll find it yields

To holy hands and humble hearts

More swords and shields

Than sin hath snares or hell hath darts.

Only be sure

The hands be pure

That hold these weapons, and the eyes

Those of turtles, chaste and true,

Wakeful and wise,

Here is a friend shall fight for you.

Hold but this book before your heart

Set prayer alone to play his part.

But oh! the heart

That studies this high art

Must be a sure housekeeper,

And yet no sleeper.

Dear soul, be strong,
Mercy will come ere long,
And bring her bosom full of blessings—
Flowers of never-fading graces,
To make immortal dressings,
For worthy souls whose wise embraces
Store up themselves for Him who is alone
The spouse of virgins, and the virgin's Son.

But if the noble Bridegroom, when He come,
Shall find the wandering heart from home,
Leaving her chaste abode
To gad abroad
Amongst the gay mates of the god of flies²;
To take her pleasure and to play,
And keep the devil's holiday;
To dance in the sunshine of some smiling
But beguiling
Sphere of sweet and sugared lies;
Some slippery pair
Of false, perhaps as fair,
Flattering, but forswearing eyes;—
Doubtless some other heart
Will get the start,
And, slipping in before,
Will take possession of the sacred store
Of hidden sweets and holy joys—
Words which are not heard with ears,
(These tumultuous shops of noise,)
Effectual whispers, whose still voice
The soul itself more feels than hears;
Amorous languishments, luminous trances,
Sights which are not seen with eyes,
Spiritual and soul-piercing glances,
Whose pure and subtle lightning flies
Home to the heart, and sets the house on fire,
And melts it down in sweet desire.

Yet doth not stay
To ask the window's leave to pass that way ;
Delicious death, soft exhalations
Of soul, dear and divine annihilations ;
A thousand unknown rites
Of joys and rarified delights ;
And many a mystic thing,
Which the divine embraces
Of the dear Spouse of spirits with them will bring ;
For which it is no shame
That dull morality must not know a name.

Of all this hidden store
Of blessings, and ten thousand more,
If when He come,
He find the heart from home,
Doubtless he will unload
Himself some other where ;
And pour abroad
His precious sweets
On the fair soul whom first he meets.

O fair ! O fortunate ! O rich ! O dear !
O ! happy and thrice happy she,
Dear silver-breasted dove,
Whoe'er she be,
Whose early love
With winged vows
Makes haste to meet her morning spouse,
And close with his immortal kisses !
Happy soul ! who never misses
To improve that precious hour ;
And every day
Seize her sweet prey,
All fresh and fragrant as he rises,
Dropping with a balmy shower,
A delicious dew of spices.
Oh ! let that happy soul hold fast

Her heavenly armful: she shall taste
At once ten thousand paradises:
She shall have power
To rifle and deflower
The rich and roseal spring of those rare sweets,
Which with a swelling bosom there she meets,
Boundless and infinite, bottomless treasures
Of pure inebriating pleasures.
Happy soul! she shall discover
What joy, what bliss,
How many heavens at once it is
To have a God become her lover.

HYMN TO THE NAME OF JESUS.

I SING the Name which none can say
But touched with an interior ray;
The Name of our new peace our good
Our bliss and supernatural blood;
The Name of all our lives and loves:
Hearken, and help, ye holy doves!
The high-born brood of day; you bright
Candidates of blissful light,
The heirs-elect of love; whose names belong
Unto the everlasting life of song;
All ye wise souls, who in the wealthy breast
Of this unbounded Name build your warm nest.
Awake, my glory! soul, (if such thou be,
And that fair word at all refer to thee,)
Awake and sing,
And be all wing!
Bring hither thy whole self, and let me see
What of thy parent heaven yet speaks in thee.
Oh! thou art poor
Of noble powers, I see,
And full of nothing else but empty me

Narrow and low, and infinitely less
Than this great morning's mighty business.

One little world or two

Alas! will never do,

We must have store ;

Go, soul, out of thyself and seek for more ;

Go, and request

Great nature for the key of her huge chest ;
Of heavens, the self-involving set of spheres,
(Which dull mortality more feels than hears.)

Then rouse the nest

Of nimble art, and traverse round

The airy shop of self-appeasing sound,

And beat a summons in the same

All sovereign Name,

To warn each several kind,

And shape of sweetness—be they such

As sigh with supple wind,

Or answer artful touch,

That they convene and come away,

To wait at the love-crowned doors of that illustrious day.

Wake, lute and harp,

And every sweet-lipped thing

That talks with tuneful string!

Start into life, and leap with me

Into a hasty, fit-tuned harmony.

Nor must you think it much

To obey my bolder touch ;

I have authority in love's name to take you,

And to the work of love this morning wake you.

Wake! in the name

Of Him who never sleeps, all things that are,—

Or, what's the same,

Are musical ;

Answer my call,

And come along ;

Help me to meditate mine immortal song.

Come, ye soft ministers of sweet sad mirth!
Bring all your household stuff of heaven on earth.
Oh you my soul's most certain wings,
Complaining pipes, and prattling strings,
Bring all the store
Of sweets you have, and murmur that you have no more.
Come, ne'er to part,
Nature and art;
Come, and come strong
To the conspiracy of our spacious song.
Bring all the powers of praise
Your provinces of well-united worlds can raise;
Bring all your lutes and harps of heaven and earth,
Whate'er co-operates to the common mirth;
Vessels of vocal joys,
Or you, more noble architects of intellectual noise,
Cymbals of heaven, or human spheres,
Solicitors of souls or ears.
And when you are come with all
That you can bring or we may call,
Oh! may you fix
For ever here, and mix
Yourselves into the long
And everlasting series of a deathless song.
Powers of my soul, be proud,
And speak aloud
To all the dear-bought nations this redeeming Name,
And in the wealth of one rich word proclaim
New similes to nature.
May it be no wrong,
Blest heavens, to you and your superior song,
That we dark sons of dust and sorrow
Awhile dare borrow
The name of your delights and our desires,
And fit it to so far inferior lyres.
Our murmurs have their music too,
Ye mighty orbs, as well as you;

Nor yields the noblest nest
Of warbling seraphim to the ears of love
A choicer lesson than the joyful breast
Of a poor panting turtle-dove.
And we low worms have leave to do
The same bright business, ye third heavens! with you.
Gentle spirits, do not complain,
We will have care
To keep it fair,
And send it back to you again.
Come, lovely Name! appear from forth the bright
Regions of peaceful light;
Look from thine own illustrious home,
Fair King of names, and come:
Leave all thy native glories in their gorgeous nest,
And give Thyself awhile the gracious guest
Of humble souls that seek to find
The hidden sweets
Which man's heart meets
When Thou art master of the mind.
Come, lovely Name! life of our hope!
Lo, we hold our hearts wide ope!
Unlock thy cabinet of day,
Dearest sweet, and come away.
Lo, how the thirsty lands
Gasp for thy golden showers with long-stretched hands!
Lo, how the labouring earth
That hopes to be
All heaven by Thee,
Leaps at thy birth!
The attending world to wait thy rise,
First turned to eyes;
And then, not knowing what to do,
Turned them to tears, and spent them too.
Come, royal Name! and pay the expense
Of all thy precious patience:
Oh! come away,
And kill the death of this delay.

Oh! see so many worlds of barren years
Melted and measured out in seas of tears;
Oh! see the weary lids of wakeful hope,
(Love's eastern windows) all wide ope,
With curtains drawn,
To catch the day-break of thy dawn.
Oh! dawn at last, long looked-for day!
Take thine own wings, and come away.
Lo, where aloft it comes! It comes among
The conduct of adoring spirits, that throng
Like diligent bees, and swarm about it.

Oh! they are wise,
And know what sweets are sucked from out it.
It is the hive
By which they thrive,

Where all their hoard of honey lies.
Lo, where it comes upon the snowy dove's
Soft back, and brings a bosom big with loves.
Welcome to our dark world, thou womb of day!
Unfold thy fair conceptions, and display
The birth of our bright joys.
O thou compacted
Body of blessings! spirit of souls extracted!

Oh! dissipate thy spicy powers,
Cloud of condensed sweets! and break upon us

In balmy showers!

Oh! fill our senses and take from us
All force of so profane a fallacy,
To think aught sweet but that which smells of Thee.
Fair flowery Name! in none but Thee
And thy nectareal fragrancy,
Hourly there meets
An universal synod of all sweets;
By whom it is defined thus—

That no perfume

For ever shall presume

To pass for odoriferous,

But such alone whose sacred pedigree
 Can prove itself some kin, sweet Name! to Thee.
 Sweet Name, in thy each syllable,
 A thousand blest Arabias dwell!

A thousand hills of frankincense,
 Mountains of myrrh, and beds of spices,
 And ten thousand paradises,

The soul that tastes thee takes from hence.
 How many unknown worlds there are
 Of comforts which thou hast in keeping!

How many thousand mercies there
 In pity's soft lap lie a sleeping!

Happy is he who has the art
 To awake them,
 And to take them,
 House and lodge them in his heart.

PATRICK CAREY.

BUT little is known of Carey, except that he was a churchman and a loyalist. His poems, some of which possess great merit, were first printed by Sir Walter Scott, from a MS. dated 1651.

CHRIST IN THE CRADLE, IN THE GARDEN, AND IN HIS PASSION.

Look, how He shakes for cold!
 How pale his lips are grown!
 Wherein his limbs to fold,
 Yet mantle has He none.
 His pretty feet and hands
 (Of late more pure and white
 Than is the snow
 That pains them so,)
 Have lost their candour¹ quite.

¹ Whiteness.

His lips are blue,
(Where roses grew,)
He's frozen everywhere :
All the heat He has,
Joseph, alas!
Gives in a groan, or Mary in a tear.

Look! how He glows for heat!
What flames come from his eyes!
'Tis blood that He doth sweat,
Blood his bright forehead dyes.
See, see! it trickles down;
Look, how it showers amain!
Through every pore
His blood runs o'er,
And empty leaves each vein.
His very heart
Burns in each part,
A fire his breast doth sear :
For all this flame
To cool the same,
He only breathes a sigh, and weeps a tear.

What bruises do I see!
What hideous stripes are those!
Could any cruel be
Enough to give such blows?
Look, how they bind his arms,
And vex his soul with scorns!
Upon his hair
They make Him wear
A crown of piercing thorns.
Through hands and feet,
Sharp nails they beat.
And now the cross they rear :
Mary looks on,
But only John
Stands by to sigh, Mary to shed a tear.

Why did He quake for cold?
 Why did He glow for heat?
 Dissolve that first He could,
 He could call back that sweat.
 Those bruises, stripes, bonds, taunts,
 Those thorns which thou didst see,
 Those nails, that cross,
 His own life's loss—
 Why, oh! why suffered He?
 'Twas for thy sake:—
 Thou, thou didst make
 Him all those torments bear:
 If then his love
 Do thy soul move,
 Sigh out a groan, weep down a melting tear.

JOHN QUARLES.

JOHN QUARLES, the son of Francis Quarles, was born 1624. Though not so well known as a poet as his father, he is little inferior to him in depth of thought, and unquestionably superior in style and taste. His principal works are, *A Kingly Bed of Misery; A Fountain of Tears; Divine Meditations; and Joseph's Self-conflict*. He died of the plague, in 1665.

GOD'S LOVE TO MAN.

HE that can break a rocky heart in twain,
 And reunite it, if He please, again;
 He that can part the boiling waves, and stand
 Upon the seas as on the driest land;
 He whose celestial power can make the graves
 To open, and command their slumb'ring slaves
 To rise—nay more, to stand—nay more, to walk—
 Nay more (if more than this may be,) to talk!

He that can make a whale to entertain
A Jonah, and to cast him forth again ;
He whose Almighty power can unlock
The flinty bowels of a cragged rock,
And make her headlong gushing streams abound
To wash the bosom of the thirsty ground ;
He that can transmutate, by power divine,
The poorest water into richest wine ;
He that can curb rude Boreas, and assuage
The lawless passion of the ocean's rage ;
He that can rain down manna to supply
The craving stomachs of mortality ;
He that can, like an all-commanding God,
Make almonds flourish from a sapless rod ;
He that can make the sun and moon stand still,
Or run according to his sacred will ;
He that preserved a Daniel from the paws
Of lions, and can muzzle up their jaws ;
He that can make the greedy ravens carry
Bread to his servants—their winged commissary ;
He that can, with an unresisted hand,
Dash fire into ice, and countermand
The wanton flames, and charm them, that they dare
But burn his servants' cords, and not their hair ;
He that can cause ten thousand to be fed
With two small fishes and five loaves of bread ;
He that can clothe Himself with fire, and name
Himself I AM, and make a bush to flame
Without consuming ; He that can convert
A rod into a serpent, and not hurt ;
He that can make his visage shine so bright
That not a Moses can behold the light ;
He that can strike a hand with leprosy,
And cure it in the twinkling of an eye ;
He that can in a moment cut and break
Tongue-tying cords, and make the dumb to speak ;
He that can out of unregarded stones
Raise unto Abraham many little ones ;

He that can heal the cripple with a touch,
And free him from the thralldom of his crutch;
He that can cure the deaf, and can expel
A thousand devils in despite of hell;
He that can perfect what He first begun;—
Expects that man should say, “Thy will be done!”
Consider, man, and thou shall find it true,
Heaven can do all, but what He will not do.
Think not, because thou art of low estate,
That He will scorn to love, or love to hate.
Remember Dives, whose unsummed-up store
Improved so much, until he proved as poor
As ever Job was;—Job! unhappy I
To speak it,—he was rich in poverty.
Heaven made poor Job so rich, that Satan’s wealth
Could purchase nothing from him but his health,
And that corporeal too: he could not boast
His bargain, for ’twas Job that purchased most.

Even as the sun (which every day surrounds
The sublune globe, and pries into the bounds
Of this dark centre,) lets his beams reflect
Upon a mole-hill, with as much respect
As on a mountain—for his glorious beams
Shine always with equivalent extremes,—
Even so the great and powerful Three in One,
That sits upon his all-enlightening throne,
Does not deny to let his mercies crown
The poorest peasant with as much renown
As the most stateliest emperor: though he
Invests his body with more dignity,
Yet he’s but earth, and must at last decay;
For prince and peasant go the self-same way;
There’s no distinction—one infused breath
Made them alike, and both must live in death
Or everlasting life; both must commence
Divines in heaven; there’s no pre-eminence,
But all equality; all must express
With equal joy their equal happiness.

Rouse up, dull man, and let thy wakened soul
Be vigilate! oh, let thy thoughts enrol
The love of God; engrave it in thy breast,
That his resounding tongue may read thee blest!
Oh! let thy sighs like pens, and let thy tears
Like ink, inscribe the love, th' indulgent cares
Of thy Creator; that Himself may find,
Within th' unblotted volume of thy mind,
Himself recorded; so will He embrace
Thy spotless soul, and fill thee with his grace.
Incline thine ears, and let thy heart rejoice
To hear the strains of his harmonious voice.
Hearken, and thou shalt hear his prophets sing
The admired mercies of the glorious King:
Thus saith the great and everlasting One,
That rules the heavens, and governs earth alone;
Thus saith the Lord, that takes delight to dwell
Among his saints, that formed Israel,
Created Jacob, "Let thy sorrows flee
Out of thy breast: I have redeemed thee.
'Twas I that made thy clouded vision shine,
And called thee by my name, for thou wert mine;
I will be with thee; when thy feet shall wade
Thorough the waters, I will be thy aid:
I'll make thee walk through rivers, and the waves
Shall prove ambitious to become thy slaves;
And when thou walkest through the raging fire,
The unruly flames shall not presume t' aspire,
Or kindle on thy garments. I alone,
The Lord thy God, and Israel's Holy One,
And thy dear Saviour, that was always true,
Gave Egypt, Seba, Ethiopia, too,
To ransom thee; for thou wert my delight,
And always precious in my favouring sight.
Honours were heaped upon thee, and thou wert
The tender love of my affecting heart;
Therefore e'en I, well pleased with thee, will give
People for thy dear sake, that thou mayst live.

Fear not, for I am with thee, and will stand
 In thy defence; and my all-grasping hand
 Shall bring thy seed from the remotest places,
 And fill thee with my satisfying graces.
 My tongue shall call unto the north, and say
 Unto the south, Give; and they shall obey:
 Bring from afar my sons and daughters all,
 Hear my loud voice, be active when I call.
 I have created them, and I proclaim
 They shall be called and honoured by my name.
 I'll usher forth the blind, and make them see
 The splendid glories of my Majesty:
 I'll cure the deaf, and make their hearts rejoice
 To hear the echoes of my warbling voice."
 Thus hath our God untied the tongues, and broke
 His prophets' lips,—thus have his prophets spoke;
 And wilt thou be, O man, so much obdure,
 As not to credit Him that will assure
 Perpetual happiness? Thou canst not ask
 That which He cannot give: do but unmask
 Thy shame-faced soul, that so thou mayst descry
 Jehovah's mercies with a faithful eye;
 Descant upon his promises; advise
 With thine own thoughts; let wisdom make thee wise.

* * * * * Go rally all

Thy thoughts together, and discreetly fall
 Into a serious study. Let thy mind
 Be absolute and really inclined
 To meditation. Contradict the rage
 Of thine own passions. Labour to assuage
 The fire of lust, that so thou mayst behold,
 With more serenity, how manifold
 His mercies are. Think what He did endure
 Before his wounds had perfected thy cure.
 Remember how undauntedly He stood,
 And sweat Himself into a crimson flood,
 To ransom thee; remember how his woes
 Were asperated by his raging foes;

Remember how his sacred temples wore
A spiny crown; remember how it tore
His sublime front; remember how they broached
His breast with spears, and shamefully reproached
His spotless fame; remember how they nailed
His spreading hands; remember how they scaled
His ivory walls; remember how they spawled
Upon his face; remember how they bawled
And banded at his agony, whilst He
Proved patient martyr to their tyranny;
Remember, when He came unto the brink
Of death, they gave Him vinegar to drink.
Here's love, O man, that does as far transcend
Thy thoughts as thy deserts, that Heaven should send
His Son and Heir to be incarnated
And suffer death for thee: thou wert as dead
As sin could make thee; 'twas for thy offence
He died, ah! how, how canst thou recompense
Such high-bred favours? After thou art fed,
Wilt thou condemn the hand that gave thee bread?
Wouldst thou not love that friend that should bestow
A superannuated crust, and show
Respect unto thee when the ebbing tide
Of fortune runs so low, that thou mayst ride
Upon the sands of poverty? Fond man,
Strive to be grateful; study how to scan
The mercies of thy God; remember how
He feeds thy soul with manna; learn to bow
The unruly thoughts; with admiration think
How often and how much embittered drink
Thy Saviour drank, with what a doleful cry
He begged of God to let that cup pass by;
But knowing that his pleasure must be done,
He proved Himself a most obedient Son.
And wilt thou not, coy wretch! drink one poor sup
Of bitter drink for Him that drank a cup
To sweeten thine?

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

ABRAHAM COWLEY, the most miscellaneous of all our poets, was born in London in 1618. He was early sent to Cambridge, but being a zealous loyalist, he was ejected thence, and retired first to Oxford, and afterwards to France. He was made secretary to Lord Jermyn, and after the Restoration, through his interest, obtained an advantageous lease, which set him at ease in fortune. He died at Chertsey in 1667, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, near Chaucer and Spenser.

The writings of Cowley possess great intrinsic merit. They display a vivid imagination, clear intellect, and a rich command of language; but his style is too artificial. "In Cowley," says Mr. Montgomery, "it has been the fate of one of the most brilliant intellects that ever arose in this country never to be estimated by its real excellence."

THE GARDEN.

WHEN God did man to his own likeness make,
As much as clay, though of the purest kind,
By the great Potter's art refined,
Could the Divine impression take;
He thought it fit to place him where
A kind of heaven, too, did appear,
As far as earth could such a likeness bear:
That man no happiness might want,
Which earth to her first brother could afford,
He did a garden for him plant
By the quick hand of his omnipotent word;
As the chief help and joy of human life,
He gave him the first gift, first e'en before a wife.
O blessed shades! O gentle cool retreat
From all the immoderate heat
In which the frantic world does burn and sweat!
This does the lion-star ambition's rage,
This avarice, the dog-star's, thirst assuage:

Everywhere else their fatal power to see,
They make and rule man's wretched destiny :
They neither set nor disappear,
But tyrannize o'er all the year,
Whilst we ne'er feel their flame or influence here.
The birds that dance from bough to bough,
And sing above in every tree,
Are not from fears and cares more free
Than we who lie, or sit, or walk below,
And should by right be singers too.
What prince's quire of music can excel
That which within this shade does dwell,
To which we nothing pay or give?
They, like all other poets, live
Without reward or thanks for their obliging pains;
'Tis well, if they become not prey.
The whistling winds add their less artful strains,
And a grave bass the murmuring fountains play.

When Epicurus to the world had taught
That pleasure was the chiefest good,
(And was perhaps i' th' right, if rightly understood,)
His life he to his doctrine brought,
And in a garden's shade that sovereign pleasure sought.
Whoever a true epicure would be,
May there find cheap and virtuous luxury.
Vitellius's table, which did hold
As many creatures as the ark of old;
That fiscal table, to which every day
All countries did a constant tribute pay;
Could nothing more delicious afford,
Than nature's liberality,
Helped with a little art and industry,
Allows the meanest gardener's board.
The wanton taste no fish or fowl can choose,
For which the grape or melon he would lose :
Though all the inhabitants of sea and air
Be listed in the glutton's bill of fare,

Yet still the fruits of earth we see
Placed the third story high in all her luxury.

But with each sense the garden does comply ;
None courts, or flatters, as it does, the eye :
When the great Hebrew king did almost strain
The wondrous treasures of his wealth and brain,
His royal southern guest to entertain ;
Though she on silver floors did tread,
With bright Assyrian carpets on them spread,

To hide the metal's poverty ;
Though she looked up to roofs of gold,
And nought around her could behold,

But silk and rich embroidery,

And Babylonian tapestry,

And wealthy Hiram's princely dye

Through Ophir's starry stones met everywhere her eye ;

Though she herself and her gay host were dressed

With all the shining glories of the East ;

When lavish art her costly work had done,

The honour and the prize of bravery

Was by the garden from the palace won ;

And every rose and lily there did stand

Better attired by nature's hand :

The case thus judged against the king we see,

By one that would not be so rich, though wiser far than he.

Nor does this happy place only dispense

Such various pleasures to the sense ;

Here health itself does live,

That salt of life, which does to all a relish give ;

Its standing pleasure and intrinsic wealth,

The body's virtue, and the soul's good fortune—health.

The tree of life, when it in Eden stood,

Did its immortal head to heaven rear ;

It lasted a tall cedar till the Flood :

Now a small thorny shrub it does appear,

Nor will it thrive too everywhere :

It always here is freshest seen—
'Tis only here an evergreen.
If through the strong and beauteous fence
Of temperance and innocence,
And wholesome labours and a quiet mind,
Any diseases passage find,
They must not think here to assail
 A land unarmed, or without a guard.
 They must fight for it, and dispute it hard,
Before they can prevail:
Scarce any plant is growing here
Which against death some weapon does not bear.

Where does the wisdom and the power Divine
In a more bright and sweet reflection shine?
Where do we finer strokes and colours see
Of the Creator's real poetry,
Than when we with attention look
Upon the third day's volume of the book?
If we could open and extend our eye,
We all, like Moses, should espy
Even in a bush the radiant Deity.
But we despise these his inferior ways,
(Though no less full of miracle and praise).
Upon the flowers of heaven we gaze;
The stars of earth no wonder in us raise;
Though these, perhaps, do more than they
The life of mankind sway.
Although no part of mighty nature be
More stored with beauty, power, and mystery;
Yet to encourage human industry,
God has so ordered that no other part
Such space and such dominion leaves for art.
We nowhere art do so triumphant see
As when it grafts or buds the tree.
In other things we count it to excel,
 If it a docile scholar can appear

To nature, and but imitate her well :

It overrules and is her master here.

It imitates her Maker's power divine,

And changes her sometimes, and sometimes does refine;

It does, like grace, the fallen tree restore

To its blessed state of paradise before.

Who would not joy to see his conquering hand

O'er all the vegetable world command?

And the wild giants of the wood receive

What law he pleased to give?

Methinks I see great Diocletian walk

In the Salonian garden's noble shade,

Which by his own imperial hands was made :

I see him smile (methinks) as he does talk

With the ambassadors who came in vain

To entice him to a throne again.

"If I, my friends," said he, "should to you show

All the delights which in these gardens grow,

'Tis likelier much that you should with me stay,

Than 'tis that you should carry me away :

And trust me not, my friends, if every day

I walk not here with more delight

Than even after the most happy fight

In triumph to the Capitol I rode,

To thank the gods, and to be thought myself almost a god !"

THE ECSTASY.

I LEAVE mortality, and things below ;

I have no time in compliments to waste,

Farewell to ye all in haste,

For I am called to go.

A whirlwind bears up my dull feet,

The officious clouds beneath them meet,

And lo! I mount, and lo!
How small the biggest parts of earth's proud title show.

Where shall I find the noble British land?
Lo! I at last a northern speck espy,
Which in the sea does lie,
And seems a grain o' the sand;
For this will any sin or bleed?
Of civil wars is this the meed?
And is it this, alas! which we,
Oh! irony of words! do call Great Britannie?

I passed by th' arched magazines which hold
Th' eternal stores of frost, and rain and snow;
Dry and secure I go,
Nor shake with fear or cold;
Without affright or wonder,
I meet clouds charged with thunder,
And lightnings in my way,
Like harmless lambent fires about my temples play.

Now into a gentle sea of rolling flame
I'm plunged, and still mount higher there,
As flames mount up through air,
So perfect, yet so tame,
So great, so pure, so bright a fire
Was that unfortunate desire,
My faithful breast did cover,
When, when I was of late a wretched mortal lover.

Throng several orbs which one fair planet bear,
Where I behold distinctly as I pass,
The hints of Galileo's glass,
I touch at last the spangled sphere.
Here all the extended sky
Is but one galaxy,
'Tis all so bright and gay,
And the joint eyes of night make up a perfect day.

Where am I now? angels and God is here ;
An unexhausted ocean of delight
Swallows my senses quite,
And drowns all what, or how, or where ;
Not Paul, who first did thither pass,
And this great world's Columbus was,
The tyrannous pleasure could express ;
Oh, 'tis too much for man! but let it ne'er be less.

The mighty Elijah mounted so on high,
That second man, who leaped the ditch where all
The rest of mankind fall,
And went not downwards to the sky.
With much of pomp and show,
As conquering kings in triumph go,
Did he to heaven approach,
And wondrous was his way, and wondrous was his coach.

'Twas gaudy all, and rich in every part,
Of essences of gems, and spirit of gold,
Was its substantial mould ;
Drawn forth by chemic angel's art,
Here with moon-beams 'twas silvered bright,
There double-gilt with the sun's light,
And mystic shapes cut round in it,
Figures that did transcend a vulgar angel's wit.

The horses were of tempered lightning made,
Of all that in heaven's beauteous pastures feed
The noblest, sprightfullest breed ;
And flaming manes their necks arrayed :
They all were shod with diamond,
Not such as here are found,
But such light solid ones as shine
On the transparent rocks o' th' heavenly crystalline.

Thus mounted the great prophet to the skies ;
Astonished men, who oft had seen stars fall,
Or that which so they call,
Wondered from hence to see one rise.

The soft clouds melted him a way;
The snow and frosts which in it lay
Awhile the sacred footsteps bore,
The wheels and horses' hoofs hissed as they past them o'er.

He past by the moon and planets, and did fright
All the worlds there, which at this meteor gazed,
And their astrologers amazed

With th' unexampl'd sight.
But where he stopped will ne'er be known,
Till phoenix Nature aged grown,
To a better being do aspire,
And mount herself like him to eternity in fire.

GEORGE WITHER.

GEORGE WITHER was born at Bentworth, near Alton, in Hampshire, in 1588. He received his early education in a neighbouring village, from whence he was sent to Magdalen College, Oxford. It was here his poetical talents were first developed. His principal works are *Abuses Stript and Whipt*, *Britain's Remembrancer*, *The Shepherd's Hunting*, and *Emblems*. These were produced amid the heat of polemics, with which they are unfortunately tinctured; there is, however, much in them to be admired; and for that which cannot be so, the poet may be forgiven, when we consider that he was a sufferer almost to martyrdom, in those troublous times in which he lived. The censure which some have passed upon him as a mere rhymers, is wholly undeserved; all who are acquainted with his works pronounce him to be no mean poet. He died in 1677.

THE MARIGOLD.

WHEN with a serious musing I behold
The grateful and obsequious marigold,
How duly, every morning she displays
Her open breast, when Titan spreads his rays;

How she observes him in his daily walk,
Still bending towards him her small slender stalk ;
How when he down declines, she droops and mourns,
Bedewed, as 'twere with tears, till he returns ;
And how she veils her flowers when he is gone,
As if she scorned to be looked on
By an inferior eye ; or did contemn
To wait upon a meaner light than him.
When this I meditate, methinks the flowers
Have spirits far more generous than ours,
And give us fair examples to despise
The servile fawnings and idolatries,
Wherewith we court these earthly things below,
Which merit not the service we bestow.
But, oh ! my God, though grovelling I appear,
Upon the ground, and have a footing here,
Which hales me downward, yet in my desire
To that which is above me I aspire ;
And all my best affections I profess
To Him that is the Sun of Righteousness.
Oh ! keep the morning of his incarnation,
The burning noontide of his bitter passion,
The night of his descending, and the height
Of his ascension,—ever in my sight :
That imitating Him in what I may,
I never follow an inferior way.

PSALM CXLVIII.

COME, oh ! come, with sacred lays,
Let us sound the Almighty's praise ;
Hither bring in true consent,
Heart and voice, and instrument.
Let the orpharion¹ sweet,
With the harp and viol meet :

¹ An ancient stringed instrument, somewhat resembling the guitar.

To your voices tune the lute:
Let not tongue nor string be mute:
Not a creature dumb be found,
That hath either voice or sound.

Let such things as do not live,
In still music praises give;
Lowly pipe, ye worms that creep
On the earth or in the deep;
Loud aloft your voices strain,
Beasts and monsters of the main;
Birds, your warbling treble sing;
Clouds, your peals of thunder ring;
Sun and moon exalted higher,
And you stars, augment the quire.

Come, ye sons of human race,
In this chorus take your place,
And amid this mortal throng,
Be you masters of the song.
Angels and celestial powers,
Be the noblest tenor yours.
Let in praise of God the sound,
Run a never-ending round,
That our holy hymn may be
Everlasting as is He.

From the earth's vast hollow womb,
Music's deepest base shall come.
Sea and floods from shore to shore
Shall the counter-tenor roar.
To this concert, when we sing,
Whistling winds, your descant bring:
Which may bear the sound above
Where the orb of fire doth move,
And so climb from sphere to sphere,
Till our song the Almighty hear.

So shall He from heaven's high tower
On the earth his blessing shower;

All this huge wide orb we see,
Shall one quire, one temple be ;
There our voices we will rear,
Till we fill it everywhere :
And enforce the fiends that dwell
In the air, to sink to hell.
Then, oh ! come, with sacred lays,
Let us sound the Almighty's praise.

THE VIRTUOUS MAN.

The Emblem represents a flame upon a mountain, driven to and fro by tempestuous winds, yet continually gathering strength and brightness.

THUS fares the man whom virtue, beacon-like,
Hath fixed upon the hills of eminence ;
At him the tempests of mad envy strike,
And rage against his piles of innocence ;
But still the more they wrong him, and the more
They seek to keep his worth from being known,
They daily make it greater than before,
And cause his fame the further to be blown.
When, therefore, no self-doting arrogance,
But virtues covered with a modest veil,
Break through obscurity, and thee advance
To place where envy shall thy worth assail,
Discourage not thyself, but stand the shocks
Of wrath and fury. Let them snarl and bite,
Pursue thee with detraction, slander, mocks,
And all the venom'd engines of despight.
Thou art above their malice, and the blaze
Of thy celestial fire shall shine so clear,
That their besotted souls thou shalt amaze,
And make thy splendours to their shame appear.

DIVERS PROVIDENCES.

WHEN all the year our fields are fresh and green,
And while sweet showers and sunshine, every day,
As oft as need requireth, come between
The heavens and earth, they heedless pass away.
The fulness and continuance of a blessing
Doth make us to be senseless of the good ;
And if sometimes it fly not our possessing,
The sweetness of it is not understood ;
Had we no winter, summer would be thought
Not half so pleasing ; and if tempests were not,
Such comforts by a calm could not be brought ;
For things, save by their opposites, appear not.
Both health and wealth are tasteless unto some,
And so is ease and every other pleasure,
Till poor or sick, or grieved, they become,
And then they relish these in ampler measure.
God, therefore, full of kind, as He is wise,
So tempereth all the favours He will do us,
That we his bounties may the better prize,
And make his chastisements less bitter to us.
One while a scorching indignation burns
The flowers and blossoms of our hopes away,
Which into scarcity our plenty turns,
And changeth new mown grass to parched hay ;
Anon his fruitful showers and pleasing dews,
Commixed with cheerful rays, He sendeth down,
And then the barren earth her crops renews,
Which with rich harvests hills and valleys crown ;
For, as to relish joys, He sorrow sends ;
So comfort on temptation still attends.

THE GLORY OF CHRIST UNDER THE FIGURE OF SOLOMON.

CANTICLES III.

WHAT's he that from the desert there,
Doth like those smoky pillars come,
Which from the incense and the myrrh,
And all the merchant's spices fume?
His bed, which lo! is Solomon's,
Threescore stout men about it stand;
They are of Israel's valiant ones,
And all of them with swords in hand.

All those are men expert in fight,
And each man on his thigh doth wear
A sword, that terrors of the night
May be forbid from coming there.
King Solomon a goodly place
With trees of Lebanon did rear,
Each pillar of it silver was,
And gold the bases of them were.

With purple covered he the same,
And all the pavement, throughout,
Oh! daughters of Jerusalem,
For you with charity is wrought.
Come, Sion's daughters! come away,
And crowned with his diadem,
King Solomon behold you may.
That crown his mother set on him,
When he a married man was made,
And in his heart contentment had.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

JEREMY TAYLOR, the most eloquent of English preachers, was the author of many prose works of surpassing excellence, and, though little known as a poet, also of some hymns well deserving notice. It is true that they are not so remarkable as his prose, for felicity of diction, but they are replete with rich and noble thoughts, thoughts fitted to improve the heart of him who reads them. He was born in 1613, and died bishop of Down and Connor in 1667.

THE WISE MEN COMING TO WORSHIP JESUS.

A COMET dangling in the air,
Presaged the ruin both of death and sin;
And told the wise men of a King,
The King of glory, and the Sun
Of righteousness, who then begun
To draw towards that blessed hemisphere.
They from the furthest east, this new
And unknown light pursue,

Till they appear

In this blest infant King's propitious eye,
And pay their homage to his royalty.
Persia might then the rising sun adore;
It was idolatry no more.

Great God! they gave to Thee

Myrrh, frankincense and gold;

But, Lord, with what shall we
Present ourselves before thy Majesty,

Whom Thou redeemest when we were sold?

We've nothing but ourselves, and scarce that neither;

Vile dirt and clay;

Yet it is soft and may

Impression take.

Accept it, Lord, and say, this Thou hadst rather;
Stamp it, and on this sordid metal make
Thy holy image, and it shall outshine
The beauty of the golden mine. Amen.

IMMANUEL.

How good a God have we! who for our sake,
To save us from the burning lake,
Did change the order of creation :

At first He made
Man like Himself in his own image; now
In the more blessed reparation,
The heavens bow,
Eternity took the measure of a span;

And said,
“ Let us make ourselves like man;
And not from man the woman take,
But from the woman, man.”
Hallelujah, we adore
His name, whose goodness hath no store.

OF HEAVEN.

O BEAUTEOUS God, uncircumscribed treasure
Of an eternal pleasure,
Thy throne is seated far
Above the highest star,
Where Thou preparest a glorious place
Within the brightness of thy face,
For every spirit
To inherit,
That build his hopes upon thy merit,

And loves Thee with a holy charity.
What ravished heart, seraphic tongue or eyes,
Clear as the morning rise,
Can speak, or think, or see
That bright eternity?
Where the great King's transparent throne
Is of an entire jasper stone;
There the eye
O' th' chrysolite,
And a sky
Of diamonds, rubies, chrysoprase,
And above all, thy holy face,
Makes an eternal charity.
When Thou thy jewels up dost bind—that day
Remember us we pray,
That where the beryl lies,
And the crystal 'bove the skies,
There Thou mayest appoint us place
Within the brightness of thy face,
And our soul,
In the scroll
Of life and blissfulness enrol,
That we may praise Thee to eternity. Allelujah.

HENRY KING.

HENRY KING, author of miscellaneous poems, and a version of the Psalms, was born in 1591. He was successively Chaplain to James the First, Dean of Rochester, and Bishop of Chichester, and died in 1669. All the writings of King are religious, and there is a peculiar charm in his poetry, arising more from this circumstance than from its style.

THE DIRGE.

WHAT is the existence of man's life
But open war or slumbered strife,
Where sickness to his sense presents
The combat of the elements,
And never feels a perfect peace,
Till death's cold hand signs his release?

It is a storm, where the hot blood
Outvies in rage the boiling flood:
And each loose passion of the mind
Is like a furious gust of wind,
Which beats his bark with many a wave,
Till he casts anchor in the grave.

It is a flower, which buds and grows,
And withers as the leaves disclose,
Whose spring and fall faint seasons keep,
Like fits of waking before sleep;
Then shrinks into that fatal mould,
Where its first being was enrolled.

It is a dream, whose seeming truth
Is moralized in age and youth;
Where all the comforts he can share,
As wandering as his fancies are;
Till in a mist of dark decay
The dreamer vanished quite away.

It is a dial, which points out
The sun-set as it moves about ;
And shadows out in lines of night,
The subtle stages of time's flight ;
Till all-obscuring earth hath laid
His body in perpetual shade.

It is a weary interlude,
Which doth short joys, long woes, include :
The world the stage, the prologue tears,
The acts vain hopes and varied fears ;
The scene shuts up with loss of breath,
And leaves no epilogue but death.

THE LABYRINTH.

LIFE is a crooked labyrinth, and we
Are daily lost in that obliquity.
'Tis a perplexed circle, in whose round
Nothing but sorrows and new sins abound.
How is the faint impression of each good
Drowned in the vicious channel of our blood,
Whose ebbs and tides by their vicissitude,
Both our great Maker and ourselves delude !
Oh ! wherefore is the most discerning eye
Unapt to make its own discovery ?
Why is the clearest and best judging mind,
In its own ills' prevention dark and blind ?
Dull to advise, to act precipitate,
We scarce think what to do, but when too late,
Or if we think, that fluid thought, like seed,
Roots there to propagate some fouler deed.
Still we repent and sin—sin and repent ;
We thaw and freeze ; we harden and relent.
Those fires which cooled to day, the morrow's heat
Rekindles ; thus frail nature does repeat

What she unlearnt, and still by learning on
Perfected her lesson of confusion.
Sick soul! what cure shall I for thee devise,
Whose leprous state corrupts all remedies?
What medicine or what cordial can be got
For thee, who poisonest thy best antidote?
Repentance is thy bane, since thou by it
Only revivest the fault thou didst commit.
Nor grievest thou for the past, but art in pain,
For fear thou mayest not act it o'er again;
So that thy tears, like water spilt on lime,
Serve not to quench, but to advance thy crime.
My blessed Saviour, unto Thee I fly!
For help against this home-bred tyranny.
Thou canst true sorrow in my soul imprint,
And draw contrition from a breast of flint;
Thou canst reverse this labyrinth of sin,
My will affects and actions wander in.
Oh! guide my faith! and, by thy grace's clue
Teach me to hunt that kingdom at the view,
Where true joys reign, which like their day shall last,
Those never clouded, nor that overcast.

SIC VITA.

LIKE to the falling of a star,
Or as the flight of eagles are,
Or like the fresh Spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew,
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood:
Even such is man, whose borrowed light
Is straight called in, and paid to night.

The wind blows out, the bubble dies;
The Spring entombed in Autumn lies
The dew dries up, the star is shot,
The flight is past—and man forgot.

JOHN MILTON.

THIS divine poet was born in London in 1608. He was educated with the most sedulous care, and the intensity of his boyish studies was the probable cause of his future blindness. After leaving Cambridge, he remained some time at his father's house in Horton, Buckinghamshire; when turned of thirty he went to Italy, and returned to England about the breaking out of the civil wars. He after a while took office under Cromwell, and being the literary champion of the Commonwealth, on the Restoration, he had no reason to expect anything but destruction; he was, however, included in the act of amnesty, and he retired to Chalfont St. Giles, Bucks, where the house in which he lived still stands almost entire. It was here that he produced in total darkness, that incomparable poem, his *Paradise Lost*; which to praise would be vain. He afterwards, at the same place, produced his *Paradise Regained*, a work of inferior merit. He died in 1674, and was buried in Cripplegate Church. A monument is erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey.

THE SON OF GOD OFFERING HIMSELF TO BECOME THE SAVIOUR OF MAN.

*The Father having foretold the fall of Man, and the only means of
his recovery being an expiatory sacrifice, inquires:—*

“SAY, heavenly powers, where shall we find such love?
Which of ye will be mortal to redeem
Man's mortal crime, and just, the unjust to save?
Dwells in all heaven charity so dear?”
He asked, but all the heavenly quire stood mute,
And silence was in heaven: on man's behalf
Patron or intercessor none appeared,
Much less that durst upon his own head draw
The deadly forfeiture, and ransom set.
And now without redemption all mankind

Must have been lost, adjudged to death and hell
By doom severe, had not the Son of God,
In whom the fulness dwells of love divine,
His dearest mediation thus renewed:
“ Father, thy word is past, man shall find grace;
And shall grace not find means, that finds her way,
The speediest of thy winged messengers,
To visit all thy creatures, and to all
Comes unprevented, unimplored, unsought?
Happy for man, so coming! he her aid
Can never seek, once dead in sins and lost;
Atonement for himself, or offering meet,
Indebted and undone! hath none to bring:
Behold me then! me for him, life for life
I offer; on me let thine anger fall;
Account me man; I for his sake will leave
Thy bosom, and this glory next to Thee,
Freely put off, and for him lastly die
Well pleased; on me let death wreak all his rage;
Under his gloomy power I shall not long
Lie vanquished; Thou hast given me to possess
Life in myself for ever; by Thee I live,
Though now to death I yield, and am his due.
All that of me can die; yet, that debt paid,
Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsome grave
His prey, nor suffer my unspotted soul
For ever with corruption there to dwell;
But I shall rise victorious, and subdue
My vanquisher, spoiled of his vaunted spoil:
Death his death's-wound shall then receive, and stoop
Inglorious, of his mortal sting disarmed.
I through the ample air in triumph high,
Shall lead hell captive, maugre hell! and show
The powers of darkness bound. Thou at the sight,
Pleased, out of heaven shalt look down and smile;
While by Thee raised I ruin all my foes,
Death last, and with his carcass glut the grave:
Then with the multitude of my redeemed,

Shall enter heaven, long absent, and return,
Father! to see thy face, wherein no cloud
Of anger shall remain; but peace assured,
And reconciliation: wrath shall be no more
Thenceforth, but in thy presence joy entire.”
His words here ended, but his meek aspect
Silent yet spake, and breathed immortal love
To mortal men, above which only shone
Filial obedience: as a sacrifice,
Glad to be offered, he attends the will
Of his great Father. Admiration seized
All heaven, what this might mean, and whither tend,
Wondering; but soon the Almighty thus replied:
“O Thou, in heaven and earth, the only peace
Found out for mankind under wrath! O Thou,
My sole complacence! well Thou know'st how dear
To me are all my works, nor man the least,
Though last created: that for Him I spare
Thee from my bosom and right hand, to save
By losing Thee awhile, the whole race lost.
Thou, therefore, whom Thou only canst redeem,
Their nature also to thy nature join,
And be Thyself man among men on earth,
Made flesh, when time shall be, of virgin seed,
By wondrous birth: be Thou in Adam's room,
The head of all mankind, though Adam's son.
As in him perish all men, so in Thee,
As from a second root, shall be restored
As many as are restored; without Thee none.
His crime makes guilty all his sons; thy merit
Imputed shall absolve them who renounce
Their own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,
And live in Thee transplanted, and from Thee
Receive new life. So man, as is most just,
Shall satisfy for man, be judged, and die.
And dying rise, and rising with him raise
His brethren, ransomed with his own dear life.
So heavenly love shall outdo hellish hate,

Giving to death and dying to redeem,
So dearly to redeem what hellish hate
So easily destroyed, and still destroys,
In those who, when they may, accept not grace.
Nor shalt Thou, by descending to assume
Man's nature, lessen or degrade thine own.
Because Thou hast, though throned in highest bliss
Equal to God, and equally enjoying
Godlike fruition, quitted all to save
A world from utter loss, and hast been found
By merit more than birthright, Son of God,
Found worthiest to be so by being good,
Far more than great or high ; because in Thee
Love hath abounded more than glory abounds ;
Therefore thy humiliation shall exalt
With Thee thy manhood also to this throne :
Here shalt Thou sit incarnate, here shalt reign
Both God and Man, Son both of God and Man,
Anointed universal King ; all power .
I give Thee ; reign for ever, and assume
Thy merits : under Thee, as head supreme,
Thrones, principdoms, powers, dominions, I reduce ;
All knees to Thee shall bow, of them that bide
In heaven, or earth, or under earth in hell.
When Thou, attended gloriously from heaven,
Shalt in the sky appear, and from Thee send
The summoning archangels to proclaim
Thy dread tribunal, forthwith from all winds
The living and forthwith the cited dead
Of all past ages, to the general doom
Shall hasten ; such a peal shall rouse their sleep :
Then all thy saints assembled, Thou shalt judge
Bad men and angels ; they arraigned, shall sink
Beneath thy sentence ; hell, her numbers full,
Thenceforth shall be for ever shut ; meanwhile
The world shall burn, and from her ashes spring
New heaven and earth, wherein the just shall dwell ;
And, after all their tribulations long,

See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,
With joy and love triumphing, and fair truth :
Then Thou thy regal sceptre shalt lay by,
For regal sceptre then no more shalt need ;
God shall be all in all. But all ye gods
Adore Him, who to compass all this dies ;
Adore the Son, and honour Him as Me."

No sooner had th' Almighty ceased, but all
The multitude of angels, with a shout
Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
As from blest voices, uttering joy, heaven rung
With jubilee, and loud hosannas filled
The eternal regions ; lowly reverent
Towards either throne they bow, and to the ground
With solemn adoration down they cast
Their crowns, inwove with amaranth and gold ;
Immortal amaranth ! a flower which once
In Paradise, fast by the tree of life,
Began to bloom ; but soon for man's offence
To heaven removed, where first it grew, there grows
And flowers aloft, shading the fount of life ;
And where the river of bliss through midst of heaven
Rolls o'er Elysian flowers her amber stream :
With these, that never fade, the spirits elect
Bind their resplendent locks, inwreathed with beams ;
Now in loose garlands thick thrown off, the bright
Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone,
Impurpled with celestial roses smiled.
Then crowned again, their golden harps they took ;
Harps ever tuned, that, glittering by their side,
Like quivers hung, and with preamble sweet
Of charming symphony they introduce
Their sacred song, and waken raptures high ;
No voice exempt ; no voice but well could join
Melodious part, such concord is in heaven.

Thee, Father, first they sung, omnipotent,
Immutable, immortal, infinite,
Eternal King ; Thee, Author of all being,

Fountain of light, Thyself invisible
Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sittest
Throned inaccessible, but when Thou shadest
The full blaze of thy beams, and through a cloud
Drawn round about Thee like a radiant shrine,
Dark with excessive bright, thy skirts appear,
Yet dazzle heaven, that brightest seraphim
Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes.
Thee next they sang, of all creation first,
Begotten Son, Divine Similitude!
In whose conspicuous countenance, without cloud
Made visible, th' Almighty Father shines,
Whom else no creature can behold: on Thee
Impressed, th' effulgence of his glory abides,
Transfused on Thee his ample spirit rests.
He heaven of heavens, and all the powers therein,
By Thee created; and by Thee threw down
Th' aspiring dominations: Thou that day
Thy Father's dreadful thunder didst not spare,
Nor stop thy flaming chariot-wheels, that shook
Heaven's everlasting frame, while o'er the necks
Thou drovest of warring angels disarrayed.
Back from pursuit thy powers with loud acclaim
Thee only extolled, Son of thy Father's might,
To execute fierce vengeance on his foes.
Not so on man: him through their malice fallen,
Father of mercy and grace! Thou didst not doom
So strictly, but much more to pity incline:
No sooner did thy dear and only Son
Perceive Thee purposed not to doom frail man
So strictly, but much more to pity incline:
He to appease thy wrath and end the strife
Of mercy and justice in thy face discerned,
Regardless of the bliss wherein He sat
Second to Thee, offered Himself to die
For man's offence. O unexampled love!
Love nowhere to be found less than Divine!
Hail, Son of God, Saviour of men! Thy name

Shall be the copious matter of my song
Henceforth, and never shall my harp thy praise
Forget, nor from thy Father's praise disjoin.

ADAM'S MORNING HYMN.

THESE are thy glorious works, Parent of Good!
Almighty! thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair; Thyself how wondrous then!
Unspeakable, who sittest above these heavens
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought and power divine.
Speak ye, who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels; for ye behold Him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne, rejoicing; ye in heaven:
On earth join all ye creatures, to extol
Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end.
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise Him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou sun of this great world both high and soul,
Acknowledge Him thy greater, sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st
And when high noon hast gained, and when thou fall'st.
Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fliest,
With the fixed stars, fixed in their orb that flies;
And ye five other wandering fires, that move
In mystic dance, not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness called up light.
Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix,
And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.

Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise
 From hill or streaming lake, dusky or grey,
 Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
 In honour to the world's great Author, rise ;
 Whether to deck with clouds th' uncoloured sky,
 Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
 Rising or falling still advance His praise.
 His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
 Breathe soft or loud ; and wave your tops, ye pines,
 With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
 Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow,
 Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
 Join voices, all ye living souls ; ye birds,
 That singing up to heaven-gate ascend,
 Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
 Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
 The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep,
 Witness if I be silent morn or even,
 To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,
 Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
 Hail, universal Lord ! be bounteous still
 To give us only good ; and, if the night
 Have gathered aught of evil, or concealed,
 Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark !

HYMN ON THE NATIVITY.

It was the winter wild,
 While the heaven-born child
 All meanly wrapt, in the rude manger lies :
 Nature in awe to Him
 Had doffed her gaudy trim,
 With her great Master so to sympathize :
 It was no season then for her
 To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.
 Only, with speeches fair,
 She woos the gentle air,

To hide her guilty front with innocent snow ;
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinful blame,
The saintly veil of maiden white to throw ;
Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

But He her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace ;
She, crowned with olive-green, came softly sliding
Down through the turning sphere,
His ready harbinger,
With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing ;
And waving wide her myrtle-wand,
She strikes a universal peace through sea and land.

No war, or battle's sound,
Was heard the world around :
The idle spear and shield were high up hung,
The hooked chariot stood
Unstained with hostile blood ;
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng ;
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night,
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began :
The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kissed,
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean ;
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

The stars, with deep amaze,
Stand fixed in steadfast gaze,
Bending one way their precious influence,
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,
Or Lucifer that often warned them thence ;

But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Until their Lord Himself bespake, and bid them go.
And though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,
The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferior flame
The new enlightened world no more should need ;
He saw a greater Sun appear
Than his bright throne, or burning axletree could bear.
The shepherds on the lawn,
Or ere the point of dawn,
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row ;
Full little thought they then,
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below ;
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.
When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal finger strook ;
Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringed noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture took :
The air, such pleasures loth to lose
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close.
Nature that heard such sound,
Beneath the hollow round
Of Cynthia's seat, the airy region thrilling,
Now was almost won
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling ;
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all heaven and earth in happier union.
At last surrounds their sight,
A globe of circular light,

That with long beams the shamefaced night arrayed ;
The helmed cherubim,
And sworded seraphim,
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displayed,
Harping in loud and solemn quire,
With unexpressive notes to heaven's new-born Heir.

Such music (as 'tis said)
Before was never made,
But when of old the sons of morning sung,
While the Creator great
His constellations set,
And the well-balanced world on hinges hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres,
Once bless our human ears,
If ye have power to touch our senses so ;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time ;
And let the base of heaven's deep organ blow ;
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full concert to th' angelic symphony.

For if such holy song
Inwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold ;
And speckled vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous sin will melt from earthly mould ;
And hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

Yea, Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men,
Orbed in a rainbow ; and, like glories wearing,
Mercy will sit between,
Throned in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering ;

And heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.
But wisest fate says, No,
This must not yet be so,
The Babe lies yet in smiling infancy,
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss ;
So both Himself and us to glorify :
Yet first to those chained in sleep
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through the deep ;
With such a horrid clang
As on Mount Sinai rang,
While the red fire and smouldering clouds outbrake ;
The aged earth aghast,
With terror of that blast,
Shall from the surface to the centre shake ;
When at the world's last session,
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread his throne.
And then at last our bliss,
Full and perfect is,
But now begins: for, from this happy day,
The old dragon under ground,
In straiter limits bound,
Not half so far casts his usurped sway ;
And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,
Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.
The oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.
No nightly trance, or breathed spell,
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.
The lonely mountains o'er
And the rescounding shore,

A voice of weeping heard and loud lament ;
From haunted spring and dale,
Edged with poplar pale,
The parting Genius is with sighing sent :
With flower-inwoven tresses torn,
The Nymphs, in twilight shade of tangled thickets, mourn.

In consecrated earth,
And on the holy hearth,
The lars and lemures moan with midnight plaint ;
In urns and altars round,
A drear and dying sound
Affrights the flamens at their service quaint :
And the chill marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar Power forgoes his wonted seat.

Peor and Baalim
Forsake their temples dim,
With that twice battered god of Palestine ;
And mooned Ashtaroth,
Heaven's queen and mother both,
Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shrine,
The Lybic Hammon shrinks his horn,
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Tammuz mourn.

And sullen Moloch fled,
Hath left in shadows dread
His burning idol all of blackest hue ;
In vain, with cymbals' ring,
They call the grizly king,
In dismal dance about the furnace blue :
The brutish gods of Nile as fast,
Isis and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste.

Nor is Osiris seen
In Memphian grove or green,
Trampling the unshowered grass with lowings loud :
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest,
Nought but profoundest hell can be his shroud ;

In vain with timbrelled anthems dark
The sable-stoled sorcerers bear his worshipped ark.
He feels from Judah's land
The dreaded Infant's hand,
The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyne;
Nor all the gods beside,
Longer dare abide,
Nor Typhon huge ending in snaky twine:
Our Babe, to show his Godhead true,
Can in his swaddling bands control the damned crew.
So when the sun in bed,
Curtained with cloudy red,
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave;
The flocking shadows pale
Troop to th' infernal jail,
Each fettered ghost slips to his several grave;
And the yellow-skirted fays
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-loved maze.
But see the virgin blest,
Hath laid her Babe to rest;
Time is, our tedious song should here have ending;
Heaven's youngest-teemed star
Hath fixed her polished car,
Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending:
And all about the courtly stable
Bright-harnessed angels sit in order serviceable.

SONNET.

ON HIS BEING ARRIVED AT HIS TWENTY-THIRD YEAR.

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
Stolen on his wing my three and twentieth year!
My hasting days fly on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossom show'th.

Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
That I to manhood am arrived so near ;
And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
That some more timely-happy spirits endueth.
Yet be it less or more, or soon, or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure even,
To that same lot, however mean or high,
Toward which time leads me, and the will of heaven ;
All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great Taskmaster's eye.

ON THE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT.

AVENGE, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold ;
Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones,
Forget not: in thy book record their groans,
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that rolled
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow
O'er all th' Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple tyrant: that from these may grow
A hundred fold, who having learned thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent,
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent

To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He, returning, chide;
“Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?”
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, “God doth not need
Either man’s work, or his own gifts; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve Him best; his state
Is kingly. Thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o’er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait.”

ANDREW MARVELL.

ANDREW MARVELL was born at Hull, in 1620. He received a good education, and, after travelling for improvement, he was appointed Secretary to the English embassy at Constantinople. It is probable that he also assisted Milton as Latin Secretary to the Protector. After the Restoration, he was elected one of the Members for his native place; and such was his simplicity of manners, and inflexible integrity, that no offers, however tempting, could turn him aside from his path of duty. His poetry, of which he published only some fugitive pieces, is remarkable for warmth of feeling and elegance of style; one could wish that he had written more. He died in 1678.

THE EMIGRANTS.

WHERE the remote Bermudas ride
In ocean’s bosom unespied,
From a small boat that rowed along,
The listening winds received their song.

“What should we do but sing his praise
That led us through the watery maze,
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own.

Where He the huge sea-monster racks,
That lift the deep upon their backs;
He lands us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storms’ and prelates’ rage.

He gives us this eternal spring,
Which here enamels every thing;
And sends the fowls to us, in care,
On daily visits through the air.

He hangs in shades the orange bright,
Like golden lamps in a green night,
And does in the pomegranate close
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows.

He makes the figs our mouths to meet,
And throws the melons at our feet;
With cedars, chosen by his hand,
From Lebanon, He stores the land.

He cast,—of which we rather boast—
The Gospel’s pearl, upon our coast,
And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple where to sound his name.

Oh! let our voice his praise exalt,
Till it arrive at heaven’s vault,
Which, thence perhaps rebounding, may
Echo beyond the Mexique Bay.”

Thus sang they in the English boat,
A holy and a cheerful note;
And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time.

A DROP OF DEW.

SEE how the orient dew,
Shed from the bosom of the morn
 Into the blowing roses,
Yet careless of its mansion new,
For the clear region where 'twas born,
 Round it itself incloses;
And in its little globe's extent
Frames as it can, its native element.

How it the purple flower does slight,
Scarce touching where it lies!
But, gazing back upon the skies,
 Shines with a mournful light :
Like its own tear,
Because so long divided from the sphere.
Restless it rolls and insecure,
Trembling, lest it grow impure ;
Till the warm sun pities its pain,
And to the skies exhales it back again.

So the soul, that drop, that ray,
Of the clear fountain of eternal day,
 Could it within the human flower be seen,
Remembering still its former height,
 Shuns the sweet leaves and blossoms green ;
And, recollecting its own light,
Does, in its pure and circling thoughts, express
The greater heaven in an heaven less.
In how coy a figure wound,
 Every way it turns away !
To the world excluding round,
 Yet receiving in the day ;
Dark beneath, but bright above ;
 Here disdaining, *there* in love.
How loose and easy hence to go ;
 How girt and ready to ascend :
Moving but on a point below,
 In all about does upwards bend.

Such did the manna's sacred dew distil,
White and entire, although congealed and chill—
Congealed on earth; but does, dissolving, run
Into the glories of the Almighty sun.

HENRY MORE.

HENRY MORE was born at Grantham, in Lincolnshire, in 1614. He was educated at Eton, and afterwards removed to Christ's College, Cambridge, where he studied philosophy with an ardent mind. He obtained a fellowship, and was presented to a prebend in the church of Gloucester. He died in 1687.

The principal works of More are, *The Mystery of Godliness*, *Mystery of Iniquity*, *Philosophical Collections*. These enjoyed in his day great popularity, but they are little suited to the taste of the modern reader; yet they are enlivened with gleams of fancy, and bursts of poetic feeling, which would amply repay an attentive perusal.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S DEVOTION.

SING aloud, his praise rehearse
Who hath made the universe;
He the boundless heavens has spread,
All the vital orbs has kned:
He that on Olympus high
Tends his flock with watchful eye;
And this eye has multiplied,
'Midst each flock for to reside.
Thus as round about they stray,
Toucheth each with outstretched ray:
Nimbly they hold on their way,
Shaping out their night and day.

Never slack they ; none respire,
Dancing round their central fires.

In due order as they move,
Echoes sweet be gently drove
Thorough heaven's vast hollowness,
Which unto all corners press,—
Music that the heart of Jove
Moves to joy and sportful love,
Fills the listening sailors' ears,
Riding on the wandering spheres ;
Neither speech nor language is
Where their voice is not transmiss.

God is good, is wise, is strong,
Witness all the creature throng ;
Is confessed by every tongue—
All things, back from whence they sprung :
As the thankful rivers pay
What they borrowed of the sea.

Now myself I do resign ;
Take me whole, I all am thine.
Save me, God, from self-desire,
Death's pit, dark hell's raging fire,
Envy, hatred, vengeance, ire ;
Let not lust my soul bemire.

Quit from these, thy praise I'll sing,
Loudly sweep the trembling string ;
Bear a part, O wisdom's sons !
Freed from vain religions.
Lo ! from far I you salute,
Sweetly warbling on my lute.

India, Egypt, Araby,
Asia, Greece, and Tartary ;
Carmel-tracts, and Lebanon,
With the Mountains of the Moon,
From whence muddy Nile doth run ;
Or, wherever else you won,

Breathing in one vital air:—
One we are, though distant far.

Rise at once—let's sacrifice
Odours sweet, perfume the skies.
See how heavenly lightning fires,
Hearts inflamed with high aspires:
All the substance of our souls
Up in clouds of incense rolls!
Leave we nothing to ourselves,
Save a voice—what need we else?
Or an hand to wear and tire
On the thankful lute and lyre.
Sing aloud! his praise rehearse,
Who hath made the universe.

FALSE AND TRUE RELIGION.

CAN wars and jars, and fierce contention,
Swoln hatred, and consuming envy spring
From piety?—No, 'tis opinion
That makes the riven heaven with trumpets ring,
And thundering engine murderous balls outsling,
And send men's groaning ghosts to lower shade
Of horrid hell. This the wide world doth bring
To devastation, makes mankind to fade:
Such direful things doth false religion persuade.

But true religion, sprung from God above,
Is like her fountain—full of charity:
Embracing all things with a tender love,
Full of good will and meek expectancy;
Full of true justice and sure verity,
In heart and voice: free, large, even infinite;
Not wedged in strait particularity,
But grasping all in her vast active sprite—
Bright lamp of God, that men would joy in thy pure light!

EDMUND WALLER.

EDMUND WALLER was born at Coleshill, in Hertfordshire, in 1605, was educated at Eton, and afterwards removed to King's College, Cambridge. He was sent to parliament at the age of eighteen, and frequented the court of James I., suffered considerably during the civil war for his attachment to the monarchy, but closed his long life in peace, at Beaconsfield, in 1687. His poetry is not of a high order, but his sacred pieces are every way the best.

THE SCRIPTURES.

THE Grecian muse has all their gods survived,
Nor Jove at us, nor Phœbus, is arrived;
Frail deities, which first the poets made,
And then invoked to give their fancies aid!
Yet if they still divert us with their rage,
What may be hoped for in a better age,
When not from Helicon's imagined spring,
But sacred writ, we borrow what we sing?
This with the fabric of the world begun,
Elder than light, and shall outlast the sun.
Before this oracle, like Dagon, all
The false pretenders, Delphos, Hammon, fall;
Long since despised and silent, they afford
Honour and triumph to the eternal Word.
As late Philosophy our globe has graced,
And rolling earth among the planets placed,
So has this Book entitled us to heaven,
And rules to guide us to that mansion given;
Tells the conditions how our peace was made,
And is our pledge for the great Author's aid.
His power in nature's ample book we find;
But the less volume doth express his mind.
This light unknown, bold Epicurus taught,
That his blest gods vouchsafe us not a thought,

But unconcerned, let all below them slide,
As fortune does, or human wisdom, guide.
Religion thus removed, the sacred yoke,
And band of all society, is broke :
What use of oaths, of promise, or of test,
Where men regard no God but interest?
What endless war would jealous nations bear,
If none above did witness what they swear?
Sad fate of unbelievers, and yet just,
Among themselves to find so little trust!
Were Scripture silent, nature would proclaim,
Without a God, our falsehood and our shame.
To know our thoughts the object of his eyes,
Is the first step towards being good or wise ;
For though with judgment we on things reflect,
Our will determines, not our intellect :
Slaves to their passion, reason men employ
Only to compass what they would enjoy ;
His fear to guard us from ourselves we need,
And sacred writ our reason doth exceed :
For though heaven shows the glory of the Lord,
Yet something shines more glorious in his word ;
His mercy this (which all his work excels,)
His tender kindness and compassion tells :
While we, informed by that celestial Book,
Into the bowels of our Maker look.

LOVE OF GOD TO MAN.

THAT early love of creatures yet unmade
To frame the world the Almighty did persuade :
For love it was that first created light,
Moved on the waters, chased away the night
From the rude chaos, and bestowed new grace
On things disposed of to their proper place,

Some to rest here, and some to shine above :
Earth, sea, and heaven, were all th' effects of love.
And love would be returned, but there was none
That to themselves or others yet were known.
The world a palace was without a guest,
Till one appears that must excel the rest ;
One like the Author, whose capacious mind
Might by the glorious work the Maker find ;
Might measure heaven, and give each star a name,
With art and courage the rough ocean tame ;
Over the globe with swelling sails might go,
And that 'tis round by his experience know ;
Make strongest beasts obedient to his will,
And serve his use the fertile earth to till.
When by his word God had accomplished all,
Man to create He did a council call ;
Employed his hand to give the dust He took
A graceful figure and majestic look ;
With his own breath conveyed into his breast
Life and a soul, fit to command the rest,
Worthy alone to celebrate his name,
For such a gift, and tell from whence it came :
Birds sing his praises in a wilder note,
But not with lasting numbers, and with thought,
Man's great prerogative. But above all,
His grace abounds in his new favourite's fall.
If He create, it is a world He makes ;
If He be angry, the creation shakes.
From his just wrath our guilty parents fled ;
He cursed the earth, but bruised the serpent's head.
Amidst the storm his bounty did exceed,
In the rich promise of the virgin's seed ;
Though Justice death as satisfaction craves,
Love finds a way to pluck us from our graves.

LOVE SHOWN IN MAN'S REDEMPTION.

Not willing terror should his image move,
He gives a pattern of eternal love;
His Son descends, to treat a peace with those
Which were, and must have ever been, his foes.
Poor He became, and left his glorious seat,
To make us humble, and to make us great;
His business here was happiness to give
To those whose malice could not let Him live.
Legions of angels, which He might have used,
For us resolved to perish, He refused;
While they stood ready to prevent his loss,
Love took Him up, and nailed Him to the cross.
Immortal Love! which in his bowels reigned,
That we might be by such high love constrained
To make return of love; upon this pole
Our duty does and our religion roll.
To love is to believe; to hope, to know;
'Tis an essay, a taste of heaven below.
He to proud potentates would not be known;
Of those that loved Him He was hid from none.
Till love appear, we live in anxious doubt;
But smoke will vanish when that flame breaks out.
This is the fire that would consume our dross,
Refine and make us richer by the loss.
Could we forbear dispute and practise love,
We should agree as angels do above.
Where love presides, not vice alone does find
No entrance there, but virtues stay behind.
Both Faith and Hope, and all the meaner train
Of moral virtues, at the door remain;
Love only enters as a native there,
For born in heaven, it does but sojourn here.
He that alone would wise and mighty be,
Commands that others love as well as He.
Love as He loved! how can we soar so high?
He can add wings when He commands to fly.

Nor should we be with this command dismayed,
He that examples gives will give his aid ;
For He took flesh, that, where his precepts fail,
His practice as a pattern may prevail ;
His love at once, and dread, instructs our thought ;
As man He suffered, and as God He taught :
Will for the deed He takes ; we may with ease
Obedient be, for if we love we please ;
Weak though we are, to love is no hard task,
And love for love is all that heaven does ask :
Love that would all men just and temperate make,
Kind to themselves and others, for his sake.
'Tis with our minds as with a fertile ground,
Wanting this love, they must with weeds abound ;
Unruly passions, whose effects are worse
Than thorns and thistles springing from the curse.

THOMAS FLATMAN.

THOMAS FLATMAN was born in 1633. He has been honoured by Wood with the title of an eminent poet ; and though his writings may not entitle him to such a distinction, there is still sufficient beauty in his pieces to show that the censure bestowed on him by some recent critics is wholly undeserved. He died in 1688.

HYMN FOR THE MORNING.

AWAKE, my soul ! awake, mine eyes !
Awake, my drowsy faculties !
Awake, and see the new-born light
Spring from the darksome womb of night !
Look up and see the unwearied sun,
Already has his race begun.

The pretty lark is mounted high,
And sings her matins in the sky.
Arise, my soul! and thou, my voice,
In songs of praise early rejoice!
O great Creator! heavenly King!
Thy praises ever let me sing!
Thy power has made, thy goodness kept,
This fenceless body while I slept;
Yet one day more has given me
From all the powers of darkness free.
Oh! keep my heart from sin secure,
My life unblameable and pure;
That when the last of all my days is come,
Cheerful and fearless I may wait my doom.

FOR THE EVENING.

SLEEP! downy sleep! come close mine eyes,
Tired with beholding vanities;
Sweet slumbers, come, and chase away
The toils and follies of the day.
On your soft bosom will I lie,
Forget the world, and learn to die.
O Israel's watchful Shepherd! spread
Tents of angels round my bed;
Let not the spirits of the air
While I slumber me ensnare;
But save thy suppliant free from harms,
Clasped in thine everlasting arms.
Clouds and thick darkness are thy throne,
Thy wonderful pavilion;
Oh! dart from thence a shining ray,
And then my midnight shall be day!
Thus when the morn in crimson drest,
Breaks through the windows of the east,
My hymns of thankful praise shall rise,
Like incense at the morning sacrifice!

ROBERT HERRICK.

ROBERT HERRICK was born in London, in 1591. He was educated at Cambridge, and was presented to the vicarage of Dean Prior, in Devonshire, in 1629, by Charles the First; from which, during the troubles of the times, he was ejected. The time of his death is unknown. The works of Herrick do not offer much serious poetry for choice, but what little there is, alone of all his pieces, is worth preserving; the rest deserves to remain, as it happily is, in obscurity.

LITANY TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

IN the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When I lie within my bed,
Sick at heart, and sick at head,
And with doubts discomforted,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drowned in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep;
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the passing bell doth toll,
And the furies in a shoal
Come to fright a parting soul,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When God knows I'm tossed about,
Either with despair or doubt,
Yet before the glass be out,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the tapers now burn blue,
And the comforters are few,
And that number more than true,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the priest his last hath prayed,
And I nod to what is said,
'Cause my speech is now decayed,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the tempter me pursueth
With the sins of all my youth,
And half damns me with untruth,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the flames and hellish cries
Fright mine ears, and fright mine eyes,
And all terrors me surprise,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the judgment is revealed,
And that opened which was sealed,
When to Thee I have appealed,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

TO DAFFODILS.

FAIR daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early rising sun
Has not attained its noon.
Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the even-song:
And having prayed together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay as you;
We have as short a spring,
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you or anything:
We die
As your hours do; and dry
Away
Like to the summer-rain,
Or as the pearls of morning-dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

TO BLOSSOMS.

FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast?
Your date is not so past,
But you may stay yet here awhile
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

What, were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good night?
'Twas pity nature brought you forth
Merely to show your worth,
And lose you quite.

But ye are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave;
And after they have shown their pride,
Like you, awhile, they glide
Into the grave.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

HENRY VAUGHAN was born in Brecknockshire, in 1621. He was intended for the bar, but at the commencement of the civil war he relinquished it, and became eminent both as a poet and a physician. His sacred poems are remarkable for originality and picturesque grace, though it must be confessed they are sullied with many conceits unworthy of the theme. He died in 1695.

THE SEARCH.

'Tis now clear day: I see a rose
Bud in the bright east, and disclose
The pilgrim sun; all night have I
Spent in a roving ecstasy
To find my Saviour; I have been
As far as Bethlehem, and have seen
His inn and cradle: being there
I met the wise men; asked them where
He might be found, or what star can
Now point him out, grown up a man?
To Egypt hence I fled, ran o'er
All her parched bosom to Nile's shore,
Her yearly nurse: came back, inquired
Among the doctors, and desired
To see the temple; but was shown
A little dust, and for the town
A heap of ashes, where some said
A small bright sparkle was a-bed,
Which would one day (beneath the pole)
Awake, and then refine the whole.
Tired here, I came to Sychar; thence
To Jacob's well, bequeathed since

Unto his sons ; where often they
In those calm golden evenings lay,
Watering their flocks ; and having spent
Those white days, drove home to the tent
Their well-fleeced train ; and here (O fate!)
I sit where once my Saviour sate.
The angry spring in bubbles swelled,
Which broke in sighs still as they filled.
And whispered Jesus had been there,
But Jacob's children would not hear.
Loth hence to part, at last I rise,
But with the fountain in my eyes ;
And here a fresh search is decreed,
He must be found where He did bleed.
I walk the garden, and there see
Ideas of his agony,
And moving anguishments, that set
His blessed face in a bloody sweat :
I climbed the hill, perused the cross,
Hung with my gain and his great loss ;
Never did tree bear fruit like this,
Balsam of souls, the body's bliss !
But, O his grave ! where I saw lent
(For He had none) a monument,
An undefiled and new hewed one,
But there was not the Corner Stone ;
"Sure then," said I, "my quest is vain,
He'll not be found where He was slain.
So mild a Lamb can never be
'Midst so much blood and cruelty ;
I'll to the wilderness, and can
Find beasts more merciful than man ;
He lived there safe, 'twas his retreat
From the fierce Jew, and Herod's heat ;
And forty days withstood the fell
And high temptations of hell.
With seraphims there talked He,
His Father's flaming ministry ;

He heavened their walks, and with his eyes
 Made those wild shades a paradise :
 Thus was the desert sanctified,
 To be the refuge of his Bride.
 I'll thither then ; see ! it is day ;
 The sun's broke through to guide my way."
 But as I urged thus, and sit down,
 What pleasures should my journey crown ;
 What silent paths, what shady cells,
 Fair virgin flowers, and hallowed wells,
 I should rove in, and rest my head
 Where my dear Lord did often tread ;
 Sug ring all danger with success,
 Methought I heard one singing thus :
 "Search well another world ; who studies this
 Travels in clouds, seeks manna where none is."

EARLY RISING AND PRAYER.

WHEN first thy eyes unveil, give thy soul leave
 To do the like ; our bodies but forerun
 The spirit's duty ; true hearts spread and heave
 Unto their God, as flowers do to the sun :
 Give Him thy first thoughts then, so shalt thou keep
 Him company all day, and in Him sleep.

Yet never sleep the sun up ; prayer should
 Dawn with the day : these are set awful hours
 'Twixt heaven and us ; the manna was not good
 After sunrising ; for day sullies flowers :
 Rise to prevent¹ the sun ; sleep doth sins glut,
 And heaven's gates open when the world is shut.

Walk with thy fellow-creatures ; note the hush
 And whisperings amongst them. Not a spring
 Or leaf but hath his morning hymn ; each bush
 And oak doth know I AM !—Canst thou not sing :

1 Anticipate.

Oh! leave thy cares and follies! go this way,
And thou art sure to prosper all the day.

Serve God before the world; let Him not go
Until thou hast a blessing; then resign
The whole unto Him, and remember who
Prevailed by wrestling ere the sun did shine:
Pour oil upon the stones, seek sin forgiven,
Then journey on, and have an eye to heaven.

Mornings are mysteries: the first world's youth,
Man's resurrection, and the future's bud,
Shroud in their births; the crown of life, light, truth,
Is styled their star; the stone and hidden food:
Three blessings wait upon them, one of which
Should move—They make us holy, happy, rich.

When the world's up, and every swarm abroad,
Keep well thy temper, mix not with each clay;
Despatch necessities; life hath a load
Which must be carried on, and safely may:
Yet keep those cares without thee; let the heart
Be God's alone, and choose the better part.

HEAVEN IN PROSPECT.

THEY are all gone into a world of light,
I alone sit lingering here;
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
Like stars upon some gloomy grove;
Or those faint beams in which the hill is drest
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days;
My days which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmerings and decays.

O holy Hope, and high Humility,
High as the heavens above!
These are your walks, and you have showed them me,
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous Death, the jewel of the just,
Shining no where but in the dark
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest may know,
At first sight, if the bird be flown;
But what fair field, or grove, he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet as angels, in some brighter dreams,
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And into glory peep.

If a star were confined into a tomb,
Her captive flame must needs burn there;
But when the hand that locked her up gave room,
She'd shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all
Created glories under Thee!
Resume thy spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
My perspective still as they pass;
Or else remove me hence unto that hill,
Where I shall need no glass.

SUNDAYS.

BRIGHT shadows of true rest! some shoots of bliss!
Heaven once a week;
The next world's gladness prepossessed in this;
A day to seek
Eternity in time; the steps by which
We climb above all ages; lamps that light
Man through his heap of dark days; and the rich
And full redemption of the whole week's flight:
The pulleys unto headlong man; time's bower;
The narrow way;
Transplanted paradise; God's walking hour;
The cool o' the day;
The creature's jubilee; God's parle with dust;
Heaven here; man on those hills of myrrh, of flowers;
Angels descending; the returns of trust;
A gleam of glory after six days' showers;
The Church's love-feasts; time's prerogative
And interest
Deducted from the whole; the combs and hive,
And home of rest;
The milky-way chalked out with suns; a clue
That guides through erring hours, and in full story;
A taste of heaven on earth; the pledge and cue
Of a full feast, and the out-courts of glory.

THE RETREAT.

HAPPY those early days, when I
Shined in my angel-infancy!
Before I understood this place,
Appointed for my second race;
Or taught my soul to fancy aught
But a white celestial thought;

When yet I had not walked above
A mile or two from my first love;
And, looking back at that short space,
Could see a glimpse of his bright face;
When on some gilded cloud or flower
My gazing soul would dwell an hour,
And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity;
Before I taught my tongue to wound
My conscience with a sinful sound;
Or had the black art to dispense,
A several sin to every sense;
But felt through all this fleshly dress
Bright shoots of everlastingness.
Oh! how I long to travel back,
And tread again that ancient track!
That I might once more reach that plain
Where first I left my glorious train;
From whence the enlightened spirit sees
That shady city of palm-trees;
But, oh! my soul, with too much stay,
Is drunk, and staggers in the way.
Some men a forward motion love,
But I by backward steps would move;
And when this dust falls to the urn,
In that state I came return.

THE RAINBOW.

STILL young and fine! but what is still in view
We slight as old and soiled, though fresh and new:
How bright wert thou when Shem's admiring eye
Thy burning flaming arch did first descry;
When Nahor, Terah, Haran, Abram, Lot,
The youthful world's gray fathers in one knot,
Did with intente looks watch every hour
For thy new light, and trembled at each shower.

When thou dost shine darkness looks white and fair,
 Forms turn to music, clouds to smiles and air;
 Rain gently spends his honey drops, and pours
 Balm on the cleft earth, milk on grass and flowers.

Bright pledge of peace and sunshine! the sure tie
 Of thy Lord's hand, the object of his eye!
 When I behold thee, though my light be dim,
 Distant and low, I can in thine see Him,
 Who looks upon thee from his glorious throne,
 And minds the covenant betwixt all and one.

THE WORLD.

I saw eternity the other night,
 Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
 All calm as it was bright:
 And round beneath it, time in hours, days, years,
 Driven by the spheres,
 Like a vast shadow moved, in which the world
 And all her train were hurled.
 The doting lover in his quaintest strain
 Did there complain;
 Near him his lute, his fancy, and his flights,—
 Wit so delights—
 With gloves and knots, the silly snares of pleasure;
 Yet his dear treasure
 All scattered lay, while he his eyes did pour
 Upon a flower.

The darksome statesman, hung with weights and woe,
 Like a thick midnight fog, moved there so slow,
 He did not stay nor go;
 Condemning thoughts (like sad eclipses) scowl
 Upon his soul,
 And clouds of crying witnesses without
 Pursued him with one shout;
 Yet digged the mole, and, lest his ways be found,
 Worked under ground,

Where he did clutch his prey,—but one did see
That policy.
Churches and altars fed him; perjuries
Were gnats and flies;
It rained about him blood and tears, but he
Drank them as free.

The fearful miser on a heap of rust
Sate pining all his life there—did scarce trust
His own hands with the dust;
Yet would not place one piece above, but lives
In fear of thieves.
Thousands there were as frantic as himself,
And hugged each one his pelf:
The downright epicure placed heaven in sense,
And scorned pretence;
While others slipped into a wide excess,
Said little less:
The weaker sort slight, trivial wares enslave,
Who think them brave;
And poor despised truth sat counting by
Their victory.

Yet some, who all this while did weep and sing,
And sing and weep, soared up into the ring:
But most would use no wing.
O fools! (said I), thus to prefer dark night
Before true light;
To live in grots and caves, and hate the day,
Because it shows the way—
The way which from this dead and dark abode
Leads up to God;
A way where you might tread the sun, and be
More bright than he.
But as I did their madness thus discuss,
One whispered thus:
“This ring the Bridegroom did for none provide,
But for his Bride.”

SIR EDWARD SHERBURNE.

SIR EDWARD SHERBURNE was born in Lancashire, in 1618. He was a Catholic, but zealously served his royal master during the whole of the civil war, much to the injury of his fortune. Beside several poetical translations from Seneca and others, he was the author of a volume of *Miscellanies*, which contain many passages of great beauty. His attachment to James II. involved him in trouble at the Revolution, and he died almost in poverty, in 1702.

TO THE ETERNAL WISDOM.

O THOU eternal Mind! whose wisdom sees
And rules our changes by unchanged decrees;
As with delight on thy grave works we look,
Say, art Thou too with our light follies took?
For when thy bounteous hand, in liberal showers,
Each way diffused thy various blessings pours,
We catch at them with strife, as vain to sight,
As children when for nuts they scrambling fight.
This snatching at a sceptre breaks it; he
That broken does ere he can grasp it see;
The poor world seeming like a ball, that lights
Betwixt the hands of powerful opposites:
Which, while they cantonize in their bold pride,
They but an immaterial point divide.
Oh! whilst for wealthy spoils these fight, let me,
Though poor, enjoy a happy peace with Thee!

CONSCIENCE.

INTERNAL Cerberus! whose griping fangs,
That gnaw the soul, are the mind's secret pangs;
Thou greedy vulture! that dost gorging tire
On hearts corrupted by impure desire;
Subtle and buzzing hornet! that dost ring
A peal of horror ere thou givest the sting;
The soul's rough file, that smoothness does impart;
The hammer that does break the stony heart!
The worm that never dies! the "thorn within"
That pricks and pains! the whip and scourge of sin!
The voice of God in man! which without rest
Dost softly cry within a troubled breast—
"To all temptations is that soul set free
That makes not to itself a curb of me."

REV. JOHN NORRIS.

JOHN NORRIS, author of numerous theological works, as also of *A Collection of Miscellanies, consisting of Poems, Essays, Discourses, and Letters*, was born in 1657. It has been justly said, that "in the union of learning and logical argument with sublime piety, few have equalled Norris of Bemerton." In his writings there are many fine thoughts. In a stanza of a poem termed *Transient Delight*,

Like angels' visits, short and bright,

we discover the origin of that admired thought in BLAIR'S *Grave—*

Visits

Like those of angels, short and far between :

and in CAMPBELL'S *Pleasures of Memory*,

Like angels' visits, few and far between.

Norris was rector of Bemerton, in Wiltshire, and died in 1711.

THE SIXTY-THIRD CHAPTER OF ISAIAH,

PARAPHRASED TO THE SIXTH VERSE.

A PINDARIC ODE.

STRANGE scene of glory! am I well awake,
Or is't my fancy's wild mistake?
It cannot be a dream; bright beams of light
Flow from the visions fair, and pierce my tender sight—
No common vision this; I see
Some marks of more than human majesty.
Who is this mighty Hero, who
With glories round his head, and terror in his brow?
From Bozrah, lo! He comes: a scarlet dye
O'erspreads his clothes, and does outvie
The blushes of the morning sky.
Triumphant and victorious He appears,
And honour in his looks and habit wears :

How strong He treads, how stately does He go!

Pompous and solemn is his pace,

And full of majesty as his face.

Who is this mighty Hero, who?

'Tis I who to my promise faithful stand;

I who the powers of death, hell, and the grave,

Have foiled with this all-conquering hand;

I who most ready am, and mighty too, to save.

Why wearest Thou then this scarlet dye?

Say, mighty Hero, why?

Why do thy garments look all red,

Like them that in the wine-vat tread?

The wine-press I alone have trod :

That vast unwieldy frame, which long did stand

Unmoved, and which no mortal force could e'er command,

That ponderous mass I plied alone,

And with me to assist were none.

A mighty task it was, worthy the Son of God ;

Angels stood trembling at the dreadful sight,

Concerned with what success I should go through

The work I undertook to do ;

Enraged I put forth all my might,

And down the engine pressed ; the violent force

Disturbed the universe, put nature out of course :

The blood gushed out in streams, and checkered o'er

My garments with its deepest gore ;

With ornamental drops bedecked I stood,

And writ my victory with my enemy's blood.

The day, the signal day is come

When of my enemies I must vengeance take ;

The day when death shall have its doom,

And the dark kingdom with its powers shall shake.

Fate in her calendar marked out this day with red,

She folded down the iron leaf, and thus she said :

" This day, if aught I can divine be true,

Shall for a signal victory,

Be celebrated to posterity :

Then shall the Prince of Light descend,
 And rescue mortals from th' infernal fiend ;
 Break through his strongest forts, and all his hosts subdue."

This said, she shut the adamantine volume close,
 And wished she might the crowding years transpose;
 So much she longed to have the scene display,
 And see the vast event of this important day.

And now in midst of the revolving years,
 This great, this mighty One appears :
 The faithful traveller, the sun,
 Has numbered out the days, and the set period run.
 I looked, and to assist was none ;
 My angelic guards stood trembling by,
 But durst not venture nigh.
 In vain, too, from my Father did I look
 For help ; my Father me forsook.

Amazed I was to see,
 How all deserted me.

I took my fury for my sole support,
 And with my single arm the conquest won.

Loud acclamations filled all heaven's court :

The hymning guards above,

Strained to an higher pitch of joy and love,
 The great Jehovah praised, and his victorious Son.

THE INFIDEL.

FAREWELL fruition, thou grand, cruel cheat,
 Which first our hopes dost raise, and then defeat ;
 Farewell thou midwife to abortive bliss,

Thou mystery of fallacies.

Distance presents the object fair,
 With charming features and a graceful air ;
 But when we come to seize the inviting prey,
 Like a shy ghost it vanishes away.

So to the unthinking boy the distant sky
Seems on some mountain's surface to rely :
He with ambitious haste climbs the ascent,
Curious to touch the firmament.

But when, with an unwearied pace,
Arrived he is at the long wished-for place,
With sighs the sad defeat he does deplore—
His heaven is still as distant as before.

And yet 'twas long 'ere I could thoroughly see
This grand impostor's frequent treachery ;
Though often fooled, yet I should still dream on,
Of pleasure in reversion :
Though still he did my hopes deceive,
His fair pretensions I would still believe ;
Such was my charity, that though I knew,
And found him false, yet I would think him true.

But now he shall no more with shows deceive,
I will no more enjoy, no more believe ;
The unwary juggler has so often shown
His fallacies, that now they're known.
Shall I trust on ? the cheat is plain ;
I will not be imposed upon again ;
I'll view the bright appearance from afar,
But never try to catch the falling star.

AN HYMN UPON THE TRANSFIGURATION.

HAIL! King of glory, clad in robes of light,
Outshining all we here call bright !
Hail, light's divinest galaxy !
Hail, express image of the Deity!
Could now thy amorous spouse thy beauties view,
How would her wounds all bleed anew !
Lovely thou art, all o'er and bright,
Thou Israel's glory, and thou Gentile's light,

But whence this brightness, whence this sudden day?
 Who did thee thus with light array?
 Did thy divinity dispense
 To its consort a more liberal influence?
 Or did some curious angel's chymic art
 The spirits of purest light impart,
 Drawn from the native spring of day,
 And wrought into an organized ray.

Howe'er 'twas done, 'tis glorious and divine;
 Thou dost with radiant wonders shine:
 The sun, with his bright company,
 Are all gross meteors, if compared to thee:
 Thou art the fountain whence their light does flow,
 But to thy will thine own dost owe;
 For (as at first) Thou didst but say,
 "Let there be light," and straight sprang forth this wondrous day.

Let now the eastern princes come, and bring
 Their tributary offering.
 Their needs no star to guide their flight;
 They'll find Thee now, great King, by thine own light.
 And thou, my soul, adore, love, and admire,
 And follow this bright guide of fire.
 Do thou thy hymns and praises bring,
 Whilst angels, with veil'd faces, anthems sing.

SUPERSTITION.

I CARE not, though it be
 By the preciser sort thought popery;
 We poets can a license show
 For every thing we do
 Hear, then, my little saint, I'll pray to thee.

If now thy happy mind,
Amidst its various joys can leisure find
 To attend to any thing so low,
 As what I say or do,
Regard, and be what thou wast ever—kind.

Let not the blessed above
Engross thee quite, but sometimes hither rove ;
 Fain would I thy sweet image see,
 And sit and talk with thee,
Nor is it curiosity, but love.

Ah ! what delight 'twould be
Wouldst thou sometimes, by stealth, converse with me !
 How should I thy sweet commune prize,
 And other joys despise ;
Come, then, I ne'er was yet denied by thee.

I would not long detain
Thy soul from bliss, nor keep thee here in pain ;
 Nor should thy fellow-saints e'er know
 Of thy escape below ;
Before thou'rt missed thou shouldst return again.

Sure heaven must needs thy love
As well as other qualities improve ;
 Come, then, and recreate my sight
 With rays of thy pure light ;
'Twill cheer my eyes more than the lamps above.

But if fate's so severe,
As to confine thee to thy blissful sphere,
 (And by thy absence I shall know
 Whether thy state be so,)
Live happy, but be mindful of me there.

THE MEDITATION.

It must be done, my soul, but 'tis a strange,
A dismal and mysterious change,
When thou shalt leave this tenement of clay,
And to an unknown somewhere wing away :
When time shall be eternity, and thou
Shalt be thou know'st not what, and live thou know'st not how.

Amazing state! no wonder that we dread
To think of death, or view the dead ;
Thou'rt all wrapped up in clouds, as if to thee
Our very knowledge had antipathy.
Death could not a more sad retinue find—
Sickness and pain before, and darkness all behind.

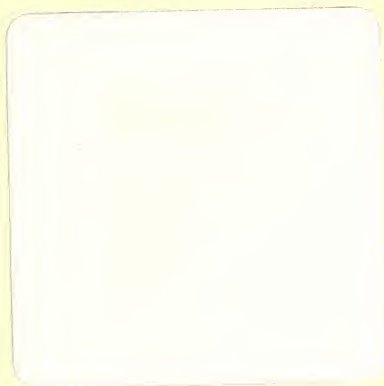
Some courteous ghost tell this great secrecy,—
What 'tis you are, and we must be ;
You warn us of approaching death ; and why
May we not know from you what 'tis to die ?
But you, having shot the gulf, delight to see
Succeeding souls plunge in with like uncertainty.

When life's close knot, by writ from destiny,
Disease shall cut, or age untie ;
When after some delays, some dying strife,
The soul stands shivering on the ridge of life ;
With what a dreadful curiosity
Does she launch out into the sea of vast eternity.

So when the spacious globe was deluged o'er,
And lower holds could save no more ;
On the utmost bough th' astonished sinners stood,
And viewed the advances of the encroaching flood ;
O'ertopped at length by the element's increase,
With horror they resigned to the untried abyss.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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